Gannett

or other
letters from
r. Gannett
see the
24 page

From Revd Ezra S. Gannett. Boston.

Boston Jany 29th 1845

Dear Sir,

At the meeting of the Association last Monday, Brothers C. Robbins, N. Hall, and myself were appointed a Committee to confer with you on your present relations to the Association. The appointment of the Committee, was meant as an act of fraternal regard and duty, that we might understand one another, and possibly bring one or other or both of the parties who now seem to be in collision into a more agreeable relation to one another - My engagements are such that I cannot go to Spring Street this week. Could you meet us tomorrow after Lecture, at my study, and either let us talk together an hour or two, or agree upon some time next week, when we may visit you, or you come into town and meet us? We thought it probable that you would be in Boston tomorrow (Thursday) and if you will take your dinner with my family, you will gratify them, I know, and oblige,

Yours very truly,
E. S. Gannett.

I meant to have written this note yesterday; but was prevented by constant engagements.

Gannett

Boston Feb.y 1st 1845

Dear Sir

I regret that you were unable to meet us on Thursday, as we hoped then to talk together an hour and appoint a time when we could pass more than a single hour in conference on what seems to us a very important matter - When Brothers Robbins and Hall left my house on Thursday we decided on Tuesday morning as the most convenient time for us. On Tuesday afternoon at 3 1/2 o'clock I have a Bible Class which I must attend - Could you come into town earlier than you propose on Tuesday, and meet us at 10 or 11 o'clock, or shall we (without interrupting your engagements) go out to Spring Street? Or would you prefer to stop at my house on Wednesday morning, on your return from Salem? On Wednesday P. M. again I shall be engaged. If you cannot meet us on either of these mornings, ~~we~~ I may say in my own name and Bro.' Robbins's (who is now here) that we shall be happy to spare an hour in such conversation as we can hold in so short a time on Tuesday at 2 1/2 o'clock - In this case or in any case, will you dine with me at 2 o'clock?

Will you have the kindness to send me a reply to this note on Monday morning, that I may send word to Brother Hall on Monday Afternoon

Yours very truly - E. S. Gannett

annett

Boston Feby 17 - 1845

Dear Sir,

The ground I take in regard to Mr Sargent, is that he sustained a twofold relation — to his congregation — and to the Fraternity of Churches, and that when he found an exchange was disagreeable to the latter, he should not have sought it. as I understand him to admit that he should not, if he had believed it to be disagreeable to the former — He seems to me to have been treated with all possible kindness and consideration. He twice made an exchange which was unpleasant to the Fraternity, or at least to the body who represents their wishes. He was not dismissed nor asked to retire ("not virtually expelled") in consequence: but requested to give assurance that he would not continue to act against the wishes of those who, it seems to me had a right to have their judgements and feelings regarded in the case. He says he can give no such assurance, and resigns his office. He is asked to reconsider his decision — he adheres to it. What can the Fraternity do, but accept his resignation? — Mr Sargent indeed denies that his relation to the Fraternity is that which I describe — but such it appears to us to be. There has been no proscription, and no violation of Christian charity here.

I might not have troubled you with this note (although I would rather you should understand me) if I had not wished to ask whether I might read your letter, or a part of it to the association, in case you should not be present at the next meeting.

Yours very truly.
E. S. Gannett.

Boston Decr 18 – 1846

Dear Sir.

I have never written any thing about your Sermon of the Perishing Claſses for the Register or any other paper, and know nothing about the remarks to which you refer excepting that there they stand, with the authorship almost as clearly indicated by the writer himself as if he had put his name to them –

But now as you have addressed me, and with great kindness, on the subject, let me say that I was sorry you penned and uttered some of the sentences in that discourse. They are not worthy of you – They give the impression – so far as I have had any opportunity of hearing what persons think – that you have lost some part of the amiability which all once ascribed to you. They are taken as indications of a soured and

Gannett

irritated mind. They are thought to betray a weakness to which you were believed to be superior.

I confess they have affected me in this way. You do not seem to me so high-minded a man as I deemed you to be a year ago. You have condescended to use taunts and insinuations, and to go out of your way (as it seems to me) to give utterance to personal feeling — You will pardon me for saying this, for you know I say it with an honest purpose.

I think you have lost influence by indulging in such remarks. Some persons, perhaps many will be pleased, but others whose opinions you value, and whose esteem you would be glad to retain, are offended, not merely by what they think bad taste, but by the evidence (to their eyes) of an approach to bad temper —

I wish you would drop this style of remark — and go straightforward in the prosecution of the purposes which you have at heart. You can do great good in bringing many to take an active interest in Christian benevolence. And if you should do harm, (as I of course must think you will) by the inculcation of your peculiar theological opinions, yet I would rather you should do it in a manner that will leave your character free from the imputations of any other than the highest and purest motives.

Pardon me, if I have written with too much

Gannett

freedom. I believe you will not misunderstand me.

Yours very truly,
Ezra S. Gannett.

Rev. T. Parker.

Boston July 15th 1852?

Dear Sir,

After long delays I now beg leave to trouble you with this parcel. Will you do me the favor to send it at your convenience to the friend to whom I am indebted for the opportunity I have had of reading an authorised account of the peculiar tenets held by the Shakers? My note to him, inclosed in the parcel, is unsealed, and is open to your perusal if you have any curiosity to know how I have explained myself to him.

Yours truly,
E. S. Gannett.

Rev. Mr Parker

Copy of Mr Parker's letter to Revd Ezra S. Gannett.

West Roxbury, Dec. 19th 1846

Private.

Dear Sir

I am glad to find that you did not write the article in the Xn Register, & if you did *not* my end is answered, & I care little who *did*. I thank you for the remarks you make about myself in the letter. I like the frankness & plainness with which you speak, & both honor & thank you for it. You are the only one of the ministers who ever came & told me of a wrong doing in my course. Had others done so I should have been glad. as it is I am almost wholly without counsel from the clerical body. *Fas est et ab Hoste doceri*, how much more ab *Amico*! But let me say, in reply to your note, that I am sure I have never felt the faintest ill-will or sourness of temper towards more than one of the Unitarian clergy now living; of one I did, for a time, feel emotions that I did not justify, or approve, or even attempt to apologize for. But during the time these feelings lasted (& it was some months) *I never said one word against him*. I should not dare do so now if I felt any ill-will towards him. I speak freely of men when I feel no personal ill-will; otherwise I should feel constrained to be silent. I don't suppose you will believe what I say, but *I* know it is true *that I have never printed or preached one line which any feeling of ill-nature or sourness has sullied in the faintest degree*. I knew many would misunderstand it; but I knew that *God* would not; that *I did* not; that the *few noblest Hearts* — which with me are far more mighty than a world's applause — or a world's scorn — would also understand it. When I was a boy I used to think that Christ was angry with persons when he said those dreadful things in the Gospels; that he felt a little soured at their malignant opposition! As I lived more I saw it was not so. Yet the men who heard them — said *he had a devil*. Now don't say I am comparing myself with Christ — I only mean to say that it was unavoidable *he* should be mistaken, & if *he*, why not so little a man as I am?

Now I have sometimes *suspected you* of saying things in ill-temper, yes of saying them against *me*. I remember some ministers in England accusing you of that on reading an article in the Examiner, I think it was for July 1844. I defended you from all ill-motives, or ill-temper. I think I was right. But some time ago — in speaking of my war Sermon you spoke of "*a petulant anxiety to disparage* the *O.T.*" which I displayed on more than one occasion. ~~There~~ There were 3 points against me 1, *disparagement* of the Old Testament which in that connection is *intentional contempt*. 2, *anxiety to disparage*, 3, a *petulant anxiety to disparage*. Now I really thought that showed some ill-temper, so I showed the passage to two clergymen & asked of them if there was any thing in the sermon which *seemed* to merit that epithet. They saw nothing. Now I did attribute an ill-motive to you for that.—tho' a *momentary* one. If you tell me you had none such I think I shall believe you. Yet I don't *ask* you to do so—certainly I would not for my own sake. The things which seemed so hard when I say them or print them—are said *wholly in sorrow*; *not at all in anger*. I weep when I write them. I wrestle with myself afterwards, & say *I cant say them*, I *wont*, but the an awful voice of conscience says, *who art thou, that darest to disobey thy Duty*! So I say them—tho' it rends my heart. Trust me, I feel no *soreness*—no *disappointed ambition*. I saw long ago what my course was to be—& submitted—cheerfully—joyfully. I hope to do my duty—tho' I know that the more faithfully I do it, the more shall I be blamed, yet I foresee great future good to come to men through what I am called on to do & to pass through. When my tears flow no longer;—when the grass grows over my level grave—when my name has perished from amongst men—the hearts of men shall flame with the truths that I have tried to teach. Others shall reap where I have only mown down the thorns, & that with lacerated arms—men calling me *Destroyer*—*ill-tempered* & all that. These things I count nothing, I do not ask even *you* to do me justice. I know God will. If I have hard things to say I *must* say them—not that I would.

I beg you not to show this letter to any one—no not to your wife.

Truly your Friend
Theo. Parker

annett

Bumstead Place Novr 9th 1853?

Dear Sir,

A friend, who seemed to be correctly informed on the subject was talking with me last week about the situation of Mr White's family — She thought they were not in so great need as I had supposed. Mr White's death she represented as having placed them in a better pecuniary condition than they were before: for, she said in the latter part of his life he seemed to be almost insane on the subject of property and spent money that was given him for the relief of immediate domestic wants in the purchase of land! She said that the neighbors and friends of the family, would not let them want, and added that Mr White's connexion with his parish was continued to the time of his death, with a view to the claim which might then be made upon the Convention Fund, and the Congregational Charitable Society for aid to his family. I presume therefore that proper application has been, or will be made for relief from this quarter. Whether they could draw from the new Unitarian Fund the "Society for the Relief of Aged and Destitute Clergymen", I do not know, but I think the income of that Society is appropriated, according to its title, to *clergymen* during their lives, and not to their widows or children.

On the whole the impression I received from the lady with whom I conversed was that the family were not in extreme need. But, if you are better informed of their situation, I know of one, if not two gentlemen who have in former years sent them relief, and I will speak to one or both of them on the subject, if you think it proper —

Yours very truly
E. S. Gannett.

Rev. Theo. Parker.

Bumstead Place Dec 3d 1853

Dear Sir.

Mrs Blanchard (the widow of Rev. S. H. B) called here about a fortnight since with a paper on which she was endeavoring to raise a subscription for Mr Whites family. Her hope was to obtain $1200. or $1500, as I understood her, for permanent investment or for the purchase of an annuity. I was in a great hurry, as a class were waiting for me in another room, and could only give Mrs Blanchard a trifle, and advise her to call and see you, as I knew you wished that means should be devised for the relief of the family. She took the same

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view of their situation, which you were led to take. I hoped she would see you. She probably did see one of the persons to whom I alluded in my former note, and who is a personal friend of hers.

I will inquire of Drs Lothrop and Peabody what the family will probably receive, if anything - from the Funds under their care. The best course it seems to me is to enter into communication with Mrs Blanchard, and learn how far her plan has been successful, or how it may be promoted. Will you address her directly or shall I make the inquiries and send you their reply?

Yours very truly.
E. S. Gannett.

Rev T. Parker.

1854?

1 Bumstead Place May 11

Dear Sir.

The "committee on appropriations" of the "Maſs. Congregational Charitable Society", as you will see in the "Unitarian Congregational Register for 1854" are Dr Frothingham, Dr Lothrop, Mr Ticknor, and Dr Blagden. The Treasurer of the Maſs. Congregational Convention is Dr Lothrop. From the funds of these two bodies I presume, an appropriation would be made

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for Mrs White – The (Unitarian) "Society for the Relief of Aged and Destitute Ministers," I understand, confine their appropriations to living ministers. I do not know of any other Unitarian Fund from which she could derive aid.

Yours very truly.
E. S. Gannett.

Rev. Mr Parker

Bumstead Place Jany. 4

Dear Sir.

I meant to have acknowledged before this time, your kindness in sending me a copy of your recent Discourse. May I send you in return a sermon which I wish had as much power of thought and expression as yours, because (of course), where we differ, I think my views sounder than yours?

Yours very truly.
Ezra S. Gannett

Rev T. Parker.

Chandler Robbins to Theodore.

My dear Sir,

You will receive a letter today from Mr Gannett, chairman of a Committee appointed last night by the "Boston Association". On that Committee are also N. Hall & myself.

I have thought it friendly & right to let you into the secret history of the proceedings which resulted in the appointment of this Com. (By *secret*, I do not mean any thing else than unknown to yourself). You will thus be better prepared for meeting & talking with us.

You are aware that the Association has been occupied for two or three evenings with a discussion of their relations to you, &c. You probably know also that some of the members have felt much aggrieved by your Sermon at Thursday Lecture. On the part of some, the feeling is very strong against the sentiments therein expressed & the opinion has been earnestly entertained that you have virtually cut yourself off from all professional sympathy, & ought to be declared separate from the Association.

Last evening strong measures were strenuously advocated by several of the Brethren. It was with great difficulty that a resolution offered by me, for the appointment of a Committee to confer with you in a fraternal & kindly manner, before any final action should be taken, was carried. It was warmly supported by all who feel most friendly towards you, & though others insisted that it would be utterly futile & was a visionary scheme – we maintained that we were sure that a friendly approach to you & a fraternal appeal could not & would not be fruitless. After long debate & many attempts to get in amendments & substitutions, the vote for the Committee passed 13 to 3.

This therefore you will consider as a movement of love. It is not like the previous for an examination – for any thing like a questioning – but for the offices of brotherly-kindness. I dared even to pledge myself to the Members that you would meet such an approach as you would meet no other – in as generous & gentle a Spirit at least as that in which you would be sought.

I write hastily, having pressing calls this very hour. So much however, it has seemed to me my duty to communicate.

Yours very truly,
Chandler Robbins.

P.S. Of course this letter has no connexion with me officially as member of the Committee. It is written without the knowledge of any one – & only as a friendly & confidential note.

Robbins

14 page
letters
1842 and
1843

From Rev. Chandler Robbins. Boston.

Boston, 25 Octr. 1845.

My dear Sir,

I returned from N. York yesterday and did not know till this morning where the Association were to meet next monday. We were to have gone to Mr Putnams — but as it was expected that he would not be back from New York, the place of meeting was uncertain. F. T. Gray has just informed me, in a note, that he expects the Brethren at his house.

I have had by me for several weeks a resolution respecting Mr Pierpont. I have not offered it because the meetings have been very thinly attended in the country, during the Summer: and I have not been able to attend any of them. I intend to bring the matter before the Association on Monday.

In haste, I am constantly and truly

Yr friend,

Chandler Robbins.

Boston Jany 29. 1845

My dear Sir,

You will receive a letter to day from Mr Gannett chairman of a Committee appointed last night by the "Boston Association" — On that Committee are also N. Hall and myself.

I have thought it friendly and right to let you into the secret history of the proceedings which resulted in the appointment of this Committee. (By secret, I do not mean anything else than unknown to yourself). You will thus be better prepared for meeting and talking with us.

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Robbins

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I write hastily, having pressing calls this very hour. So much however, it has seemed to me my duty to communicate.

Yours very truly
Chandr. Robbins.

P. S. Of course this letter has no connexion with me officially as member of the Committee. It is written without the knowledge of any one — and only as a friendly and confidential note.

Robbins

Wednesday Jany 25. 1842.

My dear Friend,

From the moment when you left the meeting of the Association on Monday evening my heart has been yearning to unbosom itself to you. I could have gone out and wept with you. I felt most deeply the delicacy and the hard trial of your situation and am constrained to say that you sustained yourself nobly. It would have been unjust to you, to have been less frank than we were, and yet I fear that *my* frankness seemed ungenerous and unfriendly. I knew not what I ought to say – in my struggle between the love I do most truly bear towards you, and the desire that the whole truth of your position relatively to the Association should be clearly understood, and that you should be fully informed concerning all the matters which the Association had had in consideration respecting you and itself.

I grieved that you left just as I had begun to give a declaration of my individual opinions and sentiments – for I feared that I had been the cause of inflicting a wound – which my tongue should "cleave to the roof of my mouth" before it should intentionally give. Yet after you had gone, I could more freely pour out those friendly and most affectionate sentiments, the flow of

Robbins

which would have been narrowed and restricted by your presence. And this I *did*, and felt better for having made a "clean breast". Indeed I could not have gone to my rest that night if I had not.

I am sorry, my dear friend, that we differ so much in our opinions on Theological questions. I am sorry that a brother whose feelings and whose virtues I so much esteem and love, should feel under the necessity of publishing doctrines that in my opinion are inconsistent with faith in Christianity as a special revalation, and in Christ as "the anointed of God" — doctrines, whose avowal necessarily prevents an interchange of pulpits between us. But this is all I have against you — *against* you? no — between us, I mean as a bar. All the other charges — those relating to the Hollis Street Council and the rest — however grave they may be held by others, do not weigh a feather's weight with me. I dont believe that you have said aught in malice against your professional brethren, and when I hear any of them attempting to make out a case against you on such grounds, I have not the least sympathy with them.

It may be, my friend, that you are in advance of us all in theological knowledge, and nearer to the clear summit of Truth, and that the interval that separates us in this journey of immortality is the true gulf between us. It may be that your soul is purer and more virtuous than ours, and that this moral superiority lifts you out of the reach of our sympathy, and gives you a vision of the spiritual world, which our medium of view is too dense to allow us to discern. Or, my brother, it may be, that you have speculated too boldly — that an intensely active intellect, and much learning have carried you beyond the safe foundations of the Eternal Word; and that you have as far to return, as one to advance before we can stand together on the Rock of Ages.

These are questions which abide the solution of the all exposing Hours and the judgement of the Spirit of Light: I do not wish to attempt to answer them. I only wish to regard you without a "beam in my own eye"; whilst both of us shall be seeking humbly yet earnestly after the "truth as it is in Jesus." I hope that both may have more and more of the "Spirit of Christ", that like him we may be true Children of the Father, and true brethren of mankind.

I cannot satisfy myself with this expression of my state of feeling towards you — being a sad bungler in the use of set forms of speech — I wish my breast had a window — I would go to you and sit in silence whilst you looked into it — if you would take the trouble to survey all its images which are associated in any manner with you —

Believe me your sincere friend

Chandr Robbins

Robbins

Boston Feby 15. 1843

My dear Sir,

In obedience to your request I copy from the Records of the Boston Association the "vote" asking you to attend and have a "talk".

"1842 Nov. 28."

"At the close of the meeting, Mr Gannett offered the following resolution, as embodying the spirit of the previous conversation – viz:
Resolved – that the Moderator (pro tem) of this meeting (Mr Pierpont) be requested to inform Mr Parker, in the course of the following fortnight, that his writings and remarks have been the subject of conversation this evening, and that it is the wish of the Brethren present, that the conversation be continued at the next meeting in his presence and with his participation".

I acknowledge the payment of the small sum which I had forgotten that you owed me – and also the excellence of the "Apostolical rule" – which – notwithstanding all differences of opinion – I shall never find it onerous to apply in relation to yourself – for I am sincerely and faithfully

your friend.

Chandr Robbins.

March 4th say 1846?

My dear Sir,

I have just received your letter asking me to tell you, what was the design of the Boston Association in giving back the management of the Thursday Lecture into the hands of the Minister of the First Church, "and all about it".

Various reasons were given by different Brethren.— Some said that they had *never* liked to have it supported by the Association. Some said, they had never felt willing to be obliged to preach the Lecture. Some gave as a reason that they did not wish to be connected in an institution that obliged them to be instrumental in bringing your opinions into the pulpit.

The circumstance that all the Brethren present, (with one exception — Lothrop.) (and the meeting was a very full one) voted for the measure, shows that the *sole* design was *not* to exclude yourself from preaching the Lecture — for I presume that Mr Pierpont, and perhaps some others, would not have acted on *that* principle.

In *truth*, however, I ought to say that I understood the majority of the Association to be influenced in their vote, by a wish not to be involved with *your* opinions or those of any other individual, as the support of the Lecture did involve.

Robbins

them in the mind of the community generally. With this principal reason, however, I believe others were connected in the minds of most.

In haste.

Yours faithfully.

Chandler Robbins.

Boston, 10th Sept. 1855.

My dear Sir.

I received through the Post Office your last five discourses accompanied with a very kind note, — a basket of the ripe fruits of your intellect, with a fresh flower from your heart, having the delicate flush and fragrance of the heart. The former after the careful examination which they claim, I shall place on my shelves for preservation: the latter I have already planted in my bosom.

I don't remember any letter of mine worthy to have given impulse to your gratitude — but to be the object of such an impulse is truly gratifying.

The liberal return you have made for the small measure, I meted to you, makes me feel more deeply, what I have sometimes felt before, that the recompense for little words and even looks of kindness is so rich and so sure, that one has almost cause to be afraid of indulging

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in them as much as the heart prompts, lest he should not be wholly disinterested.

I hope, my brother, that the day will come, when a note of good will not be the exception in a great pile of letters, and when there will be no heretic to the faith of love.

Your friend and affectionate Servant,
Chandler Robbins.

Rev. Theodore Parker.

Gannett

From Revd Ezra S. Gannett. Boston.

New York April 15. 1843

Dear Sir

I wished to reply to your letter before I left home, but I had so many things to do that I could not. Your inquiry is similar to one which I have received from other quarters, though never in so direct a form before. When I made the statement to which you refer I had, as I believed, decisive evidence in support of its truth. It corresponded with my own impressions and with my recollections of conversations held in former years with Dr Channing, and with the impressions of Mr Phillips and other friends, but especially with the testimony of a lady who told me that two years ago Doctor Channing in her presence, explicitly avowed his belief in the pre-existence of Christ. Since the publication of the Address and Notes, I have been informed by another person present at the conversation to which this lady referred that the purport of Dr Channing's remarks was really misunderstood by her, and that he really said that his mind had been of late inclining to a rejection of this doctrine — Still he did not declare himself to be an unbeliever in it, and I retained my persuasion of the correctness of what I had said when your letter put me upon a more careful

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inquiry. I went to the immediate family.

Mrs Channing does not speak confidently on the subject. William says that in conversation with his father, he (Dr C) expressed at least a comparative disregard for the doctrine of the pre-existence, and Williams belief was that his father had ceased to include it among his articles of faith. But upon inquiring of Mr Eustis, he tells me that he had conversations with Dr Channing on the subject the last summer (a few weeks therefore before his death) and the previous summer, on both of which occasions Dr Channing expressed his belief in the "pre-existence and superior nature of our Lord, and accounted such a theory necessary for the explanation of Scripture. This is conclusive evidence — perhaps the most decisive that can ever be had, since Mr Eustis led the conversation to the subject by declaring his own dissatisfaction with such views. My belief is, that Dr Channing during the latter years of his life attached less and less value to the fact of Christs' pre-existence, and held it rather on critical than on moral grounds, but that he never relinquished his faith in the doctrine.

Permit me now to add a word in reference to the closing sentence of your note — Did I say that "I could never cordially take your hand again, or that "I could not cordially take it again", meaning of course, (I should suppose,) while our relations continued to be what you had made

Gannett

them, and chose to have them to be. It seems to me strange that you do not see this matter in the same light under which I view it. You publicly impeach the purity of my motives, hold me up to the censure and contempt of the community, as far as your influence extends impair my usefulness by weakening or destroying the confidence of people in me, and if you do not call me knave and hypocrite, render it not a violent inference from what you say, in a communication to the public that you think me so. All this I hold that you do, when you speak as you have spoken of a body to which I belong, and in whose proceedings I took an active part. An opportunity is sought for conference with you upon the language you have seen fit to use. I hoped you were not aware of the force or effect of your expressions, or that it would have led you to regret that you had put them in print. But in this conference, instead of uttering a word of explanation or regret, you remark that upon this point you "have nothing to say", and that the article must stand upon its own merits. Is not this deliberately refusing to efface the painful impression which your words had left on my mind, and in effect saying, "you understood me aright, and I repeat the assertions and the judgements which have given offence"? I cannot conceive of circumstances under

Gannett

which one man should tell another more emphatically that he has a bad opinion of him - nay, more, that he deems him guilty of temper and conduct that entitle him ~~to~~ neither to the respect nor the esteem of his fellow men: and that after this I should *cordially* take your ~~by the~~ hand would be an act of sycophancy or false-heartedness that you would justly despise. I can take your hand with kindness and good will, but not with cordiality, so long as those imputations you have cast on my character are suffered by you to remain without a word that indicates a sense of their injustice. How *you* can have a cordial feeling towards one whom you represent as so unworthy of regard, is, I confess, what I cannot understand. It seems to me that you have built up a wall between our hearts.

I trust that you will now perceive the relations in which you have made us stand to one another. They do not spring out of any theological differences. However great these may be, while we consider one another good men in our purposes and lives, we can entertain mutual and cordial regard. But while one of us pronounces the other unfit to be held in esteem must there not be reciprocal occasion of complaint? Nothing however I hope will ever prevent my doing justice to your character or debar me from subscribing myself

Truly yours

Ezra S. Gannett.

Gannett

Boston Jany 7th 1845.

Dear Sir

It was my intention last week to bring the matter of your last Thursday Lecture before our Ministers Aſsociation at their next meeting, and to propose some action on their part — such as a public disavowal of concurrence with you in the opinions which you then advanced: and I meant of course to inform you of my purpose. But I learned that some of the other brethren entertained the same purpose, though they were disposed to offer a resolution somewhat different in form from what I contemplated. It seems to me therefore, — and to them also, I believe, — still more proper that you should know the subject will be brought forward at our next meeting —
I would much rather the discussion should proceed in your presence, and with your participation than in your absence. I hope therefore you will come to the meeting, which will be at Mr Clarke's in Mount Vernon Street (near Charles Street) next Monday afternoon. As you have spoken plainly, you will let us I am sure, speak plainly too. But I hope we shall never forget the distinction which should always be regarded — and which in this case allow me to add is so manifest, between the doctrine we deplore,

Gannett

and the character we admire – between the teacher and the man.

Yours sincerely
Ezra S. Gannett.

Pierpont

From Revd John Pierpont.

Boston 22d March 1845

My dear Sir,

I have just finished reading your Letter to *us*. Good! *We* must answer it, or consent to meet the consequences of standing neutre. *I* shall not attempt to answer it: nor do you expect that I should. But *some* of us must. I like your outright speech, and your manly tone. It must be respected, and it must, and I hope, will be answered in a tone *as* manly. The correspondence will do good, let who will be the respondent. — "*I like* this rocking of the battlements". Agitation is as necessary in the Theological as in the ætherial atmosphere. It is wholesome — salutary, i.e. tending to salvation. So let it come!

But I write you this to correct a small error in your statement of a fact that relates to myself. Your remark, that "only three, Mr Gannett, Mr Sargent and Mr Clarke — if I am rightly informed — have extended that fellowship to him (myself) since the time of the famous Hollis Street Council" — &c — The fact is this — "only three" of the clergymen or pastors of the twelve churches represented in that "famed" council have extended to me that fellowship — viz. Brothers Gannett, Sargent and Waterston —

Pierpont

Clarke and Bartol have offered me exchanges. But neither of them, nor either of their churches was on that "famed" council.

I state this, because I know you are a "seeker" — an inquirer after the truth, and that you give a hearty welcome to whatever appears truth to your own mind — And the "truth" is as I have stated above, in relation to the ministerial fellowship extended to me by my brethren since the censure of an Ecclesiastical Council fell upon my devoted head: — a censure by the way, for which I would not take a small sum of money.

I wish you to know the vote I gave on the question of surrendering the Thursday Lecture — "the great and Thursday Lecture". I voted "Aye" — for I have been trying many years to get rid of it; regarding the preaching of it as a sacrifice more costly than any profit to be derived from it would justify. I am glad that it is thrown off from the hands of the Association.

You were right, — I think in refusing to withdraw from it. Better a great deal, be thus "circuitously" excluded from it.

I see that I am on the external threshold of my church — i.e. on the threshold with my face as though I would go out of it entirely. A few days probably, and they who were once my people, will not be my people. Then the world will be all before me — not "where to choose" as it was to Adam — but where I am to get my living as I can, during the remnant of my pilgrimage —

My proprietors have, at length condescended to make overtures for a negotiation for an amicable dissolution of our relation, and that negotiation is now going on. This they might have done, had they been so wise, six years ago and "have saved all this harm and loss" — Well — had not the controversy taken ~~place~~, the turn it did take, there would have been no "famed Hollis Street Council" — no Result of Council" and no Review of that Result in the Dial — very possibly no Conference at Waterston's, two years and more ago, and no "Letter from Theodore Parker to the Ministers of the Boston Association" and possibly, too, no knowledge of "the Gospel according to" that Association"! — How the destinies of some men are interwoven! —

But an end to my long yarn — I began expecting to write three lines (or more) and lo! three pages.

Your friend and Brother
for truth and righteousness
John Pierpont.

Parkman

From Rev Francis Parkman. Boston.

Monday March 25. 1845

Sir,

In a letter addressed to the Boston Association, you have thought proper to ascribe to me some remarks or opinions, which I must wholly and unequivocally disclaim. That I could have expressed them either on the occasion to which you refer, or any other is scarcely possible, since they were then as well as now, entirely at variance with my convictions.

In the fervor or carelessness, not uncommon to those, who hasten to print, and print more than they well consider, you have confounded a personal and accidental interview, on a different subject, with the conference to which you was kindly invited by the Boston Association. In that interview, which occurred in Washington Street, I spoke not of your theological opinions, but of your published misstatement of a remark of mine in regard to the controversy of his church with Mr Pierpont: and I said, that a mistake you had so generously and fully atoned for could not but command my ready forgiveness. But that I could not regard with equal indulgence your contemptuous and unwarrantable expressions con-

Parkman

cerning the Hollis St Council.

I have neither time nor inclination to enter into any discussion of your theological opinions, which connected with the manner in which you have sometimes exhibited them, is the undeniable cause of the position in which you have placed yourself. But as this is not the only instance, in which (from inadvertence, I willingly believe) you have mistaken my words, I have only to request, that before committing yourself to the press, or taking the freedom to introduce the names of individuals, who have not sought controversy with you, you would first inform yourself correctly, or refresh your memory more carefully, as to the language or opinions you may see fit to ascribe to them.

I am, Sir, yours
very faithfully
Francis Parkman

Rev Mr Parker.

Parkman

Monday March 31. 1845

Dear Sir.

My unavoidable engagements in preparing for an absence of some months, leaves me no leisure to reply fully to your note.

I can only repeat my firm belief that I could not have expressed the opinions you ascribe to me, at the meeting of the Association. I certainly supposed from the beginning, that your religious opinions and modes of expressing them, constituted the chief difficulty in the relations between you and the Association: and I know not how I could have been led, either from excess of charity or inadvertence to use expressions, contrary to my full convictions.

I must still believe, that you have misunderstood me, or confounded the two occasions to which I referred. And my own impressions upon the matter are fully confirmed by others, who were present. Among these were Mr Chandler Robbins and Mr Ellis, who agree, that after the full discussion that was had upon your theological opinions, the remark I made was, " That besides, or in addition to, your theological opinions, we felt that there was a just cause of complaint, in the contemptuous language you had used in regard to the brethren".

I certainly am far from being disposed to attach much importance to any remarks of my own: and I should be very sorry to find myself justly chargeable with uncharitable views of others. If, however, by any possibility of inadvertence or mistake in any form, I indeed used the expressions supposed, they were not the just representations of my opinions.

I am, dear Sir,
Yours sincerely
F. Parkman.

Boston Dec: 26. 1845

Sir,

In reply to your enquiries, I will say, that "the Massachusetts Annual Register" contains always an authentic statement of the churches in Boston, as well as in all other parts of the commonwealth: and from the Register of the present year, you may perceive, that the whole number of Congregational Churches within the city (including South and East Boston) are Twenty Seven. Of these fourteen are Unitarian, and the resi-

Parkman

der Calvinistic. To the former should be added King's Chapel, which though not strictly congregational, is of course Unitarian

I am yours faithfully
Francis Parkman

Rev Mr Parker.

Putnam

From Rev. George Putnam. Roxbury.

Roxbury June 19th 1843

Rev. T. Parker.

I do not suppose you expected or wished ever to hear from me again, but you must submit to it. I have done you some injustice, — (I do not say harm, for I am not of so much consequence, that anything I can say or do, should harm you,) but injustice. — and tho' it is not at all necessary nor of any consequence to you that I should repair it, yet it is very necessary to my own mind, my own sense of justice, my own good standing with myself, that I should repair it as far as I can.

I told you and I told others, that you were off of the Christian ground, — in a false position in a Christian pulpit and in the Christian church — I tho't so when I said it, and my course of thinking for some months maintained me, and justified me to myself, in that declaration, and I accordingly made it frankly, in conversation both with your friends and opponents. But I cannot abide by it. I quit that position in relation to you. I feel that it is too much for me to take upon myself to declare unfit for the pulpit a man who values, preaches, and as far as I know practices the fundamental principles of Christian teaching,

Putnam

however I may differ from him on biblical questions, or theological points, or modes of evidence, or questions of historical fact.

My course of reading and thinking, and my associations with others, led me into what I may call more High-church-notions, than I had been accustomed to entertain, or than were consistent with my real and permanent ideas of Christianity— those notions have very much subsided, as of course one's habitual and fixed ideas are sure sooner or later to prevail over and remove those which may for a time, from any influences, have come in to change them, appearing to be consistent with them when they are not.

I read your book, or the greater part of it, on its first appearance, and was so much more taken up with the positive parts, the true and unquestionable, than with the points on which I differed or doubted, that these last did not make the chief impression, and I expressed my sense of the value of the work to your friends and I believe to you. I regretted some things in it, but its excellencies were uppermost in my mind, and I tho't but little of the defects— The book was immediately loaned, and it is still in circulation and I have not seen it since. Then came criticisms and remarks from all quarters, upon the denials and objectionable parts. I heard them constantly, till those parts came gradually to occupy my mind, and it seemed at last almost as if those parts were the whole of the book instead of a fraction of it. The book was not by me, and nobody wrote or spoke of anything but its denials—

a sense of its merits unconsciously slipped out of my mind. I I came to think only of these – the denials –. I feel now upon review that this was injustice to the book and thro' it, to its Author – And this together with what I have called my High-church-ideas (produced by influences independent of you or your opponents) led me to take what I think was unwarrantable ground upon the question of your official fitness for the chur I truly think it was not in character for me to take it: I take it no longer. I have no right and no disposition to say that you are unfit for the pulpit. I said it once to you, and therefore I write now, in justice to unsay it – I shall unsay it, wherever I have said it. I have not said it in public – I have not denounced or disparaged you, in anything I have preached or printed. The paragraph in my sermon at Huntington's ordination, which some thought referred to you; did not refer to you. It was not meant for you, and I do not think it at all applicable to your case. A sermon I preached last winter on the connexion between historical and absolute religion (you may not have heard of it,) was thot to refer to your case. It was certainly suggested by your case, but it extended far beyond your case, and covered much more ground. Passages justly referable to you, had not a word or tone of unkindness or disparagement to wound the feelings of your warmest friend. I did *not* class you with Paine or Voltaire, nor dream of such a thing. I am not sure that I should now write precisely such a sermon, but I esteem myself happy, seeing that I did write it, that it contained nothing which under any change of views or feelings I need wish to blot – I have said in the Association that you were in a false position as a Christian

Putnam

minister. I shall take the first fitting opportunity to disclaim such a judgement. I said it because I felt it. but I felt wrong, and shall now say *that* — In our conversation in our study, (it may have been my fault) but you misunderstood my meaning and manner, and you did me injustice — Your letter in answer to mine was unworthy of you — and was the only thing that ever impaired my personal respect for you — Your manner since then I have not understood — But no matter; I did not mean to say a word of *your* errors, but of *my own* — Your errors do not trouble me — my own will not let me rest (after I perceive them) till I have done what I can to rectify them — I write now not to conciliate *you* but to satisfy my own sense of justice — I do not ask you to *exchange* — *because*, if I did, I should apprehend a *rebuff* from you — and *because* it is not *expedient* that a man should preach in a church where any considerable number (whether from their fault or misfortune, or his, or from any cause) would be pained or displeased — and perhaps I ought to add, *because* you in the exercise of that liberty which I honor, and would not restrain, would be liable to say things, — which either I should be misunderstood as assenting to, if I were silent, or else should have to go into a controversy, for which I have neither the taste nor the qualifications. I don't lay much stress on this last reason — For these reasons it is not *expedient* at present, and I do not see that any *principle* applies to the matter to supersede expediency — to remove it from the jurisdiction of expediency to a higher tribunal — Where no principle of absolute right applies, it is according to sound principle to judge and act according to circumstances, petty and variable as they are. — In all that I have ever said or unsaid to you

Putnam

or concerning you, I am not aware that I have acted on calculation of any worldly advantage to be gained or lost. My position has seemed to me ~~to be~~ such that I might take whatever course I could take most heartily.— I do not feel that my mental integrity has ever been put to the test of loss or gain— I cannot tell what risks of sacrifice I might rise to, if a sense of truth called me to them— nor can I tell to what meanness of calculation I might descend if tempted. I have not been so *called*, or so *tempted*, so I have nothing to boast, and nothing to congratulate myself upon— and nothing to despise myself for, in this connexion — In pronouncing you to be on account of your theology, an unsuitable man for the pulpit and the church, I did wrong. I exalted the *church* too much into equality with the *gospel*. I had no right to ascribe the same permanent and divine authority to that organization, and the ideas prevalent therein, which happen to exist to day, as I ascribe to the absolute and immutable principles of moral and spiritual truth which Jesus taught. I am bound to regard any place, any organization as a Christian church, in which those principles are purely and heartily acknowledged and inculcated in the name of Jesus— and any man as a true minister of Christianity who heartily preaches them, and lives by them— Therefore my judgement upon you was unjust— I tell you I disclaim it. I tell it the moment I feel it— So long as I withold this letter from you, I am a false man— tho' it does you no hurt— the moment I send it (tho' it will do you no good) I am a true man— I know and God knows it, however you may think or feel about it— ~~that~~ is of no consequence and I am happy. Your manner and evident feeling toward me, allow me only to say in conclusion, that— I am respectfully— your obdt. servant. Geo. Putnam.

Adams G

From Geo. Adams Esq Boston.

Boston May 22d 1847

Friend Parker,

Agreeably to your request I enclose a copy of the two letters I have received from a layman of the Unitarian denomination, in regard to my list of Churches and Ministers.

I also enclose the proof sheet of the list as it will appear in my Directory, with some slight alterations.

After I received the first letter I addressed the writer a note asking for information &c; but he did not meet and answer all my questions, and I have therefore printed the list as originally prepared —

The author of the letters did not ask me to treat and regard them as confidential, yet it seems to me best to withhold his name from you especially now as you do not request to know it, and as it will do no good, if you did —

Yours &c George Adams.

Copy of the first Letter.

April 24. 1847.

Dear Sir,

When you called at Crosby & Nichols'

Adams G

Bookstore to consult Mr Briggs respecting the list of Churches. I forgot to give you the name of the Irish Protestant Society to be inserted in your new Directory. I now give it, that you may be sure to get it in. The Society is independent in its Church Discipline, but it is unitarian in doctrine. It should go in thus —

First Independent Irish Protestant Society (unit.). Rev J. Fisher. Pastor. Place of worship. Chapman Hall. Chapman Place. out of School Street opposite Court House.

I observe that you put in Theodore Parker's Society as the 28 Congregational, and add unitarian. This should not be: if the word unitarian is added at the request of Mr Parker, in justice to the regular scriptural unitarian Churches of this City, you should add as a note, "thus called at the request of Mr Parker, and not with the concurrence of the regular unitarian Churches of Boston", otherwise the impression will go abroad that Mr Parker is in full communion with the unitarian Ministers of Boston, a thing which though it may be very agreeable to Mr Parker, is far otherwise to them, and would do them great injustice if allowed to pass without some such comment. I trust therefore that you will throw all the responsibility upon

Alger F

Mr Parker. It is very unfair for Mr Parker to seek to identify himself with the unitarian Ministers of Boston, when he knows they do not acknowledge him as one of their body, and will not exchange pulpits with him.

Yours very Respectfully.
(signed) F. Alger

Copy of the second Letter.

Boston April 28 - 1847

Dear Sir,

The circumstances in regard to Mr Parker are briefly these. He is not a member of the Boston Association of unitarian Ministers, nor is he permitted to preach the Thursday Lecture. This answers the question you put in your letter, and I hope you will not hesitate in justice to all to insert Mr Parker's Society in such a manner as will distinguish Mr Parker from the regular unitarian Ministers of this City. Perhaps a note in this form would answer - certainly less pointed -

Thus inserted at Mr Parker's request, though we understand he differs materially from the great body of the unitarians, by rejecting important doctrines of the Gospel held by them.

very respectfully.
(Signed) F. Alger

Adams G

Boston Jany 28 - 1853

Dear Sir,

The Boston Directories of 1847 - 48 & 49 - contain a list of the churches and ministers in this city - against your name is Cong. Unit. - but I find that in 1850 - 51 & 52 it is merely Cong. without the Unit. - this omission escaped my notice until last year while the Directory was printing and I gave direction to the proof reader to have it corrected, but he failed to do it - The same error occurred in the Boston Almanac of this Year, and the State Register of last year. In the second edition of the Boston Almanac of this year the omission is attended to and it stands right - and in the State Register for this year it will read Cong. Unit. - Now this may not be a matter of much interest to you and perhaps it is of no consequence - but I regret that any thing of the kind has happened for I want the Record to stand right - and it does not now, if you still retain your connection with the Unitarian denomination - I deem it proper to make this statement in order that you may have the facts in the case in your possession should any question arise.

Respectfully Yours &c

George Adams.

Adams G

Boston Sept 10. 1853

Dear Sir,

I have concluded to go on with my contemplated work on the Religions &c of the world. From your remarks at our interview the other day I feel that if I could get you to prepare the matter generally for the work I should want no more — but this I cannot expect, and therefore will ask less.

You expressed considerable interest in having due credit given to the Pagan world both past and present and thought the good as well as the bad of their religious ideas should be stated — I should like therefore to have you prepare me an article on Paganism or Heathenism — commencing with the earliest developement of the religious element or instinct under the forms of Fetichism and Polytheism — then to continue the development through all nations until the time of Christ — I should like to have the article as brief and condensed as is consistent with a fair representation of the somewhat abused Pagan world and interspersed with such details as could be made interesting to the general reader.

I think the article should be divided into appropriate heads so as to render it less formidable to the reader — these divisions and sub-divisions make it more attractive. — I should think

Adams G

it best that this article should also embrace Heathenism from Christ to the present time with some speculation upon its probable influence upon the future. I should also like a brief statement from you respecting the

Sacred Books of different Nations.

their name and brief statement of their origin and history —

The article upon these books might be stated in 5 to 10 pages — to the

Bible say 3 pages octavo.
Koran " 2 " octavo.
Others " 1 or 1/2 page "

The article upon Paganism say 20 to 50 pages octavo.

Allow me to suggest to you — whether these subjects would not be a good matter for a lecture — if so you could condense from it a statement to answer my purpose.

Now I should not feel right to have you prepare these articles for me unless I could compensate you for the trouble, and I see no reason why you could not do this for me, and receive an adequate consideration, as well as lecture &c — if you have time and inclination to do it —

I think it could be made to do good like your other labors.

Please inform me what you think about it, and

Adams G

if you can do it. As I intend to get from every Sect &c, a statement of their belief — I should like to have you give me a statement respecting those who might be termed Rationalists or persons who believe mainly as yourself and others in Germany and England.

Yours Respectfully &c

George Adams.

You could have a month or two to prepare the article.

Adams G

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Yours Respectfully &c

George Adams.

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Noyes

From Geo. R. Noyes. Cambridge.

Cambridge Sept 24. 1855.

Dear Sir,

I have no recollections relating to the matter of Attorney General Austin and the Christian Examiner except what are contained in the manuscript of Mr Norton, which I herewith send you. This manuscript Mr Norton left to my option whether to publish or not. I concluded on the whole to suppress it. Of course I send it for your own private satisfaction. As I did not think it worth while to make it public then, still less should I wish to see any public reference to it now.

You will see by Mr Norton's Manuscript that it was the *Atlas* in which Mr Austin's article appeared. When you have read the manuscript as long as you wish, I wish to receive it again.

Yours with best regards

Geo. R. Noyes.

Norton.

Copy of Mr Norton's communication (in 1834) not printed.

For the Boston Daily Advertiser.

Several articles appeared in the Atlas of last week, among which was one by the Attorney General of the State, that seems to require more notice than it has received. The occasion of them was a review in the Christian Examiner, containing a discussion of a very difficult and important topic in theology, and throwing more light upon the subject, than is afforded by any other work in our language. It is written with great fairness and ability, and evidently by a sincere Christian, with the praiseworthy intention of serving the cause of Christianity by relieving it from a difficulty of which infidels have always taken advantage in regard to the application of supposed prophecies to the Messiah.

A writer in the Atlas, however, selecting a passage from this article, which expresses little more than self-evident truths, certainly truths which every intelligent Christian, not the slave of words or of a traditionary faith, will at once admit, called upon the Attorney General to assume it as a ground of prosecution for blasphemy. But this appeal, as is apparent on the face of it, was not meant seriously, but only as an indirect argument, a reductio ad *absurdum*, to show the folly of the well known prosecution lately instituted against Abner Kneeland, a proceeding the impolicy and mischief of which has been abundantly manifested by effects, that every man of sense might have foreseen before it was commenced.

Whether the Attorney General was caught by this undisguised bait, and so fooled by the raillery of the writer, as to feel himself seriously called upon to defend his official character from the charge of a negligent and partial execution of his duty, may well be made a question. We supposed that he merely seized the occasion presented, in order to indulge in the expression of sentiments and feelings which deserve severe reprehension.

As his communication is probably known to most readers of the present article, we may speak at once of its general character. The writer of it would have it appear that he was inspired by a pure zeal for religion: but the tone and temper of the production, its virulence, its calumnious insinuations, and the effect which it is obviously adapted and intended to produce, make it evident that he was full of a spirit very different from any by which moral and religious men are governed. We have been told, and we believe it true, though it may not be the whole

Norton

truth, that the communication probably had its origin in a quarrel with the Editors of the Christian Examiner, on account of their rejection of an article which he had prepared, a liberty which those who have read the articles in that work ascribed to the same author will readily believe, it was full time for them to exercise.

The writer, after some legal quibbles about its not being his duty to commence a prosecution, suggests that the Grand Jury are now in session in Boston, that a complaint may be entered before it, by the correspondent who had addressed him, and assures him of his readiness to afford his best services in the management of the action. But he gives his opinion beforehand, that the Statute against blasphemy is so worded, that the article in the Examiner is not technically liable to the charge of "denying, cursing, or contumeliously reproaching God", the legal definition of blasphemy. He _insinuates_, however, that it "at any rate approaches to blasphemy," that it is only "not an offence of the exact character which the statute makes penal:" and that the distinction which separates the calm reasonings and religious spirit of the article in question from the statutable offence of blasphemy, as above defined, "may seem a nice one", "made without good cause" and perhaps "unwise". but that it is "discoverable by a careful reading of the provisions of the act". There can be no difference of opinion among well-principled, thinking, religious men, as to the character of what has been quoted. But the writer goes on further to outrage all decency by *insinuating*, and that very broadly that the "editors and patrons of the Christian Examiner" are becoming "confounded with infidels, scoffers, and atheists": and that the learning of their educated writers is becoming no better than the depravity and ignorance of blasphemers and revilers"; so that the law itself and with it "society in all its honorable forms" is in danger of "crumbling into dust" in consequence.

The folly of all this seems to neutralize in some degree its worse qualities; but this is all said in reference to an article which, as showing religious sincerity, as well as learning and talent, would do honor to any theologian of any age or country. We should regret to believe that there are many on whose influence the character of our society depends, who could read the production we have quoted without indignation. That learned theologian the Attorney General, who amid his higher studies has neglected to acquire skill to use the English language with

Norton

common correctness, undertakes to pass judgement upon one of the most difficult questions of criticism, and interpretation, and would fain if he could answer a train of reasoning by an indictment for blasphemy; but not being able to do this, he answers it by railing; and then in his zeal for religion pours out his abuse against some of its most able, earnest and devoted expositors and defenders. He has mistaken we trust the spirit of the times; and if he can be courting popularity, may find the number of bigots whom he can enlist as his partisans fewer than he supposes.

It is in truth a strange thing in this country for an Attorney General to venture to talk of checking the reasoning of theologians by criminal prosecutions. If such presumption is to be tolerated, religious freedom will soon be one of the idlest of our boasts; and all hope of making advances in the noblest and most important of all studies, must be abandoned. We write without any personal feeling as regards the individual in question. We have never had, nor desired to have, any intercourse with him. We have known neither good nor ill of him, except that he has furnished articles for the Christian Examiner of which we recollect nothing but their

Norton

worthleſsneſs: if he regards himself as having a public character, we are ignorant what it is: we judge of him only by the production before us: and that is such an offence against good morals, good sense, the principles of our free governments, the respect due to eminent worth, and the common decencies of society, as ought not to be lightly forgotten or passed over.

Fitzgerald

From Rev W. Fitzgerald. Clontarf. Ireland

Clontarf near Dublin. Ireland
Decr 16. 1847.

Dear Sir,

Your good humour has quite disarmed my wrath. At any rate there is the same sort of difference between writing a letter, and writing a Review, as there is between the terms on which men meet in a battle, and those which regulate their conduct in what Captain Dalgetty would call a "Stand Still of arms". I certainly thought you very ignorant of German, and concluded that you must be very conceited to come forward as a Translator from a language, which you seemed to be learning as you went on. I begin to think that you have only (like myself) occasionaly an odd mixture of wild carelessness in some things, with an obscure diligence in others. Perhaps the consciousness of my own frailties should have made me more merciful towards yours, but —— but why should I again open matters on which you and I differ so widely that the discussion of them can give neither of us pleasure?

I certainly never supposed my paper to be a complete answer to De Wette. But neither have I, at present any intention of returning to the subject again. If God gave me leisure for such an occupation, there is nothing I should more desire, than to employ myself in vindicating what I take to be the true Principles of Criticism

Fitzgerald

of the Old and New Testaments, and showing the true results of their application. But I have no time for such pursuits now. The business of my Parish and my Professorship, and other engagements employ the small modicum of faculties which I possess – and more than employ it. Still if you design a Second edition of your Work, I might perhaps be able to give you some hints, and correct some mistakes, both of your own and of De Wette's (E. G. I think he is quite wrong Vol 1. -163- 164 about Ὁ Σύρος and Ὁ Ἑλληνικός)

As to Welsche, וולש or וועלש. If you had looked out De-Wette's own reference (which you transcribe) to Tychsen, and turned over a page, (from page 263 to 264) – which you would have been obliged to do, if you had looked at all, to finish a sentence – you would have found – "וולש Welsch. S. Italica Scriptura" printed in large capital letters. Nay on p. 263 itself you would have found "כתב וועלש Welsch Ksaf. S Italica Scriptura".

Why should you say that Eichhorn made this same mistake as yourself. He translates כתב וולש Die Welsche Schrifft, and refers to this very page of Tychsen. However – though I am quite satisfied that וועלש or וולש is the German word Welsch – I am not quite certain which of its senses it is used in – Whether foreign or Italian.

I write this in haste, having received your letter itzgerald

this morning, and being anxious to let you see without delay that I am ready to reciprocate your friendly feelings. You see that you have to deal with an Irish, not a Scottish Hercules - So you need not dread infection from anything worse than the itch of contradiction - from

Yours very Faithfully,
W. Fitzgerald
Curate of Clontarf.

Atkinson

From William P. Atkinson Esq.

Brookline 19th June 1843

My dear Sir,

I commissioned Mrs Follen to speak to you of a matter, I have repeatedly been on the point of speaking to you about myself. I would have you — I think you ought to print a volume of your sermons. I say *ought*, for I think you owe it to the many minds you have set thinking and questioning, to give them the positive as well as the negative side of your religion. You have made them long for something deeper and purer than the common Religion of the day, and now you must supply their wants; your book will not suffice. It is mainly polemical. They want something now, that shall have nothing to do with doubts and questionings, but something to help them in life's trials, a worthy commentary on the Gospels. I want you to speak of sin and regeneration, and all the great problems of the spiritual life, with the light which freedom from popular errors gives you. We want your help and counsel my dear Sir, in the labours and temptations of life. WE want you to aid us to live more nobly and spiritually, by writing of life itself. We want your sermons.

We cannot find such writings in these times. We must go back to the old writers for truly spiritual

Atkinson

and yet practical views of life, but you can give us such, and your words would go to thousands, who would never read Wm Law, or Jeremy Taylor or Leighton or Baxter. And they are full of antiquated doctrines and antiquated forms, that we would have the truth free of.

Have I not quite convicted you not of sin, but of a duty? Now you will be very busy before you go to Europe, and yet you must not leave your book without its companion. Now may not we relieve you of some of the labour of publishing. It would be a pleasure to me, and I would gladly undertake it. If you wont do much, will you not do a little? At any rate I shall come and ask you when I get home.

I dont believe you will consider this letter too great a liberty. If you do, you must just pardon it, and believe me sincerely and respectfully yours,

W. P. Atkinson

Will you not come to my wedding if you are in Boston on Wednesday? It is to be at Dr Parkman's church at eleven o'clock. We should be right glad to see you there, and your wife and Miss Cabot also.

Thursday

My dear friend,

I have a prospect of making an arrangement for the hot weather in which it appears to me just possible that you would like to join. Mrs Higginson of Brattleboro offers to let her house for July and August, just as it stands for $100. — It is the pleasantest house in the town — on the hill above the main street in a grove of trees — cool and airy. Thinks I to myself, what a pleasant little party might be made up to occupy it, of yourselves and Miss Stevenson and — who else? — We could leave our wives and pedestrianize among the Green Mountains if you like — or "patulae recubantes and meditamus avena" — I should like to see you in the character of a most bucolical shepherd.

I cant stop to get your answer. If you go by my room before two, stop and see me a moment.

Truly yours
W. P. A.

Brattleboro' Vermont 15th May 1847

My dear friend,

I think you see Miss Stevenson often. When you see her next will you say to her that if she and her friends have not already engaged

Atkinson

lodgings by the sea-shore, I think they cannot do better than to take the house we occupied last summer, and which they have already made some inquiries about. The good people have asked me to recommend them to my friends, and I can do it very heartily, for they not only have neat and airy rooms, but are themselves unfeignedly kind and hospitable, so that I take a very friendly interest in recommending them. The house is very retired though this year the rail-road (Gloucester) passes by their door. The address is, "Asa Osborn, Newport village, Manchester". Perhaps you may know of others who would be glad to go there, if the Stevensons do not.

Here we are in the land of douche bads, sitz bads, and feather beds. The waters overflow us, and the rivers encompass us round about; yet we eat, drink and are merry, and think it a marvellously pleasant way of getting well. The establishment is in excellent order, and very much enlarged. I wish you would come here and spend your vacation. It would rout the enemy out of head much better than Dr Jackson can do it, and would set you up for the winter. As for unpleasantness and danger, why come and see the ball with which we are to open our new dining hall (which is 80 feet by 25) on the first of June, and see the hard cases who cannot dance, but who are getting well nevertheless.

Atkinson

Your wife shall board with my Sarah, in a quiet neat little house on the hill. Will you come?

This is a magnificent country. At least to us poor dwellers in the swamps. Perhaps you travelled gentlemen, who have seen the Alps would look down upon it. At any rate we will show you mountains bigger than the one, hight Muddy Pond, lying near unto the dwelling of one farmer Keith, of whom thee may possibly know.

Remember me to thy wife, and believe me, ever thy friend.

W. P. Atkinson.

Brattleboro Feby 8th 1848

My dear friend,

When I was last with you, my mind, as you may remember, was considerably exercised in reference to an occupation for the future. I have now a plan in which I feel much interest, but lack an important element for its fulfilment. You will be amused when you discover my want, at my application to you to help me — but listen nevertheless.

I want to find a farmer — and therefore I come to Boston and to you — a farmer who, as a mat-

Atkinson

ter of business, and as a profitable speculation, will take me, my wife and little ones, and say six lads, upon his farm, and into his house, with the intention on my part of educating said lads for college or otherwise, and on his of furnishing us all with lodging and plain farmer's fare, allowing us moreover to hoe, chop wood, and feed the cows as much as seemeth to us good. But inasmuch as the addition of $8.\frac{2}{5}$ individuals to a family involves a large increase of care and labour, it is to be further understood between us that I have the whole care and responsibility of said lads, both in school and *out of it*, and further that my wife will take upon herself a certain portion of the household cares, other than the commissary department, which of course can be best managed by the other parties.

This seems to me a good scheme, and practical and sensible men to whom I have submitted it, think so too — that it is not only feasible in itself, but that there are parents everywhere in the community, and especially in the cities, who would prefer such a situation of all others for their boys. The advantage to boys and teacher are obvious enough, and such as, so far as I know, cannot now anywhere be had. Our West Roxbury establishment, poor as it was, was superior to the common boarding schools, though it was not a farm, and the partner — with all respect be it said — was a *woman*.

Atkinson

But every masculine biped will not answer, even though he be a farmer. I want a man and a gentleman – I dont mean a broadcloth gentleman, but a *born* gentleman. He must have good sense and intelligence – must be a man with whom we can take pleasure in associating. Now can I find among farmers such a man – for I think well enough of farmers to believe there are many such, though they may wear rough coats – but one who will join me in my undertaking. It would be very profitable to him, and the best of farmers most often have narrow incomes – more's the pity. Suppose I receive $250. per pupil – I could pay $100 for board, which would be nearly all clear gain, as he could board them almost entirely from his farm. $600. cash, together with the board of my own family would be a large addition to most farmers incomes.

But how shall I find my man? I cant well do it Diognes fashion, ~~and I cant well do it Diogenes fashion~~, and I am miserably destitute of *efficient* friends. I dont expect to find him in the Melodeon but can you suggest a channel: for much depends on that. You know Horace Mann of course. I do not. Would he know the man, and will you ask him if you think it worth while – or can you suggest any other source? I should like too your opinion of the plan – so write me when you have leisure

Atkinson

We are very well. Our baby has just been cured by wet sheet packing, within one month of a most troublesome humour (crusta lactea) which under the old regime lasts from six to twelve, and is commonly treated with calomel, sulphur, and tar ointment, to the ruin of the child's future health.

Do you ever read novels, and have you seen Jane Eyre? It is a powerful book by a new and unknown hand. You will like it, but dont you give it up before you get through the first half dozen chapters. The chief interest lies beyond.

Truly and faithfully yours
W. P. Atkinson.

I should like to locate myself – the word is expressive if it isn't elegant – within hail of my friends – the nearer the better – say in Newton, Watertown, West Cambridge – somewhere on the line where market gardeners end, and farmers begin, and land ceases to be sold by the foot. I am tired of wandering.

Brattleboro 25 Feby 1848.

My dear friend,

I had anticipated most of your objections to my scheme, and I am aware that they are not easily obviated. I do not think however that the scheme is impracticable, and I may yet attempt to carry it out. But since writing you I have received a proposal which may bring us nearer to Boston. You are probably aware that Sarah's uncle, Clarke Cabot has lately lost his wife. He is left entirely alone again, and he proposes to us to come down and take his house and furniture that he may live with us. The proposal is a very agreeable one to us, except that we are not willing to live in Boston. It would be bad for Sarah and the children, and impossible for me. If Mr C is willing to live out of town, say in Roxbury or Brookline, I think we shall make the arrangement. In that case I shall be seeking employment in Boston, but I am sorry to say that my choice of an occupation will have to be governed by my state of health Dr Wesselhoeft tells me decidedly that if I undertake a laborious or confining business, I shall be an invalid for life within four years. He says that my bodily troubles were probably born with me – that no care on my part will prevent their increasing, unless I lead an active life, and take great care of myself. I am in hopes that living out of town, and walking in and out, 8 or 10 miles a day, will do for activity, but I am at a loss where to turn to find an occupation. I have applied to some of my friends to seek some kind of business for me, but I would fain if it were possible get a living in some way more congenial to my habits

Atkinson

I am aware how difficult it is for a non-professional man to support himself by literary occupation. I suppose it would be in vain for me to try. Editing has occurred to me if I could find anything to edit — I am the more inclined to it as from the little experience I have had with Doctor's paper, I find I like it. I shall bring that with me, and continue to publish it in Boston, and I wish I might combine some similar occupation with it. Is there a call or a want, or a need of any new thing that I could edit? Unfortunately there is need of many things for which there is no *call*.

I thank you heartily for your offer of assistance, but I do not know that you can help me. If I should need any aid or advice which you can afford, I shall not hesitate to ask.

"Shabbily" is too strong a word to apply to the Misses W— I cannot say that they did anything shabby, though they behaved at last rather unaccountably. Neither was I without blame in the matter, though I certainly did not deserve the suspicions, they at one time entertained of me. It is a long story which I have no time to write, of misunderstandings which might have been explained by a word, but were only made worse by a correspondence at 160 miles distance. I will tell you all about it when I see you. I thought at one time they got me down there upon false pretences; but I believe now, I did them wrong, and other than that. I have no fault to find with them. They refused to remedy the difficulty when I went down there and put it in their power, but they injured no one but themselves by it. I have no ill feeling towards them — indeed I am heartily sorry at the misunderstanding: for Caroline is in many respects a very fine woman. I will do A. E. the justice to say that I think she has arrived at perfect impartiality in the matter.

Give our best love to your wife and believe me
very truly yours
W. P. Atkinson

Boston 10th August 1848

Dear friend,

Your letter had to return from Brattleboro and I have just received it. I have no definite prospect for the winter, but I think there is no doubt but I shall be able to attend to your young man, from 15th Septr. I can teach the History well enough, but if he is going very far into Mathematics, he had better seek another master. I am not good at Professor Peirce.

We left B— in hope a change of air would benefit a baby, who has had severe diarrhoea and is still quite ill. She was too delicate a subject for the water cure

Atkinson

at least for such attention as the Doctor, with 130 regular patients could give. We go to Manchester in about a week — if you come to town within that time, we should be glad to see you. I shall come out some day if I can, and see our West Roxbury friends.

Truly yours
W. P. Atkinson.

Brattleboro 13th Augst. 1851

Dear friend and shepherd,

Do you want to stay in my house till the middle of Septr? If you do Sarah and the babies will go to the sea-shore, and you must take me in and give me shelter. If this arrangement is agreeable please let me know before you go to Penn. I shall have to begin work Sept 1st, and am not quite willing to quarter myself on my father's family for a fortnight for sundry personal reasons, though they would be glad to have me. I suppose Miss Stevenson to be away. If she is to be with you, then I will go to father's. Please understand I shall set off my *board* against a portion of your *rent* — but I shall dine in town. I am a taciturn person and shall not trouble you: neither shall I design to dispossess you of the Study. The green chamber will suffice me.

I am hard at work upon a lecture on Education based upon an old one on Pestalozzi. I am writing upon rather a bold scheme, but I feel very sure of my ground — that the present popular theory is fundamentally wrong and imperfect — as regards common schools it is grossly material — as regards higher education barren and scholastic — that Puritanism and bastard Republicanism have done but little as yet towards a true Theory — that before we succeed we have got to change Teaching from an empirical handicraft to a true Science based upon a true Psychology, and that what help there is must come from Germany and Pestalozzi. He was the true *Apostle* of Democratic Education, and the only man I know who seems to have understood the true Theory of Teaching. This I shall try to show.

I give a picture of our "College Education" — if you wasn't my shepherd, I would subjoin *damn* it. It almost ruined me, I hope it hasn't quite.

Truly Yours
W. P. Atkinson.

I wish any wind would blow you up here. We are having a real good time in this charming house. The Curtises prove as pleasant companions as I thought they would be. Give our love to your wife and the *Children*. How is Mary and how are the cats?

Atkinson

27th June

Dear friend,

It has just occurred to me that I have heard you mention as a liberal man and a friend of yours an Orthodox clergyman somewhere in Worcester county. Is not his name Porter, and where does he dwell, and would not he be a good representative of Orthodoxy on my list of lecturers? If not I dont know where to turn for a good liberal interesting Orthodox man. He's as hard to find as white black-bird. I have desperately written to Dr Bushnell! in hopes he may be preaching in Boston. But please enlighten me as to this Mr Porter, if there is such a man. Dr Sears will do excellently well both for Baptism and Education. I shall be glad to roll them into one. Thank you for Greene and Roelker. Rogers I had thought of—

Somebody says that speech was intended for the concealment of thought. Was writing meant for the same purpose? If not, be pleased to write so that a Christian can read you. You make a remark—I dont doubt a profound one—about $15—but I shall have to carry your note to a "mesmeric woman" to find out what it is. I shall put your letter with one which I once rashly told Dr Weselhoeft he might, for his greater convenience, write me in German hand, and which remains unread by me to this day.

It is my brother George who is a

laborious but very silent student of many things, who wants the Phonographic books. He says he thinks they cannot cost a great deal, and he will take his chance, if you can send as well as not. I take it for granted you are sending also for yourself. I enclose his memorandum.

Truly yrs
W. P. Atkinson

Cambridge Mass.
Feby 5th 1860.

Would Mr Parker like a letter from me? is a question that has often crossed my mind since Mr Parker went away: but I have till now answered, No. He is probably bored with letters more than he cares to read or answer, and I can write nothing which he will not hear better from others. Nevertheless I should be sorry to have him think I had forgotten him, and if he will only do as he pleases about answering, I will see what I in Cambridge can say to him in Rome.

How came I in Cambridge you will probably ask. I forget in what State of the Union I was residing when you went away. I dropped down here from Vermont, simply because I found a very pleasant house here, and thought it would be convenient to Boston

Atkinson

where I was anxious to try my fortune again, when I found I was going to be strong enough to work. I have *not* been appointed President of H. U. Felton has, (or rather has been nominated, and will be confirmed.) Modest merit is always disregarded you know. I have appointed myself to the Presidency of a very small school in Temple Place, and have been presiding over it with considerable (internal) success, but with very small impression upon the public, the whole winter. I am about removing from Temple Place to Warren St Chapel, whither Mr Barnard has invited me proposing to send me his second (third?) son, whom he wants to make a teacher, and he does me the honor to think that I can do it. I have been teaching a class of men this winter in his evening school. Besides this pupil in prospect I have had but four others including my own boy, lads of 15 & 16 – one an old pupil from Brookline, whom I am preparing for College, another a son of Mr Howard of Alger's Foundry, whom our friend Amos Cummings sent me, and he soon brought his cousin Charles Merriam from the Latin School, who is a fine boy, but sickly. I was agreeably disappointed with my success, for I have actually paid my rent. However I have had a better success than that, for I have come to enjoy and be contented with my occupation, and if I do not succeed hereafter, it will not be because I have not made all the needful efforts and sacrifices.

Atkinson

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Atkinson

But enough of myself — though a letter is the place if anywhere to speak of oneself, and the man to whom he owes more mental help than to any other, the man to speak to.

I am better in health, though not very strong. I hear that you are better, though your cough lingers, but that you have been having bad winter weather in Rome. I think it would have tried you more to be at home, our changes have been so extreme, now -4° even -8° and then +40°. Then I am heartily glad you have been out of the way of the melancholy turmoil we have been having all winter — first, with the mad expedition of noble old John Brown and all that followed thereupon, which all would have been peculiarly trying to you, and now with the exciting political contest, which has just happily ended. The John Brown affair was very painful but not a national crisis — this contest for speaker I am inclined to think *was* a turning point though perhaps I overrate its importance. But it is of no use for me to write to you of politics who will get them from sources much better than I.

Perhaps no one else will write the particulars of Mrs Follen's death to you. She died very suddenly of a very violent typhoid fever was ill only four or five days the two last of which she was unconscious and she died without recovering her senses. She passed away at last so peacefully that her friends could scarcely

Atkinson

realize that she was gone. It was painfully sudden to Charles and Aunt Susan, but a happy end for her. She had lived and enjoyed life nearly 73 years, and was not a person to bear with ease, the slow decay of old age. I do not think that you and I have differed of late years very greatly in our estimate of her character. She had very fine traits offset by very great weaknesses. She has gone where she will have a better chance to rid herself of her faults, and where she will find the reward of what was truly noble in her character.

She had a very strong affection for Sarah, and it was a great comfort to S. that she was with her at the last. Aunt Susan bears it well — to Charles though it a hard saying, it will be a blessing in disguise: for he could not in the nature of things, be truly and independently himself, while his mother lived.

I sometimes try to imagine to myself what sort of a life that can be of yours in Rome, where you can actually step out and see the Coliseum, the Forum, the Tiber, and the dome of St. Peter's; just as we can step out and see the dome of the great and general State House, and men catching Eels on Charles River Bridge. Do you realize that old Roman life very much more distinctly, than when you read of it in Niebuhr and Arnold and the rest? What is the precise value of foreign travel — please tell me who have never seen the old world, and perhaps never shall. I suppose we overrate it, who stay

Atkinson

at home. I fancy that to travel on foot over all the famous scenes of the old world, would be next to Paradise — but after all is it so very much better than travelling on foot up the Connecticut valley — or in the heart of the Green or the White Mountains. Do you remember when you and I stood together on the top of Mount Washington? How does that compare — I will not say with the Alps, for I can easily imagine them incomparable — but with the Appennines? The elements which go to make up the best part of the pleasure are much the same in both worlds — the changing light and shadow, the sunset and sunrise, rivers, and hills and valleys — how much or how little do the historical associations add to the character of nature? Cannot we take them separate in a book in our studies? And to see new scenes, and strange peoples is the profit of it usually overrated? How does it compare with the reading of new scenes, and strange peoples? It appears to me that it is precisely that part of knowledge which is independent of time and place, which has the deepest interest for my mind. You see I am trying to reconcile myself to staying at home all my life — Sour grapes.

Perhaps you will think that because I live in Cambridge, I can write you all about Cambridge matters, but if you do it will be a hasty conclusion unworthy of your philosophical

Atkinson

mind. We have indeed been admitted to Cambridge Society (if there is such a thing) to the extent of wife's being called upon by a great number of ladies, and being invited to sundry very stiff parties, but as for knowing anything of Cambridge — in fact I am not quite sure that Cambridge is not dead. The people at the parties had a galvanized look, and those big brick barracks I pass every day look amazingly like tombs, though a few of their inmates have been showing signs of life in a very improper sort of way. You will doubtless have seen in the papers, the account of the Chapel difficulties. The affair has been hushed up, the officer having withdrawn his charge, but it will remain a disgrace to the College discipline, that such a thing could have occurred. The experiment of a College Preacher, has been a ludicrous failure. Huntington seems to have proved himself very weak, and will have to follow his friend Coolidge into the Episcopal Church, where he can do without brains. — The Presidency seems to have gone to Felton by default; there being no prominent candidate in the community to take it from him. No good can come to the College from the rule of such a coarse ordinary man. I certainly do not know much about it, but my impressions of the present condition of the College are exceedingly unfavorable. I would far rather trust a boy with Thomas Hill at Antioch than here.

No doubt a certain amount of study is done by young men who would study anywhere, but I never was taught anything to any sort of purpose at Cambridge, and I doubt if much more is taught now. I was the most diligent of digs, but all that I really know, I have taught myself, and might have taught myself (under the proper stimulus) a great deal more, and to a great deal better purpose if I had never gone to College. College confused me, puzzled me, and made me sick, and came very near ruining me for life.—

So you see I did not come to Cambridge because I had such an intense love for my Alma Mater, but because I found a pretty house at a low rent for two years in Love Lane, (now dignified with the name of Linnaean St.) — because the horse cars run swift and frequent and because Emily could have a good school.

This is Sunday, and I have been all day writing a lecture to deliver to the operatives of a large mill, of which my brother is treasurer — a whole hall full of *Yankee* girls. Last winter I bought them a library, and this winter I mean to lecture upon it. I am surprised to find how much more to the purpose I can write, than when I once made a judy of myself trying to lecture some years ago. I call myself a pupil of yours. You are one of the few men that ever taught me to much purpose.

Atkinson

Who knows but I may some day do my master some credit. You need not own me till then.

The Boston world wags much as ever, so far as I know, who know but little about it.

Washington Street is rapidly changing, not from brick to marble, but from brick to freestone, and from three stories to five, and stately houses are beginning to rise out of the gravel in the back Bay. We have had a Union-saving meeting at which Caleb Cushing swore and Edward Everett whined — ("I hope I am doing a little good in my old age") and concerning which I hope you will get E Quincy's witty and true letter. Yet I am inclined to think that the Union-saving outcry will frighten the Republicans from nominating Seward.

I should like to know what you, who are on the spot think of Italian affairs, but I beg of you not to write a single line, if writing's a burden or a tax upon you. You can easily let me know whether you receive this. Let me know too, if I can serve you here in any way, or if there is any particular matter upon which you do not get information, which I can send, and I will gladly attend to it.

Give my kindest regards to Mrs Parker and Miss Stevenson, and believe me

Very faithfully and very truly yrs

W. P. Atkinson

Atkinson

Feby 7th. I called just now at your door to see how Mary was, and whether she had any message. She has sprained her wrist badly by falling, but wished me to say that it was getting on, though slowly. She is well otherwise and at this moment has no one with her, though she has had. A letter from you to George had just been received and was lying on the table awaiting his return this evening.

Craft W.

From Wm Craft. Dundee.

Dundee Jany 24. 1851

Mr Parker,

Dear Sir

I take this opportunity of writing you a few lines, to inform you of our health. we are in good health at this time, and hope these few lines will find you all enjoying the same blessing, we also write to extend our sincere thanks to you and to the vigilance committee for the interest in which theay practicaly manifested in our well fare. and to home we feel ourselves under great obligations to we saw by the publick press. that thare are efforts beeing made. to rase money to purchuse our libetes. I must say to those ho are making that effort that we think that they are doing us great injustice, by recognizeing us as property. and being willing to pay our oppressors for en Slaveing us so long. we will be very much oblige to you, if you will use your influence, against any such efforts if brought under your notice. Ellen sends her best regards to you and Mrs Parker. an Miss Stevenson.

Yours respectfully.

Wm Craft.

Rev. Mr Parker.

From Aaron Sargent Esq. Boston.

Boston, March 13th 1860.

Rev. Theodore Parker.

My dear Sir.

I cannot claim an intimate personal acquaintance with you, yet would and do, gladly believe that as you look at the signature to this letter, you will recall me to your mind.

You will perhaps, wonder why I have taken the liberty to write to you: let me say to you that it is because I felt it a duty to let you know that whatever of religious culture there may be in me. has been acquired from hearing you preach and pray, and from a careful study of 14 uniformly bound volumes in my small Library, labelled on the back "Parkers' Writings": and I should have performed this duty before, but felt a diffidence about troubling you with a letter, realizing that you are constantly in receipt of letters enough to occupy very much of your time, and from those who might be supposed to have more reason than myself for addressing you.

My first impressions of you were derived from reading to my parents your "Transient and Permanent in Christianity", which I bought at the request of my father. (My parents were members of Mr Ellis' Society and Church in Charlestown). I attended your first

Sargent

course of lectures in Charlestown: and since then have bought, read, studied, and preserved every published thing from your pen, that I could lay my hand on: and have 14 vols. with nearly pamphlets enough for vol XV; the last being a reprint of your Article on the "Material Condition of the People of Mass" —

Circumstances having favored, I have for nearly two years, attended the Services at the Music Hall on Sunday Mornings, and contributed my proportion (so Mr Manley says) towards the support of the 28th Congregational Society. I confess that I do not now feel that interest in the Society which I should have continued to have felt, if the event, which we all so much regret, had not cast a shadow in our path.

The first time I ever spoke with you was at your house, in your Library, when I called for the purpose of asking you if the report that you would on the next Sunday exchange with my namesake, who was then settled in Somerville, (where I now still reside,) was correct: the second time was when I called to ask the loan of a book, that I might copy three articles then out of print: the third when I returned the book. Have frequently met you in the street: sometimes you would see me, and sometimes not: and I never intruded: 'twas not my nature.

The last time we met was less than a year and a half ago: — one Sunday Morning in the Ladies Room

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of the Music Hall — I then wondered how you should have remembered having seen two years before, in the papers, a notice of the death of one of my children. Four months before that interview we had buried a second child, as I then told you. Our first-born was left us, and she is now 13 years old. She says she "shall always remember Mr. Parker, by [illegible]t sermon about Queen Elizabeth", which interested her so much. Our fourth child was born 5½ months ago, so that we have now two on earth, and two I trust, in the place or space which men call Heaven: and yet I sometimes doubt: and then I read "A Sermon of Immorlat Life".

One interview with you I shall never forget. It was in the Boston Station, of the Boston and Maine Rail Road. Our conversation turned — I know not how — upon Edward Everett; and in reply to a remark by me, to the effect that I thought well of him, you said that I would change my mind, in less than a month. How could you have then known that in three weeks Mr Everett would make his faux pas with the petition of the New England Clergymen?

Now as I am not much inclined to a belief in the marvellous, I shall not say it was a miracle: neither shall I say that a man with less foresight than Isaiah of Old made the prediction.

As "Duty" was the motive which caused this letter, it has been necessary, that I should speak much of

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myself, yet trust you will not therefore call me an egotist.

However gratifying it might be to me, to receive from you a reply, I shall not expect it: for you have, doubtless, more to attend to, than in your present state of health, you should have. In one of the volumes before mentioned, are some lines which you wrote for me several years ago, entitled "The Starlight in the City" — Shall take the liberty of calling on you on your return, and ask the favor of your Autograph.

That you may have a safe passage home, and be restored to as perfect health as you can hope or wish for, is the sincere prayer of

Yours truly

Aaron Sargent.

Francis C

From Rev Convers Francis, Watertown

Watertown, March 19. 1836

Dear Sir

Unless some unforeseen occurrence should present, I will endeavor to comply with the request you have communicated from your class in the Divinity School, and desire to present my respects to the class for the honor they have done me in making the request.

I send you Bauer: Hebraische Mythologie and hope you will pick good matter out of it.

Yours very truly,
C. Francis.

Francis C

From Rev. Convers Francis. Watertown.

July 23d. 1836

Dear Sir,

If you conclude to have a third service, you had better fix the time for it, in your notice, at 1/2 past 7— I beg you to make yourself entirely at home here, and ask for any thing you want. — I hope you will have a pleasant day. I need not say that I hope you will succeed in your public duties, for of that I have not the slightest doubt.

Yours very truly
C. Francis

Watertown, August 18th 1836.

My dear Sir,

I have a favor to ask of you, which I hope you will with your usual kindness grant. I want you to write a *dedication hymn* for our new church. The application would have been made to you before, had not Mr Hedge spoke of intending to write one for me, so as to create an expectation on my part. But he has failed me— I have one from Mr Whitney of the Divinity School: but I want another. Can you furnish it? I hope you will. I do not want to make an inconvenient demand on your time: but if you will do it, you will much oblige me. Four verses will be enough; or five, if you chose. I should like to have it in Common or Long Metre. I want it ready by Tuesday of Commencement Week. We *expect* to have the dedication on the 7th of September, though it is not fixed: and it will be necessary to have the arrangements for printing the Orders of Exercises several days previous — Will you be kind enough to give me an answer, immediately on receiving this, that I may know what to depend upon? I know you have written some excellent sacred poetry, and I think you can strike off a hymn for us, without much trouble — We shall depend on seeing you and Miſs Cabot, at the dedication —

Yours very truly.
C. Francis

Watertown, May 7. 1838.

My good friend,

When we were speaking the other day of your ancestor, the Capt. Parker of the famous 19th of April, (whose story was so sadly caricatured by the jest-loving Dr. Dana — but then you must remember that even Homer has been travestied) — I suggested to you the idea of drawing up as minute an account of him, and of every thing relating to his share in the affair, as you could collect from Credible tradition, from family documents, or other sources. I thought such a narrative would form a

Francis C

valuable paper for the Collections of our Historical Society: and I now write to ask whether you can find time to attend to the subject soon. The publishing Committee of the Historical Society are about to put to press another volume of Collections. We are always glad to get original matter if possible: and when I mentioned to them the plan I had suggested to you about Capt. Parker, they were much pleased with it, and wished the paper might be had for the forthcoming volume. In that case, I suppose it would be necessary to have it ready in 6 or 8 weeks. Do you think you could attend to it, so as to prepare it to your own satisfaction in the course of that time? If you can, you will do us a favor, for which we shall be truly grateful. Your time is so valuable, and you have so many engagements on hand, that I am almost ashamed to ask this of you: and if you find you cannot attend to it now, we shall still be thankful for it at some other time, when it may suit your convenience.

How do you proceed in your enquiries into the history of writing? I wish I could suggest any assistance, but nothing of any importance has fallen in my way since I saw you — Now and then subjects occur to me in the course of reading or thought, which make me wish that I had you at hand to get information, or an opinion. I have not time just now to collect and state any topics of this sort but hope to do so another day. I think of your literary and theological la-

Francis C

bors with the greatest delight. Let me beg you to have all due regard to your health. Men like you are so scarce, that we cannot afford to have you break down. There is no name among us, with which my hopes for theology and general learning are so connected, as with yours. Let us see you as often as may be. Our best regards to your good wife -

Yours very truly.
C. Francis.

Watertown, Decr 25. 1838.

My good friend,

In reading that very interesting book, Gardiner's Music of Nature, the other day, I lighted upon a theory or conjecture concerning the Latin language, which was new to me, though it may not be so to you. He doubts whether the Latin as we now have it, was ever the *spoken* language of Italy - and affirms that a musician, who is conversant with sounds, and will examine its internal structure, will hardly allow that it could have been so. The plan of it in sense and sound is contrary to what nature would point out. It may have been a systematic modification of the mother tongue, which learned men used in writing; but its structure and arrangement evince that it could not have been the common speech of the people. A case parallel to this exists now in China, where a written and

Francis C

a spoken language, distinct from each other, are both used at this day. Such is the author's theory: and he then asks, "is it not more reasonable to suppose that the present Italian is the original language of the Romans, softened and polished by the use of eighteen hundred years?" The main reasons, on which he rests his conjecture, seem to be *musical*: "the system of classifying words," he says "and giving them certain inflections and terminations, has led to such odd combinations of sound as cannot be performed by the mouth," – i.e. I suppose the Latin cannot well be set to music. Of this I am not enough acquainted with that heavenly art to judge. But he adds another reason of which the non-adepts in music may judge as well as he, and which seems to me far from satisfactory: "the idiom of the Latin" he says, "is so contrary to that order in which ideas occur to the mind, that we must suppose this arrangement to have been the result of literary taste and contrivance" – Have you in the course of your reading ever met with this theory? If so, on what grounds does it rest? It seems to me a mere random conjecture. The objections to it, are obvious and striking: and were it not for the case of China, which he adduces, I should say there was something absurd in the very idea of two languages, running along by the side of each other in the same nation – one for literature, the other for common speech. He affirms, however, that Cardinal Bembo, and the Marquis Maffei were of opinion that the ancient Romans had an oral language different from that of books. Such a literature it would seem, must be insipid and frigid, since it could not speak to the great heart, the common consciousness of ~~the~~ a people.

When you was enquiring about *Matter* the other day, I forgo to mention Priestly's Disquisitions, De Luc who opposed him and Boscovich's Theoria philosophiæ naturalis — thoug I dare say you have thought of them yourself, and perhaps in your omnivorous grasp of study, have already exhausted their contents. Among the ancient speculators, I suppose *matter* was understood chiefly or only as the correlative of *form*; — not as a corporeal substance, but as a pre-existent element to which the governing Power gave form or direction: the material and the workman of creation (so to speak) went together, the former inherent in the latter. The philosophy of matter as a corporeal substance, is, I suspect, a modern speculation: but I do not know that I am right —

I have a sort of remembrance that some time ago we had some queries about John VI. 62. I have not since examined the passage critically, but am impressed with the persuasion, that it cannot without distortion be constru in any other way than as implying the previous heavenly existence of the nature of Jesus — pretty much the same as the λογος. This seems the obvious meaning of "going up again where he was before". And is not this the *Johnean* idea of Jesus? Does it not run through that Gospel? The other biographers were more *humanitarians*, to speak in the language of modern sects:

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John was more for the divinity, - because this was the aspect of the thing, which suited best his spiritual and somewhat mystical idiosyncracy; and so in his account Jesus expresses by "ascending up where he was before", what in the representation of another biographer, would have been expressed perhaps quite differently. And may it not be said of every spiritual being, that, when this mode of existence terminates, he ascends up where he was before? —

What think you of Brooks, the N. York professor? O, precious nonsense, - the very sublime of absurdity! There is in it such an audacity of farce, that it almost seems grand. Why, the man, ignorant as he is on every subject, is more so, as to such a thing, as natural history; he doesn't know one bug from another, or one quadruped from another, and never can. How the thing was brought about might seem a wonder; but his brazen face, aided by such patronage as you would little expect, will do more than the modest worth of men whose shoe-latchet he is not worthy to unloose. I knew that he was plotting and working for the thing sometime ago, and that he and a brother of his in N. Y. were revolving about certain great men for that purpose - It is humbling and discouraging to see what can be effected by cringing and artifice. I have known that man from childhood, and I never knew one who was a better illustration of Homer's ἀναιδέιην ἐπιειμένος: - it is this which gives him any success he wishes, where men of scholarship and talents even like yours, would fail from want of impudence. I am sick of such things, and begin

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to think with Hamlet, the times are out of joint. But enough--- You do not direct your steps this way lately. - Shall we not see you soon? the sooner and the oftener the better - Yours most truly,

C. Francis.

Watertown Jany 14. 1839.

Dear Parker,

Many thanks for your good epistle of the 8th. But supposing you would like to know immediately about the exchange you propose, I write now merely to say, that it will be convenient and agreeable to me to exchange with you on the 4th Sunday of this month i.e. the 27th day. We will therefore have it so arranged. I hope to be able to spend the Saturday night before that day with you - but do not know how it will be - As soon as I have leisure, I shall write you about other things - Perhaps I shall see you at Emersons' lecture this week though it is uncertain whether I shall be able to go. Have you seen the notice in the Boston Recorder of Emersons Cambridge Address? While the Unitarians are inflicting their censures and vituperations upon him, it is amusing to see the Orthodox defending him. The writer claims him, and the transcendentalists in general, as fast approaching to the orthodox standard - and rebukes H. Ware and the Dean, for their castigations of Mr Emerson. I like the peice much. If you have not seen it, pray get

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it: you will find it in the Recorder of last week - Jany 11th

Yours most truly,

C. Francis

Watertown Jan. 21st 1839 -

Dear Parker,

Your very good-natured commendation of my old ΦBK Address, has gratified me more than I could easily make you believe: for your judgement is a sufficient pledge to me, that there is something in the performance not utterly poor and commonplace. What the oration is, I know not now, having lost nearly all remembrance of it - for I threw it into my drawer the day after its delivery, and have never had the heart to read it since. I never heard of the wish to print it, of which you speak: for nothing was said to me about it. I have only the most irksome associations connected with the remembrance of it: and now that your kind and perhaps partial interest in it has raised it from the dead, it seems to haunt me like an accusing ghost. The occasion was a formidable one: and I have no wish to disguise that I took as much pains as I could with the Address, and embarked some foolish youthful hope of literary reputation upon it: but in this respect, it was only one of a series of disappointments, which have taught me that, being unqualified to find favor with the public, I must content myself with such pleasure as I can find, or such

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culture as I can make in my "inner kingdom", and retire from all claims to notice. This lesson has been also taught me pretty effectually by the studious exclusion from all tokens of confidence or esteem, which I have met at the hands of those among us, who dispense the honors of theology and literature. Do not understand me as complaining, for to complain is always to be weak: but as simply stating the fact of my experience. Perhaps you will remind me of the latter part of Proverbs XIV. 14. I know the sentiment is noble and true, and it is my prayer and endeavor that I may actualize it in my own being. Now will you forgive this foolish burst of egotism? It has escaped from me almost before I was aware. and I never said thus much of this sort to any one but you. Satis superque. Let us love God, and the wisdom we find in good books and good men, and I suppose the world shall not hurt us. One can not but think that Chaucer's Clerk must have been happy, in spite of men and their doings — when the English ancient singeth thus of him.

"For him was lever have at his bed's head
"Twenty bookes clothed in black or red.
"Of Aristotle and his philosophy.
"Than robes rich. or fiddle, or psaltery".

With regard to the vexed passage in John. 6. 62. your difficulty seems to be that you cannot find ἀναβαίνοντα &c to be a paraphrastic expression

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for dying. I do not find indeed by any investigation that this can be made out by the allegation of similar modes of speech, or that there is any usus loquendi for it. But may it not naturally and easily have this meaning in the passage in question, from the strain of the whole discourse, being used in contrast with the opposite word καταβαινειν (verses 33. 38. 41.)? Rather perhaps the idea of dying is not at all contained in it: the thoughts of Jesus were glowing with too strong a consciousness of the Infinite in which he dwelt, to allow the idea of death to come within the view of his spirit at that time: and so the words in question might express simply the return of the Spirit-power to that close union with its Source, from which it had descended to earth. Understood in this sense, may not the Logos be conceived as expressing all that we can truly mean by the pre-existence of Christ? (though you do not think this notion is found in the first 18 verses of the Gospel: and certainly it is not, unless the Logos necessarily includes that notion.) --- Is there then much difficulty in supposing Jesus to say to his disturbed or offended disciples, after the discussion in which he had been engaged, "what then will you say or think, when you shall become aware of the fact of my return to the Divine Wisdom, whence I came out?" which is a spiritual way of asking, what they would think of the subject, on which he had been talking, when under the larger illumination they would receive they should apprehend the true heavenly nature of that Spirit-power by which he appeared and spoke on earth. May not something like this be included in the ἀναβαίνοντα taken in connection with the scope of what he had been saying? Grotius (whom I quote, thinking you have him not among your books) remarks upon ascendentem ubi erat prius as follows: - "In coelum ubi ante fuit ὁ

Letter Com Λόγος = esset πρὸς τὸν θεὸν (cap. I. 1), nam Dei regia

Letter Com coelum. Tribuit Christus sibi = Λόγῳ convenit: Quid ni? cum et Animum et Corpus seorsim soleamus appellare hominis vocabulo. Etiam animis mortuorum Homerus dat propria hominum nomina" &c. This seems to me to suggest at least the true explanation of the passage. But I suspect I do not clearly understand the precise point of your difficulty. With regard to the preexistence, understood as stated above, it seems to me the Gospel of John has many indications or plain expressions of it: and if it does not occur in the Epistles, is there any place, where from the connection, and train of thought you would naturally expect it to occur?

That is a great question of yours - whether the Apostles understood Christianity as well as some in these times! I should be inclined to say, after a due explanation of terms, that they did not - unless it were John, and sometimes Paul. Can any annunciation of truth for the ages be understood thoroughly, at, or near the time of its promulgation? I have sometimes regretted that we have not the written word of Jesus himself, as we have of Plato, instead of the report of it through others. The question deserves to be well considered, and is too large for the end of a letter: — but what bearing has the promise in John XVI. 13. upon it?

I wish you to see a copy of an antique Aristotle, which Sarah Clarke has had the kindness to send me as an accompaniment to the Plato. The two heads correspond in their expression, admirably to the respective intellectual characters, and the philosophies of the men. Aristotle appears the searching curious investigator, whose look demands a reason for every thing, and a connection between premises and inferences. Plato already dwells in the truth, and looks forth from it upon you — he has touched the divine, and you behold it thrilling through him, yet calm as the Olympian Jove. The former looks straight-forward, or rather down towards the earth; the latter turns his gaze slightly upward, and seems in the act of reception from above. — Yet after all, Plato was a logician as well as a seer. — — But how much of imagination is there in all this expression, which I fancy I see in these heads? Have I not carried my previously formed notions to the sight, and so made what I see? — I hardly know — Yours most truly.

C. Francis

I hope to be with you next Saturday night — and trust the weather shall prove propitious for us both. You had better make your calculations to stay here on *Sunday* night, and so let me find you here when I return.... I trust no untoward fates will prevent my being at *the* lecture Wednesday evening.. Mr Alcott says "there is but one lecturer". C. F

Watertown March 6th 1839.

My good friend,

I suppose that the ready faith, which once reverently accepted all that was found between "the two covers" of the Bible, was for the most part a homage paid to what was believed to speak to the consciousness of the divine in man - while the absurdities, incongruities, and incredible things were not seen, but only the pious precepts, devout aspirations, and stirring truths. And I suppose also, that the rejection of the Scriptures as an authority in religion (of which you spoke so truly as growing more prevalent, in your last letter), is too, in serious and thoughtful minds, a tribute to their own convictions of the true, the good, and the credible, which they will not and ought not to yield to any book. Both parties, provided they be true seekers, are equally religious men:- though the one bows to the written word, and the other refuses to take it as an authority. The difference between them, so far as the Book is concerned, seems to be that the one is wholly occu-

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ceed in affirming what they find there so far as agreeable to the faith that speaks in their own souls – and the other is only or chiefly engaged in denying what they find there contrary to their inward light. Meanwhile, that which is really accepted as true by both, is perhaps the same – the truth, viz, which the law of their own being approves. No man, in point of fact, can receive into his faith anything, which does not harmonize with that law (: the "ἄγραπτα κἀσφαλῆ θεῶν νομιμα, as Antigone so finely expresses it). I suspect, that many of the most apparently sturdy believers in all the Bible, have in fact a separating process going on in their minds silently, perhaps unconsciously, and allow a good deal to pass unquestioned, though not really believed, for the sake of the good they get from so many of the true, burning heaven-fraught words, which are found in those Sacred Books. They do in reality subordinate the Bible to the soul, though not aware of doing so. And unquestionably it must be so subordinated, though, as you say, the denial of this constitutes the most essential point, in which the orthodox, i.e. the dogmatic champions among them differ from us, - if by us you understand a very small portion of the Unitarians. What a strange idea it is, when you come to look at it, that a volume composed of books for the most part of quite uncertain authorship, written at intervals scattered along the vast space of nearly 3000 years, on the most diverse occasions and subjects, at all periods of culture, including largely the lowest and rudest, in various forms of composition &c — that such a volume should now be bound up and presented to whole nations, — and these the most enlightened and cultivated — as furnishing the complete and final guide to their spiritual culture, as giving the last law to their moral being, no more to be questioned! Yet, after all, has not the passive and undiscriminating faith in the Scriptures as an ultimate authority, been a condition of soul-culture fitted to its place as a help to something better — and is it not so to a great extent now? A vast multitude of minds are thereby bound fast to the mooring places of faith, who might otherwise be tossed up and down in helpless confusion: and by being fastened there, they get a spiritual power, which, in another state of being, if not before, will raise them to the true ground of the higher reason, where their moral nature shall become a law to itself, being in harmony with the Infinite: — just as we do and must teach children much upon authority, to prepare them for independent and spontaneous developements in future. The Scriptures thus become an important element in the spiritual *education* of great numbers. — — Meanwhile, there is another great number, who are looking at the absurdities, improbabilities, puerilities, and bad doctrines of these same books, and refuse their faith. But I believe, if we will treat such persons fairly and good-naturedly, and not cry "mad dog" after them, for their honest and well-founded doubts, their scepticism will reach no further than to those offensive and noxious things, and from the rest they

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will still continue to derive good spiritual nutriment. We must honor them for respecting the law of truth in their own inner being, and bid them listen reverently to this revelation of their own. For of course it is absurd to say, that God once began, but has long since ceased to *reveal*. His revelation ever goes on, so long as there are spiritual beings to receive it, just as truly as it did in the day of Moses and Jesus, and is always the same though diversified in form or degree by the faculties, wants, conditions of the receivers. It is true, there is, as you say, a *clerical* and a *laical* view of the Scriptures: the Bible for our study, and the Bible for our public assembly. This state of things, I suppose, cannot always continue: but the never ceasing law of progress will, by its own action, bring on the change in the right way, when the time for it comes. There always have been in every religion, and always will be for a season, *esoterics* and *exoterics*: nor am I shocked with this, as indicating hypocrisy, or the playing of a game in sacred things, but regard it as one of the natural, perhaps indispensable elements of human culture, so long as there is a great gulf between the wise and the foolish. The course of progress abolishes it, whenever it no longer serves a good purpose. Meanwhile I know, it becomes the occasion of abuses.

I believe I have scarcely written what I meant to, when I thought on the subject of your last excellent and fructifying letter: but perhaps the subject may come up again. My excuse is that I am stupid and confused from having

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passed a sleepless night with my dear children, who are sick - but are now doing better, and will soon be well I trust - Apropos as to your good letter: do you know that I am sometimes puzzled with your hand-writing? not but that I am willing to break any shell, to get at such meat.

Now I think of it, a doubt occurred to me the other day in thinking of your explanation of Abraham's offering of Isaac, founded on the distinctive use of Elohim and Jehovah. It is this, how is it that the Jehovah approves and commends Abraham for being ready to make the bloody sacrafice, which the Elohim had commanded? (see Gen. XXII. 12. 15. 16.) And also, why do we find it said by the Jehovah - "I know thou fearest Elohim, because thou hast not withheld thine only son from me". Can you help me to the meaning of ἄνταις, a noun in the dative plural? my lexicons are at fault as to it; it is in the Electra of Sophocles - but some editions read λιταις instead of it - Another question - is the prevalent view among German theologians, that the Hebrews knew or recognized no Satan, the angel or God of evil before the Captivity correct?

When you come hither (the sooner the better), I want to read to you some parts of a sketch of Coleridge by Hazlitt, with which I have been mightily pleased - especially the description of the course of C's mind through the mighty stream of his reading and speculation. I know of no sketcher of character, so graphic

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and pungent as Hazlitt, with all his prejudices: he seems to dash off characteristic traits, as the ancient painter did the foam in his picture, by desperate and chance hits.

Pardon my long silence, but do not imitate it. I suppose we must not bind each other to punctuality, inasmuch as we write about no news. Brother Hedge is the greatest sinner to me-ward in this respect: he has owed me two letters for 6 months: I sometimes fear the naughty British in the late *war-spirit* have carried him into captivity: who knows but he is languishing in some New Brunswick prison? alas for him — — Our Association meet at my house next Tuesday afternoon: will you join us, and come to dine with me that day? Say and *do* yes — — I was in Salem last week and lectured twice: I found - what is always a God-send - a scholar ripe and good, in the person of a gentleman - Mr J. G. King: - do you know him? I thought to have said much of your Henry More article: at present can only say it is admirable: when you are here, I will show you the venerable old book of his *Poems* lately come into my hands —

Yours most truly.

C. Francis.

P. S. To come to modern *things* and matters of *present* concernment, pray tell me, if you believe in the story of Archimedes' destroying the Roman fleet with his burning-glasses? I dont know how I came to ask this question, except that it happened to shoot across my mind an hour ago — — What a pleasant letter Ellis has written about that famous old Spouter Vesuvius. It is not every spouter, that *deposits* as much as that *agitator* —

C. F.

Watertown. May 24th 1839.

Dear Parker.

Who could believe that week after week should have rolled away, since I received your last, and left me still negligent of the very thing I like to do, — i.e. — writing to you? Well, — there it is: — there's no accounting for one half the sins in the world, and this among them. — Are there not numerous mythi, say you, in the New Testament? Doubtless there are. And I would ask are there not numerous mythi, in almost every history that ever was written? Is there such a thing as a strictly *true* history in the world? Nay, — can there be? if you understand by *true* the exact facts as they stood related subjectively to the persons who figure in the history. The story is the *writer's* apprehension of the matter: he can tell only what he *sees*, — and he sees only what his stand-point enables him to see. I suppose the history of every great man, especially of ancient times, may be regarded in some sort as a *poem*, in which the poet (i.e. creator or biographer) shadows forth that for which the great man stands in his mind. Must not this be the case with such writings as the biographies of Jesus? The nature of that divine manifestation, which was made

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in him, and was so inadequately apprehended by those who environed him, — the character of the times and the people, wonder-loving, fond of the thaumaturgic in their representations of the extraordinary — the inherent difficulty, which always exists, of setting forth, except in symbols, the God-sent men, whether in religion, art or literature, — these and other considerations would perhaps lead us to expect that the history of such a man as Jesus, written by such men as Mat. Mark. Luke and John would be mingled with myths. — Still does not the history in all its parts cover the *real* truth? The miraculous conception, the ascension &c are myths: but still do they not tell the real truth, as much as if it had been only said, that he was born and died? Why may we not accept with quiet faith, these representations, which after all symbolize the truth of the case as accurately, as a matter-of-fact story (so called) would express it? And so in other instances. — I have sometimes doubted whether the writers, in these cases, had any idea of relating *miracles*, in the modern sense of that word. The spirit of the age and country was accustomed to such representations of history and deeds — a mixing up of the divine and human, which arose perhaps from a confused apprehension that the human (as we call it) is always a shadow of the divine. I doubt whether you will find the modern notion of *miracle* (i.e. a violation of the laws of nature) can be traced back beyond the time of Anselm, or about that period: at least I suspect the New

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Testament wholly ignores it. It is the refinement of a later (miscalled?) philosophy: and to my mind it presents more difficulty than any of the myths. On the whole the tendency of my feelings has been to accept the New Testament history as it is, and to consider all these doubtful and perplexing passages as symbolical of the truth: and perhaps even an accurate (so called) modern history is not much more than that. We might have (might we not?) what I should call a *World-Bible*, which if we had now our choice to make would be better than the Jewish and Christian Bible: - I mean a combination of the essentially true and wise, which lies scattered among the sages of all times and nations, into a well arranged mass. Confucius, Zoroaster, Pythagoras, Socrates, Plato, Moses, Jesus, Paul, Mohammed, Thomas à Kempis, Luther, Fenelon, H. More, the German thinkers &c might each furnish their portion. Wouldn't it be a noble, a truly God-sent Bible? But then this World-Bible would lack those peculiar associations, which now give to the sacred books of the several nations their distinctive character, each to its own nation.

My difficulty as to Archimedes' burning-glasses was not, whether he could set fire with them: for I suppose we scarcely needed Buffon's experiments to help us to believe that - and I am aware of what Dutens (whose work I own) says about it. But the question is, would the Romans keep still, and let their ships be burnt? They would seem from the account to have been very

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quiet, passive subjects of the philosophers' operations: they certainly might have removed their ships out of reach of all danger very quickly. Were they such lovers of a philosophical experiment in the case, that they with exemplary patience lay still, and were burnt instead of getting out of the way? Or, did Archimedes send a message to them saying "pray be so good as to keep your ships still, till I have brought my mirrors to bear upon them,— and further when they have taken fire, be so good as to let them burn up"? and did the meek and gentle Romans comply with the so reasonable request?— Somehow there is an air of incredibility about it to me.

You ask about Euripides: is there any better edition than that of Matthias - 8 vols -? I suspect not, — but am not well-informed in the comparative merits of the several editions -- By the way have you ever noticed in his Alcestis what I think is a happy illustration (by a kindred sentiment) of the beautiful saying of Jesus in Matt. XII. 48-50.? Admetus pouring forth his grateful sense of what he owed his wife, for her generous self-sacrafice on his behalf, says he has good reason to consider her as alone his mother and his father in a true sense, (it is to his father, that Admetus is speaking)

ἣν ἐγὼ καὶ μητέρα
πατέρα τ' ἂν ἐνδίκως ἂν ἡγοίμην μόνην

Is not the sentiment essentially the same as that of Jesus? Apropos, how could Mr Furness represent Jesus as speaking this somewhat pettishly? To me it seems one of the most admirable of his sayings, uttered with calm greatness, and containing a noble and high principle — I have never attended to Champollion's Chronology of Egypt, and so can give no opinion. It seems to me however utterly incredible that writing should have been known in Egypt, 12 centuries before the Greeks knew any thing of it. Even if the Greeks had not gained the art by transmission from Egypt still it would seem that whatever progress of circumstances caused it to arise in Egypt, the same or similar would have brought it forth in Greece, since nations I suppose, would, if insulated from each other, pass through nearly the same stages in these matters. I hope one of these days to find time to get acquainted with the Champollion controversy: I have two letters of Klaproth against him.

You did not attend our meeting on Wednesday at G. Ripley's for which we, (especially I) were sorry. The talk was animated, and on the whole the meeting interesting and edifying. We conversed about the position and character of Jesus in the world's history — whether we ought to call him Saviour or not; — and towards the close the question about man's struggle with sin came up. Alcott sang the same monotone, which he always sings, obstinately ignoring every thing but his own view, but "musical as is Apollo's lute." How divinely he sometimes expresses himself: but the more I hear him, the wider I think my difference from him. He and Emerson denied the fact of any such thing as a struggle, or com-

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but such &c. in the phenomena of human consciousness - I cannot understand such an opinion except from their subjective peculiarities. - But - "manum de tabula", as Moses Stuart quotes.

Yours most truly
C. Francis.

P. S. I suppose you will be in Boston among the hurly-burlys, and wheel-work of next week. Hedge and I went together to see Mr Allston the other evening, and had a delightful visit, staying till 11 o'clock. Do you know him? He is one of the most interesting talkers I ever knew. Among other things, he said that Goethe's criticisms upon the art were entirely without value, jejune, meagre or false. - Yet you know Goethe values himself much upon his critical insight into paintings - -

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Watertown, Oct 25th 1839.

Dear Parker,

It is the part of friendship to give notice of approaching danger. I therefore forewarn you that a certain person (and that too, one who expects to preach in the Dedham pulpit next Sunday) has a felonious intention of committing a robbery upon you. A philosopher of old said "time is my estate". Now the ruthless person in question seriously plots to rob you of some of this estate, by an invasion of your premises tomorrow evening and night. This is peculiarly malig-

nant towards one, who makes such a noble use of that estate, as you are known to do. Yet I fear the attempt will be made. Be on your guard therefore, and unless you are willing to lose your property, show yourself prepared to repel the reckless assailant. Possibly bad weather may restrain the execution of his purpose: and so your prayer must be, with the mad old king,
" Blow, wind, and crack your cheeks! rage! blow!" &c
Perhaps your late tramp through Berkshire may have left you so fatigued, that you are too feeble for resistance: if so, your adversary will have you sorely at advantage, in case wind and weather shall permit the assault. — Old Coryat, author of "Crudities hastily gobbled up" &c, being born at Odcombe, and being a famous walker, named himself "the Odcombian leg-stretcher", and by this title he has come down to posterity. Peradventure your feats in this way might hand your name to the coming ages, as the leg-stretcher, were it not certain that this glory will be lost "and pale its ineffectual fire", in the presence of that mightier one by which the scholar and the writer shall be known in the far distant days to come.

But I wander from my subject. I could not rest without giving you the above notice of your danger, for which I trust you will be duly grateful.

Yours as ever

C. Francis

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Watertown, Dec. 26. 1839.

Dear Parker.

There is but one reason, why I have not before responded to your very acceptable epistle, handed me by Mrs. Cabot 3 weeks ago: and that is the want of time. This I tell you lest you should suspect something worse. But how can I want time? you will say. I, who am engaged in making no books, and have nothing to do, but study and write. I dont know; but so it is — the days and weeks are not long enough for me. Somehow or other, life sustains a terrible wear and tear from parochial business, a round of visits in and out of town, family cares day by day, sermon-manufacture &c &c. "Nemo se sibi vindicat: alius in alium consumimur" — says the old Roman Stoic most truly.

Now for the queries, for proposing which I thank you, because they have, I trust, done something to give me the Christian virtue of humility arising from a sense of my ignorance. Alas! for the light you are expecting on these subjects! it is not in me. So I can only exercise your patience with a few words that will disappoint you.

With regard to the "Milesian Fables", your question seems to suppose, that there were certain specific writings of antiquity designated by that title as such. Was this the case? Perhaps my notion of the subject may be entirely erroneous — but I have thought that the expression Milesian Fables signified only a certain style and manner of writing, taking its name from the region where it most prevailed. *Milesiæ fabulæ* or *Milesiaca*, or (as I believe Ovid calls them) Milesia-*crimina*, were used I have supposed, to designate stories distinguished by a kind of wanton, ludicrous, or voluptuous character, — any narratives, whatever might be their subject, having this general air and spirit, — just as we call certain songs about wine and love &c *Anacreontic* songs. Miletus you know being the capital of Ionia, was the very centre of the softness and sensual refinement, which marked that delicious region. Writers tell us, that the climate of that country, spread a sort of delightful languor, an intoxication of gladness, over the soul: the sentiments and manners of the people were effeminate and soft. — their music and dances voluptuous, — their numerous festivals the very perfection of enchanting luxury: — in short every thing about them breathed the air of the most cultured sensual enjoyment. Miletus was the Athens of this region: and as we may presume the same general character marked their literature, as their manners and tastes in other things, a passion would prevail among them for wanton and ludicrous stories. These came to be called Milesiæ fabulæ: — and so the term was used to express a similar style and mode of writing everywhere. It was, I presume, in allusion to this general character of such narratives, that Apuleius said — "*sermone isto Milesio* varias fabulas

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conseram," at the beginning of the Asinus Aureus. — I am not aware that there is any work, or set of works, which have for their title, as a whole, or separately, "the Milesian fables." — These words seem rather to denote a school of writings, the subjects of which might be this or that thing, as it chanced — But in all this, I am only telling you what you knew before.

With regard to the hymns of the early Christian Church. I can tell nothing that will satisfy your question. Dr. Frothingham has a German work on the subject, — a historical account of the Christian hymns: the author's name I have forgotten. I read it a good while ago; and my impression is that some of the hymns, alleged to belong to the two or three first centuries, are believed to be genuine, and to belong to the time, but that others are the production of later ages. This, I think you will find to be the case, as with the other early writings. Some remains of such sacred songs are supposed to be found in the New Testament — If you look into Paulus' Memorabilien (Stück I. S. 97 &c) you will find if I remember rightly, that he supposes the words from ὃς ἐφανεξίωθη to ἐν δόξ I to be a fragment of some hymn, which was sung in the church, and grounds upon it a new and interesting explanation of the whole passage. I believe other such cases are alleged in the New Testament. — This reminds me of what is not precisely to the point of sacred songs, but may as well be mentioned, — viz — that Taylor, in his "Hist. Survey of

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German Poetry" (vol. 1. p. 93), considers the talk of the children in the market place. Matth. XI. 17, as a very ancient instance of a rhyming song,— "the infantine love of like endings", as he calls it.— He puts it thus:

'Ηυλήσαμεν ὑμῖν, χαὶ ὀυχ ὠρχήσασθε;
'Εθρηνήσαμεν ὑμὶν, χαὶ ὀυχ εχοψασθε;

and preserves the jingle in English by rendering it.

We piped to you, ye have not leapt;
We mourned to you, ye have not wept.

He then adds: "well may it be suspected that the predilection of all Christian nations for rhyme, has resulted from veneration for the august authority, which gave utterance to this exemplary couplet". What an inference this to deduce from such premises! This, however, is no more strange than many other criticisms of Taylor,— This is all the mighty light, which so far I can give you!— The other questions I intend to look at as soon as I can; and it is a bare possibility I may find something worth telling you. If so, you shall have it— I will only add, that with respect to Campanella, neither I, nor (I suspect) any other American has seen his works. I dont believe a copy is to be found in the whole length and breadth of this land. Probably he is rarely seen even by English or German scholars. Burke quotes an opinion of his in the Essay on the Sublime and Beautiful; but I suppose got it at second or tenth hand.— However, the philosophical writers on the Continent, seem to know a good deal about him.

Thank you much for your graphic account of Emerson's lecture, and its effects on various hearers. I shall keep this account in my gallery of intellectual pictures. Bancroft and Bronson are to the life; but then how the former must have been dashed with the eulogium on Goethe, which I understand followed in a subsequent lecture. Emerson I suspect, overstrains the point about the German Coryphaeus and is not quite consistent with himself. Is it not so? — I am afraid I shall not be able to attend more than one or two of Emerson's lectures this winter, owing to various engagements, not because my love of hearing him is not as strong as ever. But I have good accounts of the lectures from a young friend, and to these I add the form, "the human face divine," the gas-light &c, and so I have the whole after a fashion at least. — When shall you wend your way hither? It seems an age since I saw you. — Vale. — Tui amantissimus.

C. Francis

P.S. I want to talk with you about the Norton and Ripley controversy. Norton's last piece seems to me a very insufficient answer, and in some respects weak, not to say worse of it — He completely dodges the most important part of the controversy, I think; but perhaps I am prejudiced. Ripley tells me he shall soon be in the field again, and seems in excellent good heart on the subject — Do write to me whenever you have a heart

for it: for your Epistles like St. Pauls are "mighty"; and refresh me much. —— ever yours. C. F..
Wife and I send best regards to Mrs P.

Watertown Jany 28th 1840.

Dear Parker,

As to the origin of Cupid and Psyche, you must look for light to some other quarter, than to my scanty acquaintance with these obscurer matters of antiquity. If I remember rightly, some of the best classical and antiquarian Dictionaries positively assert it to be the invention of Apuleius: but their authority of course is not to be appealed to in such a question. I marvel much that Bayle has no discussion or even mention of the subject. I have not as yet found any evidence of the existence of the beautiful fable before the appearance of the Golden Ass. But Taylor the translator of Apuleius, and himself an ancient pagan mystic dropped into modern times, says "This fable, which was designed to represent the lapse of the soul from the intelligible world to the earth, was certainly not invented by Apuleius: for it is *evidently* alluded to by Synesius in his book on Dreams, and *obscurely* by Plato and Plotinus. It is clear, therefore, that Plato could not derive his allusion from Apuleius (no need of a ghost to tell that, by the way): and as to Plotinus and Synesius,

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those who are at all acquainted with the writings of the Greek philosophers, well know that they never borrowed from Latin authors, from a just conviction that they had the sources of perfection among themselves." -- Warburton, you know, says, "The amour of Cupid and Psyche was a subject which lay in *common* amongst the Platonic writers. And though originally founded on some obscure tradition of the fall of man(!) yet every one fashioned this agreeable fiction according to the doctrines he had to convey under it". He observes too, that Cupid and Psyche, with some of their adventures, are common on many of the remains of ancient sculpture. May we not suppose the truth to be, that the materials of the fable had long been floating in Grecian philosophy and literature, but that Apuleius was the first, who chrystalized them into a regular, systematic, and beautiful form? The story is Platonic in its whole character, and Plato had fine imaginings of a similar sort about Psyche. Among writers of that school, the connection between the Soul and Heavenly Love, and the lapse of the former from the latter, were the subjects of frequent allusion; but I *guess* it will be found that they took the shape of a permanent and methodical fable first from Apuleius -- He probably brought together the scattered members, and having put them into a body, breathed into the whole a new life from his own genius: somewhat perhaps as Shakespeare took the materials furnished by the fables, traditions, and even the plays of his time, and by his

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magic touch transformed them into his peerless dramas.

I find there is, as we might expect, a learned discussion of this whole fable among the Germans. — *Birgerus Thorlacius*, *fabula de Psyche* et *Cupidine disquisitio mythologica*. Lip. 1802. — Now, if we had the work of the good Thorlacius at hand, every doubt, would, I presume, be cleared up: but alas! all America does not furnish it. I have sent for it however: and so it may possibly one day land on these Western shores — Taylor has given, in a note, a beautiful interpretation of the story — A part of Warburton's explanation, and only a part — is good.

I do not remember to have seen even a line of Lucius Patrensis: indeed I am ignorant of all but his name. I found our Greek professor at Cambridge as badly off, when I went the other day, and asked about Lucius: but he avowed him to be none of his acquaintance. I have half a mind to send for

Letter torn — — — collection of his fragments, unless you have already done so —

Sometime ago, a few remarks passed between us about John VI. 62 — — — It has occurred to me, that Jesus might in this obscure language allude to his *resurrection*, i.e. returning to his former scenes. What think you of this explanation? It does not wholly satisfy me, because I cannot clearly make out its pertinency and appropriateness in connection with his other remarks: at least I am afraid this sense of

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the word does not fay in well with the rest of the discourse. And how is it with ναβαίχοντα ὅπου ἦν το πρότερον, philologically considered? Will the words bear, or express, the sense of resurrection?

My mind has been haunted with the images of agony presented by that steamboat disaster. Good Dr Follen! I had promised myself much pleasure and profit from intercourse with him at Lexington. We have few such men, and when one leaves us, it is a public calamity - and then the manner of his death - such an apparently wanton, gratuitous, reckless waste of precious life - who can bear to think of it —

I hear famous stories of the last Emersonian manifestation: my wife was there and liked it much, but thought it would be misunderstood and cavilled at. Lucky, if it is not cried out upon, as they used to say in witch times. - What a beautiful pamphlet, that of Ripley about Spinoza! I had intended to have asked you half a dozen questions: but having no room, shall, as men generally do when they can ask but one, - put that, in which I have most selfish interest - viz When shall we see you again?

Yours as ever,

C. Francis

Watertown, March 4th 1840.

Dear Parker,

I have made inquiries with reference

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to the probability of a school here for Miss Hudson, and find that nothing can be decided at present. The districts have not had their meetings for the choice of committee men yet: and till that is done, no instructor for the summer can be engaged. There are only two districts, where a female teacher will be wanted, and I have spoken of her to the men in each of these, who commonly have the care of such things. The new prudential committees will be chosen in the course of a week or two, and then her application can be made in due form. I think you had better send your recommendation, and any other documents on her behalf, immediately; and then they will be ready as soon as wanted. I do not feel authorized to make any promise about it — but I think her chance for getting one of the schools is very good. I know your good word will weigh much with our committees. I shall be much pleased to have any one here, who comes recommended by you

I thank you much for your suggestions about the Pentateuch. But here I have a complaint to make, which is that I can scarcely make out some of the sentences, and in a few cases not at all. Now the loss to me is too great from this source, not to call for a remonstrance. There is only one way, in which it will be easy for you to write better than you always do, and that is in respect to the hand: but it occurs to me that here

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there is a possibility of some improvement. Or, it may be that I am a poor reader: at any rate I dont like to lose a word of yours.

With regard to your theory, I have now only time to say, that you have made it exceedingly plausible by the arrangement of the successive steps in the progress of the poem, as you conceive it to be. I recollect having seen some years ago in some German writer the notion stated, that the Pentateuch may be considered as the Hebrew epic poem: but I do not remember any developement of its parts, nor indeed how the plan was made out at all, or what was its leading idea. The theory interests me very much; for it would give a peculiar beauty to these old books. How much more delightful to read them as we do Homer, than to apply our theological formulas and comments to them! Just now however this doubt occurs to me:— how happens it that these books have always been *accounted* historical from the earliest times, by the nations among whom they appeared? Is any thing like this the case, with any other ancient epic? Were the Iliad, the Odyssey or the Aneid ever pretended to be *histories*, or thought to be such? And if the compiler of the Pentateuch meant an epic how did it happen that his intention was never understood, or his work never accepted in that sense — but constantly regarded by the old world as historical? Would it not seem to be a unique case of misinterpretation? I have not reflected on the subject but mere-

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-ly throw out this suggestion in haste. Some histories are doubtless the best poems. Is not Livy in fact the great Roman poet, instead of Virgil, who only reflects Homer? But whether what we call the history was *intended* for a poem, is another question. I shall look over your theory again, and think of it more leisurely: it is certainly very attractive.

With regard to the number of letters, though I keep no book of debt and credit with *you* of all men, you must remember I had despatched *two* epistles in rapid succession before your last, so that you are now only *up* with me. But you and I must never think of these matters; only write as much and often as possible, which I beg you to do—

Yours most heartily,
C. Francis.

Watertown, March 27. 1840

Dear Parker,

I am able at length to write you something about Miss Hudson. Mr I. Livermore has been chosen committee man of the East District; and he called on me to day, to say that he wished to employ Miss H., provided she should give satisfaction to the General Committee. They wish to have their school begin a week from next Monday. Mr L. thinks they will give $4. per week, and that the board will probably

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cost about $2 per week. Miss H. could probably get boarded at Charles Stone's which you know is a very good family, and would be a pleasant and convenient place. It will be necessary according to law, that she should have the approbation of the General Committee; and she had better come over next week for that purpose. Will you communicate all this to her as speedily as may be, and let me know by writing or otherwise, whether she will come and when.— as soon as you can.

I believe you do not see Blackwood's Magazine, and so while my pen is in hand, I must let you know how they trounced Brownson in the last No. It is an article on Miss Martineau, in which they speak of a set, whom Miss M. praises, and then proceed.— "The Coryphæus of this set must, we should suppose, be one Mr Orlando E. Brownson (never mind slight mistakes,) a preacher of the tenets which Miss Martineau approves in language which she has thought it worth her while to report and eulogize. A more empty specimen of inflated rhetoric, more servile docility to the authors of the few thoughts he expresses, with more elaborate ostentation of originality in discovering them, we should seek in vain elsewhere. Truth itself would come injured from such a tongue. It is not by clouds of words that earnest belief is expressed and propagated. Simplicity, directness and point may be attached to falsehood, but they must accompany truth". There! what will our redoubtable

Brownson say to that? Will he not exult to be so noticed by the great Tory Journal of England, and think he has hit them, or they would not wince? Will he not shake his mane, like the war-horse in the Job, when the quiver rattleth against him? Will he not swallow the ground with fierceness, and say among the trumpets ha! ha!, and smell the battle afar off, the thunder of the captains and the shouting?

By the way, I know not what to make of the theology of this same high-church, orthodox, sturdy John Bull Magazine. It is not long since it gave that very heretical article on Miracles; and now in this same notice of Miss M., after commending the German theologians for wrapping up their speculations either in the obscurity of a learned language, or "the stronger safeguard of a ratiocinative and obtuse style", — it goes on to say "however much we may regret or differ from some of their doctrines, we hold that *Schleiermacher*, Paulus, and *Strauss* have pursued a fitting object of inquiry in a worthy manner, appealing only to the learned, and withholding from the world the opportunity of prejudicating the question". So much approbation as this from Blackwood, with no expression of horror or indignation? Will the Church sanction such liberality as this, which amounts to saying that if Paulus and Strauss will only talk as scholars to scholars, and not let the people into the secret of their speculations, we will have no quarrel with them. I vaticinate such things, if allowed,

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will prove an entering wedge to rive asunder the old, heavy, steadfast theology of John Bull. It is certainly a degree of indulgence to German novelties, which one would not look for from that quarter. But enough for this sheet. Alia alio tempore: the subjects that still lie back of us must be taken up another day.

Yours as ever
C. Francis.

Watertown, April 4th 1840

My dear friend,

The time you mention for bringing Miss Hudson will do very well, though I wish she could have come in season to begin the school on Monday morning; but it will be of no great consequence, I suppose. I will be at home on Monday afternoon, and expect you. She need not stand in awe of the examination, as we shall depend more on your testimony than on any personal inquisition.

Yours most truly
C. Francis.

Watertown June 9th 1840

Dear Parker,

You recollect, I dare say, the anecdote of Malebranche visiting the chancellor d'Aguesseau, when he was a young man and engaged in his Studies, and finding him occupied in reading Thucydides. The serenity of the good father was much disturbed at this misuse of time about the *actual*, and he reproached his young friend, as indignantly as became a sage, with seeking only the amusement of the imagination in his Studies, with detaining his mind childishly in the *conditioned*, among outward facts, which might have happened or not happened, instead of occupying himself with his own Soul, with man as such, with God, in short with philosophy. Now this rebuke, administered by the venerable idealist to the practical young man, unfolds I suppose, the Spiritual tendency, which explains the history of *mysticism*, about which you said something in one of those letters of yours, so long and shamefully neglected by me. Mysticism of course grows out of or expresses a want of the human Soul, else it would not exist. And this want, I suppose, is the same, however we may designate it, which craves after the Infinite, and is restless till it has Sunk Self in a union with that. Of course it marks one of those separate Spiritual manifestations, which taken together make up the perfect man, that man who has never been found, and I presume never will be, except by gathering the "disjecta membra" of all men. The genesis of mysticism seems to be from that tendency of the Soul, which the actual ~~or~~ and the outward in any or all their forms never satisfy. This tendency does not always, and comparatively not often, pro-

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duce mysticism: it stops short or wanders in an erratic fashion, and diffuses itself in beautiful imaginings, in ideal constructions, in the Spirit's poetry — and then we have the artist or the poet, living in a world of his own, composed of the forms, better than any existing, which cluster around him at his magic call. But if it presses through and beyond all these, and demands still the Absolute, that of which all other beauties are shadows and all other truths reflections, — if it still asks where is that one Central Point or Existence, towards which the soul may rush and lose itself therein, as being of it, and belonging to it, — and if it rests not nor turns aside, till it arrives at this repose in the Unconditioned and Unchangeable, then it becomes mysticism, — and then we have the theosophist or the passively religious man. The expression of its endeavor is found in those remarkable dying words of Plotinus, — πειρᾶσθαι τὸ ἐν ἡμῖν θεῖον ἀνάγειν πρὸς τὸ ἐν τῷ παντὶ θεῖον. It includes essentially the entire renunciation of self, understanding by self all that belongs to individuality, — a renunciation absolutely necessary to the intuition which is its mode of knowing. "In divine things" says Augustine, "one sees only in proportion as he dies to this world; just so much as he lives to or after the world, he sees nothing". It knows through love, not through the understanding, according to that remark of Pascal, — "It is different with divine and with human things: we must know human things in order to love them; we must love divine things in order to know them". When you come at the source of that state of the soul, which expresses itself by saying "man

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is nothing, God is all," – you have the leading fact in the history of mysticism. This general account is confirmed by the intellectual history of nations. The Oriental mind was meditative, passive, quietistic, and so it manifested itself in vast and absorbing mysticism. The Hellenistic mind was plastic, active, objective, analyzing, and so expressed itself either in the busy actual, or in ideal forms of the actual. The Grecian Spirit, I take it, had no propensity to the mystical. Was there any mystic in all the ancient mind of Greece? It is a mistake to call Plato so: he was an idealist, in the philosophical sense of that word, but not a mystic. In conformity with the same account is the fact, that mysticism is of the same family with (almost you may say *is*) Pantheism. They are both *partial* developements of the wants of the soul – and so if alone, lead to what seem to me results not in harmony with the whole truth: they annihilate individuality, and protest against all activity: but surely man's perfection or destiny is not found in mere recumbency and absorption. Yet at the same time they beautifully develope some of the loftiest and holiest tendencies of the soul. Who can treat mysticism with contempt, when he remembers, that some of the best of those noble old fathers of the church, – and that in modern days, Gerson, Tauler, Thomas à Kempis, Fenelon, and many others as venerable, were mystics? Are not some of the grandest words of Jesus, of John, and even of Paul, mystical?

Francis C

As to "the metaphysics of matter" — that is altogether too tough and trying a topic to come in at the end of a letter at least: if indeed it be not altogether beyond me. I wish some one would tell me what *I* think about it. At present I should say, can you make any thing else of matter, than the form of Spirit's action? Has it any objective reality? May not Goethe's Earth-Spirit utter good philosophy as well as good poetry, when he talks of "weaving for God the garment the garment thou dost see him by"? — But matter is after all a much harder topic to deal with than Spirit — I wish you would follow out your idea about a classification of religions: I think you have hold of the right handle, and the subject is full of interest. The Apocryphal Gospels &c, tell me of them, for you know all about them. Will you so far overlook my epistolary sins of omission, as to give me, all unworthy as I am, more favors of this sort? — I have received the Letter about the *professorship* at C., and believe on the whole you were right about it — so I have put it in circulation, to see what effect it may have here. — You thought me most foolishly petulant the other day. But — well, let it go

Yours C. Francis

I dont know whether I shall be able to be at your house Saturday forenoon: indeed I fear that I should only be a marplot to your merriment, a spot in your feast of charity. If I should feel on that morning, that I am not clean given over to the Devil, I may try to go. At any rate I mean to spend Sunday night with you. C. F.

Francis C.

Watertown June 22d 1840.

Dear Parker,

I have written to Silsbee that I will attend his ordination; and now I write to you to ask if we cannot so manage as to go to Walpole together. We must, if possible. I think you said you could not conveniently go on Monday, which I rather preferred, as it would give me a day to spend in Keene and Walpole before the ordination. However, I care but little about it, especially as my wife will not go probably, as she at first thought of doing. You intend, I presume to take the Lowell and Nashua railroad, as that seems decidedly the easiest and best way of accomplishing the journey. In order to get through to Keene or Walpole in one day, it is necessary to take the first morning train, which as I see by the paper, starts at 7 o'clock. Will you let me know what your arrangement is,—whether you still mean to go on Tuesday, and whether we shall agree to meet at the depot. If so, it will be necessary to be there in very good season, so as to find one another before starting. I want your company on the journey greatly. Be good enough to let me know as soon as you can, if you can order the matter so as to bring us together.

Can you tell me the difference of meaning between the German words, *Petschaft* and *Seigel*? As far as I can find, they both mean simply a *seal*: at least, my Dictionaries give them as synonyms.

Francis C.

The reason of my inquiry is a comparison I met with in Jean Paul the other day. Speaking of a difference between a style formed by imitating other writers, and one which is the true expression of the writer's own soul or way of thinking, he says the one is a *Petschaft*, and the other is a *Siegel*. A German would of course at once understand the illustration: but it is lost on me till I can get at these two words. What a desideratum a good German Dictionary still is.

I have been looking over Levi Blodgett again. Levi is a rare good fellow. He has made one of the best pamphlets ever published; he has given a capital analysis of the religious element in its opening and progress (Teutonicè Entwickelung), and has stated some points better than I have ever seen them before. When you see him, give him my best thanks for it.

Have you ever read Shakespeare's *Sonnets*? If so, how do you interpret, and what do you think of them? Is more meant than meets the ear? and is the strain "of a higher mood," than that of mere love sonnets, as they appear to be at first sight? There are exquisite things among them.

My wife says it was very naughty in you and Mrs P not to be here the other day; and I entirely sustain her in the charge. Make up for it by coming soon and staying long.

Yours most truly,

C. Francis.

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C. Francis.

Watertown, Nov 23d 1840.

My dear Parker,

Many thanks for your good epistle of Saturday, which reminded me of my own sins of omission in the matter of writing to you, – a thing I have purposed to do any and every day for the last two or three months, – but neglected. I believe, simply for the reason that it might be done as well at one time as another. But it refreshes me to see your handwriting again, which I never read without being the better for it, nor without learning what I knew not before. You say that your friends have blamed you for your part in calling the Convention, and that you wanted to justify yourself in my eyes. My dear friend, I am sorry you could for a moment suppose that anything *you* can do should need a justification to *me*: for when I can think you have done wrong, it will seem time to inquire whether the planets have not taken to devious courses in the firmament. If you suppose, or have heard, that I have censured you for your part in the Convention matter, it is altogether a mistake. Meetings of that sort are not to my taste, nor do I think they generally do much, if any good. But that you had wise views and good reasons for the proceeding, I had no more doubt, than of my own existence. I heard with delight of the admirable speech you made: it was spoken of as almost without a parallel – and Dr Channing, and others

Francis C

good and wise, could not enough express their admiration.

But this is only what I always hear of you when you write or speak. I believe your defence of the true idea of the Sabbath, did more good, than all the rest said or done at the Convention. My distaste for such meetings is probably quite unreasonable, and the result perhaps of a certain mawkish feeling of the old proprieties, which I am not young enough to shake off. But I beg you not to suppose that I have had the disposition to blame you for a moment in this affair: nor have I said anything of that kind: much sooner should I inquire whether I am not to be blamed myself, for my negligence in the matter.

As to the authority for the fact that the early Christians celebrated the Lord's Supper on other days than the Sabbath, I cannot help you to it. Indeed the fact itself is new to me: or if it has ever occurred in my reading, it escapes my recollection now. I have just looked at Münsche Dogmengesch. and Lardner's Credibility, in one of which I thought it might incidentally occur: but neither in them, nor in Mosheim do I find any mention of the subject. All I can recollect at all bearing on the subject is the fact, that in the 4th century the Lord's Supper was sometimes celebrated at the tombs of martyrs and at funerals – which gave rise to the Popish masses afterwards; and this custom would seem to imply that the rite must sometimes have been used on other days than the Sabbath. In the same century also, places of worship, it is generally asserted, first began to be consecrated – and then the

Lord's supper was not allowed to be celebrated except in such consecrated places - implying that before that time, it had been practiced wherever people pleased - and perhaps this would lead to the probability, that as it was not restrained in place, so neither was it in time: for, if the people celebrated it at their houses, they would be likely to observe it at what times they pleased. These, which scarcely deserve to be called even indirect evidences, are all I can now recollect: but I will keep the matter in mind, and let you know if anything turns up in my reading - The other questions at another time, or when I see you -

Can you tell me anything of The Monthly Foreign Review, an English Journal, employed wholly about Continental Literature? I saw three Nos. and liked them mightily: but Miss Peabody says it has stopped. It gave more information about the literature &c of Europe than anything I have seen. If it has failed, is it because John Bull will not encourage anything which tells him of foreigners? "Those proud islanders," as Schleiermacher calls them, deem themselves all-sufficient unto themselves. Shakespeare, in his time, describes the coast of England as

— that pale, that white-fac'd shore,
Whose foot spurns back the ocean's roaring tides
And coops from other lands her islanders.

Have you received the German Journals I sent? if so do you know anything of Hennell's work there mention-

Francis C

-ed as translated by Strauſs? —

Come, my dear friend, by all means come on Thanksgiving evening, and stay as long as you can. We do not go to Waltham, and shall be at home, except for a little while at the first part of the evening I shall be employed making a pretty girl happy by tying the marriage knot for her. But that will be a short business. Why cannot you and your good wife come to our dinner on that day? We shall dine at about 1 o'clock, and shall be delighted to have you do your part in demolishing the turkey and plum pudding. Do you and wife come if you can: at any rate come as early in the day, and stay as long as possible. I shall depend upon it, and it will be no Thanksgiving without it.

I wish you had been here at the Evangelist-process, which was wrought upon Rice. We had a good time: he took it quite well, and really seemed quite dignified thereupon.

There is a French translation of Schlegel's work on the Language and Literature of the Hindoos. Have you got it? I want to see it.

Yours, dear Parker, most truly.

C. Francis.

P. S. My wife sends best regards to yours, and desires her very much to come with you, and dine with us on Thursday. C. F.

Watertown Dec: 7. 1840

Dear Parker.

Why did you not return to us the day after Thanksgiving? We looked for you with longing eyes, and more than once I strained my vision up the street to discern, if I might, some figure whose gait would be a prophecy of your approach: but in vain. Then uncle Peter called to get you and me to dinner with him, supposing you to be here. I will not deny that I should have been well pleased to help you demolish one of the good man's turkeys. But more than for that I regretted your non-appearance, because we were broken off in the midst of a good talk, having but just got under way as it were, and I wanted to say more about your stirring protest against the deadness of the church, and the hollowness of the community's religion. The more I think of it, the more I believe you are in the right, though I might want to correct some single expressions. As a whole, it seems to me like ~~a~~ the true voice of a John the Baptist crying in the wilderness; it is the scholar and the man of taste saying in his way what Geo Fox said, when he entered the steeple houses, and cried out "husks, husks." Sure I am that the living soul, which reproduces Christ, is very rarely found in any compartment of our Christian world, and I doubt whether I know a single congregation that would bear to have the naked point of God's truth applied to them. Nearly the whole of what passes under the name of our religious commun-

Francis C

-nity, seems to me to be just about in the state, which Swedenborg describes, when he speaks of those, who "still carry the things, which are of religion, as it were in a pack upon their back, and do not see God, but only talk about Him in a manner but little different from parrots". Anent Swedenborg, by the way, does not his system in some of its characteristics belong to that great family of Pantheism, into which so much of the mystical piety of the world has run? Do not such propositions as the following look that way? "The One God is Substance itself and Form itself: and angels and men are substances and forms from him" &c. "The Infinite is in finite things, as in its receptacles, and in men as in its images:" and others quite as strong.—

I had occasion the other day to look into the story of Hazael and Elisha (2 Kings VIII.) Did it ever occur to you that there is some resemblance between this and Shakespeare's Macbeth? Does not the prophet play much the same part as the witches on the heath, suggesting in the form of prediction the temptation of ambitious hopes to the mind of Hazael, as the weird sisters did to Macbeth? Elisha's "The Lord hath shewed me that thou shalt be king over Syria" sounds to me mightily like the witch's "All hail Macbeth, that shalt be king hereafter".

And the result of the splendid temptation of a throne was the same in both cases, viz. the murder of the reigning king. Did not Elisha's prophecy put the thought of the crime into Hazael's head, and so bring about its own fulfilment? The Syrian captain went to inquire about his royal masters health, and probably thought of nothing else; but the prophet had spoken the word which awakened a bad ambition within him, and sent him back determined to be the royal master himself—

Have you seen the last Edinburg Review? If not, pray get it and read the article on Ranke's History of the Popes. It has the stamp of a great hand upon it, though I do not agree with it all. There is sophistry in the statement, that while other branches of thought and science have improved, theology has not, and never can improve. This statement results from the poor and wrong stand-point, which the writer takes as to the sources of religious philosophy. But how admirably he sets forth the wisdom of the Church of Rome, in using and turning to account the zeal of her ignorant, fanatical, true-hearted men, and the folly of the Church of England, in compelling such men to quit her, and seek satisfaction elsewhere. This is capitally put,—and to me the thought was new and striking.

We spoke about the accounts of the time of Jesus' Life at and about the Supper. It seems to me John's account commends itself, on aesthetic grounds, as most likely to be true. I forget whether you thought so.

What view of the structure, purpose, and character of the Apocalypse pleases you best on the whole? Wheth

Francis C.

John's or not, what was it written for? Is there any thing better than Eichhorn upon it? — Also — can you expound the Pythagorean philosophy of numbers? — I want to see the new books you get. Shall invade your study the first opportunity. When will you bless mine?

Yours, dear Parker, very truly, C. Francis.

Watertown. Jan. 18. 1841 —

Thanks, a hundred thanks, to you, dear Parker, for your article in the last Dial, an article which has learning enough to make the fortune of a stout octavo, but in which the learning is far outdone by the riches of profoundly significant thought, and the beauties of exquisitely happy expression. Such pieces as this (but how few such can be expected) are just what is wanted to make the Dial not only better than any other American Journal (for that is not saying much), but equal to the best in Europe: it has that grasp of elaborate thought which takes up a subject with the easy power of a strong man; the whole mind moved to the composition of it: the hand of a giant soul is left impressed upon it. —

A friend said to me, if that article had appeared in the first Number, it would at the outset, have placed the Dial triumphantly high, above all cavil: I think so too, — and if the editors can in future furnish much such matter, they need not fear for their work, that any Daily Advertiser (which means a whole genus) can touch a hair of its head. The humor at the beginning is capital, and the noble defence of German Literature, which follows, must strike our foolish babblers dumb, and enlighten the wisest.× I am specially delighted with the remarks p. 327. 329. they are golden words.× Are not the "*thoughts* on Art" also admirable? They seem to me to contain in a few pages more profound and striking truth on this beautiful subject, than I have seen in whole volumes! They may call Emerson superficial if they will; but let them show us a better piece of aesthetical thinking than that if they can: and how delightfully it is all said!× While I am growing old and stupid myself, it is refreshing to me to see such men as you and others coming up with all the freshness and fullness of youthful genius united with manly bearing, to the great cause of literature and truth. I am sure you will think all this very gross puffing but it is not so; I say it because I can't help saying it. I have wanted to say very much the same about some of your previous articles: but when *this* came, I could hold in no longer.

Are you acquainted with the original of a fragment by Simonides, the subject of which is an apostrophe made by a widowed mother who has just come from the death-bed of her husband, to her sleeping unconscious infant? I have seen it only in the Latin translation of Dr Markham, which Warton declares to

Francis C

be superior even to the original. I have been so much struck and affected with these beautiful lines, that, thinking they may not have met your eye, I venture to transcribe them:

Hec conatibus occupata, ocellos.
Guttis lucidulis adhuc madentes
Convertit, puerum sopore vinctum
Qua nutrix placido sinu fovebat:
Dormis, inquiit, O misello, nec te
Vultus exanimes, silentiumque
Per longa atria commovent, nec ullo
Fratrum tangeris, aut meo dolore:
Nec sentis patre destitutus illo
Qui gestans genibusve brachiisve
Aut formans lepidam tuam loquelam
Tecum mille modis ineptiebat.
Tu dormis, volitantque qui solebant
Risus in roseis tuis labellis. —
Dormi, parvule! nec mali dolores
Qui matrem cruciant tuae quietis
Rumpant somnia. — Quando, quando tales
Redibunt oculis meis sopores!

Is it not exquisite? Perhaps you can find the original in your Greek Anthology. Pray see if it is as good.

I was never aware till the other day, of what seems to me the great beauty of the figure of the "hidden manna", and the "white stone" in Rev. II. 17. Eichhorn's comment puts them in such a light that I think they would be considered an exquisite in any poetry. But there is a good deal of bad taste mingled with the gorgeous and splendid passages of that strange book: as indeed there is in all Hebrew poetry, notwithstanding its freshness and other high excellencies. Is not one amused to find Dr Lowth pronouncing it a sublime image, when Jehovah threatens to "wipe Jerusalem as a man wipeth a dish, wiping it and turning it upside down". (2 Kings, 21. 13)

I have some more German Journals for you from Prof. Sears, to whom I made a pleasant visit the other day. He walked with me on my return nearly all the way to Watertown, and talked so much like a large and freeminded theologian, that I was delighted. He said, among other things, he was persuaded that dogmatics are vanishing into an insignificant object for the theologians, and that now the great points are to be the evidence of the divinity of the religion itself—, and the souls' power of assenting truth. He was for giving more freedom from the Biblical authority, than I should have supposed, and granted more to the souls' intuitions, I think, than the Cambridge men would. I am delighted with my copy of Raleigh's Poems; you saw it I believe. that is the dress in which the noble high-minded chivalrous Raleigh should be put. That a royal puppy like King James should have had the power of putting such a man to death! it's too bad: but so the world has always wagged. I depend on seeing you here soon: I say depend, for you are about the only literary visitor I have, and I pine without some stimulus of that sort.

Yours as ever most truly
C. Francis.

Watertown June 30th 1841

Shackford's Ordination Sermon was preached May 20. 1841

Dear Parker,

I ought before this to have thanked you, as I now do most heartily, for your Sermon, which I

Francis C

received last week. I speak with perfect sincerity, when I say that I have never read any thing with more pleasure, and what is better with more improvement. The effect of it as a whole is most elevating and animating to one who loves truth itself, more than the conventional forms which have been gathered around or placed upon truth. As a composition, it is full of the richest beauties, the spontaneous utterance of a true and right soul. I have read nothing of Dr Channing's, to be compared with it for eloquence or for fine statement of great principles. It has made me feel more deeply than ever before, the quickening reality of that eternal truth, the unchangeable wisdom and love, by which God is present to the soul, and which constitutes the essential life of Christianity. No one, from whose heart faith has not died out, can read it without a glow from the Holy Spirit upon his thoughts - without feeling as Luther did when he said "if I rightly understood and did believe that God were my Father, then I should certainly conclude with myself, that I also am a Lord of heaven and earth, that Christ is my brother, that Gabriel is my servant, that Raphael is my coachman, and that all the angels in my necessities are my ~~servants~~ attendants". This Sermon is in fact a better defence of Christianity, than the many volumes on the "Evidences", or on the "*Necessity* and *Advantages* of *Revelation*"

I hear there is a good deal of clatter about it in some of the papers; but I have not seen the remarks of the sapient gentlemen: for I studiously eschew all such stuff: knowing very well, what machinery is at work behind the curtain to pull the strings which move the puppets called editors of newspapers. I have not read and will not read a word of those effusions: for I do not want to have my enjoyment of the Sermon marred by indignation at the nonsense or irreligion of such comments.

There are a few expressions in the Sermon, which I should rather have otherwise, and here and there a sentence, with which perhaps I should not quite agree. I cannot now particularize them, as I have lent the pamphlet, and do not precisely remember them. But, as a whole, I do say that it is a great, and good, and pious, and deeply Christian discourse. My copy has been in circulation since I read it, and will continue so, and I have uniformly heard from those who have read it, the remark, that they do not find in it any of the wicked matter the papers had led them to expect. It is enough to vex the soul of the righteous to hear exclamations of pious horror at such a discourse from those, who have not a particle of faith in Christianity, nor in any thing else except dollars, and beef, and wine; though I doubt not there are some, who from the narrow and traditional modes of thinking prevalent, are conscientiously disturbed on the occasion.

Can you tell me whether there is a good modern edition of Synesius, the old Christian bishop, with the usual apparatus of notes &c? If I can hear of such a one I want to send for it, being greatly desirous of some acquaintance with the good father. I found

Francis C

last week that two copies of the mystical writers in French had come for you at Little and Brown's:- is one of them for me? I believe I requested you to get one for me, and should like much to have it, at a reasonable price.
I see we are summoned to the Cambridge examinations next week: shall you go? I had thought the hot war going on there would put a stop to matters of this kind. Are our Colleges forever to go on in this way, spending half their time in battles - and all without any sympathy, between teachers and taught? - I mean to get to see you as soon as I can: but don't wait for it: come hither speedily. Harriet Clark remains without much alteration.

Yours most truly.
C. Francis.

Watertown, Septr 9th 1841

Dear Parker,

Your good letter from down East gave me so much pleasure, that despite the hard work I had, assisted by my wife, in spelling out some parts of it, I felt truly grateful for it. I reflected that the gods give us no good thing without labor: and if after digging through the hieroglyphics, I found a treasure, I not only had no right to complain, but ought to be, as I was, truly thankful. We heard of your whereabouts at Bangor: but lo! you take a stride, and we find you (from the indications outside not inside of your letter) at Augusta.

Francis C.

Your question with regard to the history of the development of the religious idea is one, which I have not had occasion to think of for a long time. I have always supposed that, strictly speaking, the religious sentiment first manifests itself in mon*otheism*. This monotheism is not, of course, for a long time the philosophical doctrine of the Absolute and Infinite, for *that* I suppose, must be the slowly obtained result of the reflective processes of many generations: but it is rather an undefined, obscure feeling of a Supreme, Highest Power, which wills and executes what is. The earliest and simplest development of the religious thought would seem to be in a notion of unity not well defined. This notion precedes observation upon and inquiry into the specific appearances of nature and their causes. When such inquiry begins to take place men are of course too rude to have arrived at general laws by inductive processes, and so they fall into the habit of ascribing an event or a fact, especially if it be a remarkable one, to the specific agency of some being appropriate to that particular thing. Hence nature soon becomes peopled with spirits and gods. Neptunes, Aeoluses, Nymphs &c; and here comes in Polytheism, which soon takes a definite form, especially as it is so well suited to the purposes of poetry and popular impression. But is not the truth always older than the error? i.e. is not monotheism always older than polytheism? only that the former being a shadowy matter of feeling, rather than a conviction, easily

Francis C

slides off into the latter. Does not the religious history of the ancient nations, the Persians, Hindoos, Hebrews &c, as far as we can get at it, confirm this statement? (I ask for information, not by way of assertion.) But even after polytheism has come on, the monotheistic elements so far prevails, that there is a monarchy among the gods, and one is supreme over the rest. This is found even in the rudest stages of culture. Our North American Indians had a Divine Monarch of this kind, who dwelt apart from the rest. When the New Zealanders were told by the English, that there was but one God, and that our God was theirs, they asked if our God had given us any sweet potatoes, and could not believe that the same God should give these to the New Zealanders and withhold them from the white man. "Besides" they said, "if one God had made us both, he would not have committed such a mistake as to make us of different colors". Now here would seem to be an utter want of all recognition of the unity. Yet these same people had a Supreme God, their *Atua*, which word the dialect-hunters say is the same with the Sanscrit *Deva*, the Greek Ζευς, and the Latin *Deus*. I am inclined to think, we shall find that the original monotheistic element is never lost. It has often taken the form of a local and tutelary god as it did (did it not?) among the Jews, whose *Jehovah* was only their peculiar god, mightier and stronger than the other gods. This was their *monotheism*, at least for a long while: for Moses was greatly ahead of his nation in this respect. I take him to have been a true monotheist. The "I am

Francis C.

Your question with regard to the history of the developement of the religious idea is one, which I have not had occasion to think of for a long time. I have always supposed that, strictly speaking, the religious sentiment first manifests itself in *monotheism*. This monotheism is not, of course, for a long time the philosophical doctrine of the Absolute and Infinite, for *that* I suppose, must be the slowly obtained result of the reflective processes of many generations: but it is rather an undefined, obscure feeling of a Supreme, Highest Power, which wills and executes what is. The earliest and simplest developement of the religious thought would seem to be in a notion of unity not well defined. This notion precedes observation upon and inquiry into the specific appearances of nature and their causes. When such inquiry begins to take place men are of course too rude to have arrived at general laws by inductive processes, and so they fall into the habit of ascribing an event or a fact, especially if it be a remarkable one, to the specific agency of some being appropriate to that particular thing. Hence nature soon becomes peopled with spirits and gods. Neptunes, Aeoluses, Nymphs &c; and here comes in Polytheism, which soon takes a definite form, especially as it is so well suited to the purposes of poetry and popular impression. But is not the truth always older than the error? i.e. is not monotheism always older than polytheism? only that the former being a shadowy matter of feeling, rather than a conviction, easily

Francis C

slides off into the latter. Does not the religious history of the ancient nations, the Persians, Hindoos, Hebrews &c, as far as we can get at it, confirm this statement? (I ask for information, not by way of assertion.) But even after polytheism has come on, the monotheistic elements so far prevails, that there is a monarchy among the gods, and one is supreme over the rest. This is found even in the rudest stages of culture. Our North American Indians had a Divine Monarch of this kind, who dwelt apart from the rest. When the New Zealanders were told by the English, that there was but one God, and that our God was theirs, they asked if our God had given us any sweet potatoes, and could not believe that the same God should give these to the New Zealanders and withhold them from the white man. "Besides" they said, "if one God had made us both, he would not have committed such a mistake as to make us of different colors". Now here would seem to be an utter want of all recognition of the unity. Yet these same people had a Supreme God, their *Atua*, which word the dialect-hunters say is the same with the Sanscrit *Dewa*, the Greek Ζευς, and the Latin *Deus*. I am inclined to think, we shall find that the original monotheistic element is never lost. It has often taken the form of a local and tutelary god as it did (did it not?) among the Jews, whose Jehovah was only their peculiar god, mightier and stronger than the other gods. This was their *monotheism*, at least for a long while: for Moses was greatly ahead of his nation in this respect. I take him to have been a true monotheist. The "I am that I am" (if that was a conception of Moses) seems to go as far as the το οντως ον of the ancient Greeks, the real existence by way of distinction from material things, which they said, ουκ εστι αλλα γινεται. Is not the difference in monotheism, and polytheism, in the developement of the religious idea, rather in individual minds than in races? I mean, shall we not find that always there have been, and are, these two manifestations of religious thought among the same people at the same time, at whatever stage of culture we can obtain information of them? Are there not both at this day among Christians? among ourselves? Yet the races of old do seem to have been somewhat marked in this respect. But that question of races I could never well understand—

Query. Is it correct, after all, to call Fetichism a stage in the history of religion? Is it not simply a mode of worship, or of symbolizing, which may belong to polytheism, or any other developement of the religious idea? May not nature be a fetisch, as well as an idol or a charmed bit of wood or stone? — All this I know, is very crude, and if I can think of any thing better you shall have it.

I liked Hedge's Phi Beta Oration very much on the whole. I have something of a conservative element myself. At any rate conservatism has its good points, or it would not be: its existence is its justification. Hedge took a survey, rather than expressed an opinion of the two conflicting elements, and I thought it an able and a just survey. Both parties claimed him: this, you will say, was a bad sign: perhaps so: yet I cannot but think there is one-sided Radicalism or Reform, as well as one sided Conservatism.

They have not brought you to the stake yet, it seems; butt what are they doing to you? for I live so much out of the world, and its Registers and Examiners, that I don't know the proceedings of the inquisitors. I suppose you are hard at work upon the Lectures, which I am glad you are to deliver. I shouldn't be surprised if you should be all the _go_ in Boston yet. Wife and I have sought for the leisure of a day to ride to your snuggery, thus far in vain. But we shall accomplish it. Pray you come hither and refresh us. We heard of you from the Cape.

Yours as ever

C. Francis.

Watertown, Sept. 27. 1841

Dear Parker,

The remarkable passage, in which Eschenbach describes his feelings, on first reading the Orphic Hymns, and for which you was inquiring the other day, occurs in Stewart's Essay on the Sublime. _Works_, vol. IV. p. 313. – Stewart takes it from Akenside's notes to his Hymn to the Naiads. But Eschenbach's edition of the Orphic Hymns, in the preface to which this description of his impressions is given, is in the College Library, so that there you can have it at first hand, if you want it.

I wonder, by the way, what is the reason that Akenside is not more talked of, and quoted by our (so called) transcendentalists. The style of his poetry, to be sure, is for the most part rhetorical and artificial: but he seems to be more imbued with the higher philosophy, than any of the English poets since the older days. He has not imagination perhaps in the highest sense; but he has a fine intellectual glow for the supersensuous, and for the Absolute Good. Such passages as the following show his tendency—

Thus was Beauty sent from Heaven,
The lovely ministress of Truth and Good
In this dark world: for Truth and Good are one
And Beauty dwells in them, and they in her,
With like participation.

The notes to his poems indicate more philosophical reading and thought, than I recollect in any of the English bards of modern days. Brown, in his Lectures on Philosophy, uses him in the way of quotation most copiously.

Perhaps you will say this is poor evidence of his merits; but probably Brown was more smitten with the glitter of the poets descriptions and reasonings, than he was aware of the higher truths, which lie behind the pomp of the words. Johnson was wholly incapable of appreciating Akenside: indeed the blinking old man was not made for a critic: talking was his forte,— in that he was a hero.

Yours as ever
C. Francis.

Watertown, March 22^{d} 1842.

Dear Parker,

My busy idleness and other causes have not allowed me an hour till now, since I received your last, to say a word in reply. That sense of loneliness, which gives you an hour of sad and weary feeling now and then, is, I suppose, incident to a mind, which runs on ahead of others, but still asks for sympathy. Paley, I remember, sums up a good deal of the advice he would give to a young clergyman in the short precept "Learn to live alone". This he seems to apply to an independence on social excitement. But is it not true that intellectually, as well as socially, we are compelled to learn and practice this precept to a great extent? Somehow it seems to be the condition of mind to be isolated as to its best and highest forms of thought, and to be compelled to fall back on itself, either for want of an interpreter, or for want of other minds that are *en rapport* to receive the interpretation. But I should think that you would feel this difficulty as little as any one: for I know nobody who has such a *following* as you have; and certainly nobody has more or warmer friends.

I am glad to find your judgment of Davies confirms.

that, which I had formed from reading but a small portion of his thick book. How little satisfaction one gets from the English scholars on these subjects. I am afraid the materials for Bartlett's όνοφανεια will swell the work to overgrown dimensions. I wish he would add a second and kindred part on όνολατρεια; for the worship of asses prevails so much in certain quarters, that it ought to have its analysis and history. This puts me in mind to ask, what you suppose gave rise to the charge of ass-worship, brought against the early Christians? It seems to have troubled the apologists of those days a good deal: for Tertullian says the Christians were called Asinarii. Are the explanations of Michaelis (from the Cherubim in the Jewish Temple), or of Flügge (from the Gnostic or Ophite angel, with an ass's head) satisfactory?

Thank you much for your good lecture on the Education of the Laboring Classes. (But, by the way, are we not all laboring classes in this country, or so nearly so, that the exceptions are of no weight? and is there, as you seem to intimate, any one portion of men and women, "who do all the work of the world"?) I do not find anything to object to in your eloquent and well-reasoned plea for making the best education universal, except that I cannot now see, that you can fix society anyhow so as to bring it about. It does seem to me, that there is an incompatibility between intellectual labor and manual labor, — supposing I mean, each of these to be carried to

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any great extent, — except in those rare instances, which must always be the exception, not the rule. Somebody must do that immense mass of handwork, which the very nature of a cultivated society requires: and how are they who do this to be scholars at the same time, or do the mind-work? They may be very intelligent, happy, excellent men, tenfold better in every respect (as I think they often are) than scholars: but how can they be expected to be in general men of high science or wide literature, I do not well see. Can we do any thing better than to provide the apparatus, that all who have the thirst, the restless impulse, for the soul's higher work, shall have the means of gratifying it, — and then leave every one to use the means who has an attraction for them? It seems to me, that what we want is, not so much to make the highest education universal, as to have the great and blessed doctrine of human brotherhood understood and applied in all its heavenly power; all natural or social differences would then be only so many occasions of virtue and happiness.

I think I agree entirely with you on the subject of the genesis of our knowledge of God. The sentiment undoubtedly precedes all conception or analysis. The sentiment is God's religion; the conceptions are man's religions: in the former all the world is of one spiritual language; in the latter they babble or refine in different dialects, and quarrel. The great point, I suppose, at which the religious philosopher should aim, is to find the conception that shall best preserve pure, or do justice to the divine sen-

-timent: for the processes in which the two originate, seem often to run hostile to each other. If the man of Nazareth did not do this best himself, is he not the best leader (or tutor) to those who would do it?

I have never seen any satisfactory work, such as you seek about Savage man. Doubtless there must be such in the range of German. Lafitau's work is often quoted, and only so do I know it. I have Demeunier's L'Esprit des Usages &c, which has much interesting fact, but no philosophy. The little book on the New Zealanders is much at your service: Shall I send it, or will you come for it?

Most truly yours
C. Francis

The introduction to Mr Ticknor, I shall be happy to furnish, or call there with you, as you like. He is generous with his books but a terrific conservative. His spirit is sorely exercised about that wicked poem Festus!

Watertown, May 13th 1842.

Dear Parker,

When I saw you in Boston yesterday, we were so busy in talking of other matters, that I forgot to ask you, as I intended to do, if you would like an exchange with me the *second* Sunday in June.

Francis C.

i.e. the twelfth day of the month? I hope it will suit your convenience. Please to write so that I shall find an answer here when I get back from Bangor. I want to say a good deal more: but am in great haste with all the hurry of packing up for my journey—

Yours as ever very truly,
C. Francis.

Dear Parker,

I called this morning to see you about altering the arrangement for our exchange next Sunday. The case is this. I was talking with Dr Walker about my going to Cambridge, and mentioned incidentally that I was to exchange with you next Sunday. He then said that under existing circumstances, he wished that just now it might be suspended on account of the connection of my name at this moment with the Divinity School, about which there is now so much sensitive jealousy in the theological community. He said he had no more objection himself to exchanging with you, than I have: and I, you well know have none at all:—but he thought that in the relations of things all round at the present, if you was perfectly willing to dispense with the exchange, it would be better. I suppose you can understand the feeling. I told him I would submit it to you, and if you consented, we would omit the exchange.

For myself, you know the exchange would suit me very much, as I proposed it: but, in the connexion my name stands at Cambridge, which has come on since I made the proposal, I am willing to avoid the apprehended offence, for the sake of the feelings *there* concerned, - not at all for my own. I am sure you know that nothing *on my own part*, would induce me to propose any such thing: it is only because, wholly unexpectedly, since we made the arrangement, another party is concerned, whose feelings claim to be regarded. I hope I have made myself understood. I want to see you very much to talk it over, as well as other things. I think Walker's suggestion was made in a spirit of entire kindness, and he believed that in these circumstances you would so accept it. He felt as if there would be a disposition among some to make a handle of the thing against the School just now, and that for this reason, you would be willing to see it in the same light he did.

I have not yet sent an answer to the invitation from Cambridge, and wish I could have more talk with you about it. It is a time of suspense and anxiety with me.

As I do not see you, I will say that unless I hear from you to the contrary, I will consider the exchange as for the present set aside. If I should remain at Watertown I shall depend on renewing it. I feel as if I could make all this matter plainer, if I could see you, which I hope very soon to do.

Francis C

Yours most truly,
C. Francis.

Watertown July 7. 1842

Dear Parker,

You ask for some specimens of Bombast (the other word in your letter I can't make out, either because I am so poor a reader, or because you have such a transcendentalat chirography). I have tried to beat up memory from her quarters to furnish them, but with no good success. It must, however, be one of those cases where abundance makes poverty, for surely the world's literatures have all been loaded with the article. In thinking of bombast, my mind most readily recurs to Nat. Lee the English dramatist, the most notorious manufacturer of the article in our language I suspect. Then John Dryden, even "glorious John", will furnish, from his plays and perhaps prefaces, a very tolerable supply: and Ben Jonson will not be wanting in affording his part. I cannot now point to passages, but I think in some of the books of Rhetoric you will find instances, that will lead to more. French literature must be fertile of that sort of fruit: but the particular cases do not occur to me now: they would be found, one would think in the glorifications about Louis 14th and his age, or in the mad philosophies of the Revolution. — I am sorry and ashamed that I am so barren on this subject, but shall be glad to see your collections upon it, as well as your philosophy about them. All is not bombast, which the Blairs and Campbells may choose to call so. What is termed inflation may be but the unaffected expression of a great sentiment, which the writer, from enthusiasm or rudeness, has not learned to chasten into its due proportions: and sometimes a man may strut in his phraseology, not because he wants to *look* big, but because he *feels* honestly big, being possessed with a thought or view, which has so mastered his faculties and emotions, that he really thinks there is nothing so great in the universe. But as to the real fustian and bombast, the bags of wind blown by fools, let them be pricked and whipped to your hearts' content.

I thank you for your kind words of encouragement about the professorship. Some people have abundance of that self-trusting courage, which makes them rejoice to meet new situations and new duties. But unfortunately I have little or nothing of it - which I the more regret, because in such cases alacrity and bravery, are more than half the victory. But though I cannot see my way through now, yet when the charge comes, it will be broken up into pieces and details, - each one of which, perhaps, I may somehow dispose of. I hope to take "sursum corda" for my motto. — I have not seen Morrison's article, nor indeed heard of it, till you mention it. I am glad it is no more than you represent: and perhaps

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in your *Second* edition you may take it up in the preface. Or if such matter should accumulate, you may have a volume of *Streitschriften*, as a row-boat to accompany the ship. I want to see you very much, and shall try to get to your quarters, if I have time. But why won't you come hither, and give me 2 or 3 quiet hours? - Various questions are ready to seek help from you. Do you know any thing of these two books, viz. Galantes- Christianæ Theologiæ cum Platonicâ Comparatio, — and Struchtmeyer's Symbolical Hercules - also his Explication of Pagan Theology - I have seen them referred to, but do not find them - I want you to make me out a list of *all* *the* *good* *books* on Homiletic Theology, will you? also tell me the best way of managing Homiletics.

Yours most truly,
C. Francis.

Watertown, Aug: 2d 1842

Dear Parker,

"O curas hominum, quantum est, in rebus inane": so we say often, but never I suppose more earnestly, than when we undertake what is called *moving*, and find ourselves tied to a spot by a thousand strings, which till then had been latent. When we have to migrate, why can we not like the birds, throw open our wings, and be off whithersoever we list? Because our house-keeping, which I take it is one of the products of reason a tax for being rational, involves us in so many artificial wants, and surrounds us with so many artificial arrangements, that we cannot stir without feeling our fetters, nor raise ourselves up without being pressed with incumbrances. The purport of all which preface is to say, that this changing of abodes is a mighty troublesome affair, involving as one of its worst consequences the disappointment of a hope entertained for two weeks past of seeing you face to face in your study. The simple truth is, I have been in a continual whirl, what with one thing and another, I have scarcely been able to think a thought, or make a visit. "Lord I believe a rest remains," the hymn says; but when will it come? Not I suppose, till we are simple and good. I want much to see you, and ask many questions, and start some suggestions. If I can get to you before we go to Cambridge I shall. If not, you must be sure to come and see us in the new domicil as often as possible, for which you will have opportunities at least when your cormorant appetite for the Library shall lead you to C. I shall want the light of your mind, and the help of your advice, as often as may be. Thank you for what you say about the professorship. What will come of it. I dont know. I view it very much as an experiment, and think it quite uncertain whether I shall do for it, or it for me. My apprehension is, that if I have any qualifications for it, I cannot bring them to bear upon it quick enough. In fact, before entering on a profes-

Francis C

sorship a man ought to have at least 2 or 3 years to study with express reference to it. But never mind, if I cannot do that, there are other things which I can do.

I hope you will come to our Dedication tomorrow afternoon, if you are at home, which S. Ripley makes me doubt, telling me you go a journey this week. But come if you can, not to hear the (poor) sermon, but to see us. If not then, come soon, I pray you, and give us a long sitting. Shall you want your Patres Apostolici soon? If not, I should like to keep it a few weeks longer. I wish I had time to make a long letter, but must wait for more settled days.

Very truly yours
C. Francis

Watertown, Augt 19th 1842 -

Dear Parker.

I received a few days ago an epistle dated St. Johns, without name, but to which I should at once have affixed yours, had it not been for two circumstances. One of these was, that it was written very legibly, and I could read it *currente oculo*. The other and more important was that it seemed to threaten a discontinuance of an intercourse, which has been one of my chief pleasures, a thing which I did not believe could come from you. But on the whole, I was compelled to gather that the writer could be no other than my friend Parker.

I really do not understand the ground you take nor your reasoning, about denying me the continuance of your social visits. As to the sitting aside of our exchange, I thought that matter was perfectly understood between us, and from your manner of treating it at the time, I supposed that you regarded it just in the same light as I did. It is of no use to go over again a statement of the case which I believe I made fully at the time. My own doctrine about exchanging has always throughout my ministry been, that it is entirely a matter of expediency to both parties, and that it may take place or not, just as the persons find it convenient, without the slightest encroachment upon or relation to any friendly regards or intercourse. Not so do I consider social visits by no means: they are matters of individual preferences and personal choice, not of expediency having reference to the wishes or views of some third party.

You have got up a strange bugbear about hurting me, by granting me your social intercourse. With regard to this notion of yours, I believe it is wholly a chimera, and if it is not, I am sorry you should pay me so poor a compliment as to suppose I should care a straw for the alleged danger. In respect to this whole subject, I can only say, that if you will allow me the pleasure of seeing you at Cambridge as much and as often as may be, I shall be greatly obliged to you: if you will not, the loss will be my own, and I shall bear it with deep regret.

Francis C

With respect to the books you mention, I have never seen Parthenius de Eroticis, but I hope you will do full justice to so inviting a subject, when you take it up. I have heard Bothe's recension of Fea's edition of Horace spoken of as one of the best: but it is so long since I have attended to Horace, that personally I cannot tell much about the editions.

Many thanks for your amusing account of St Johns. I hope your health has felt the benefit of the tour. Pray take care that you do not kill yourself by overworking – for that is your great danger. I write in great confusion and haste, or I should tax you to read more.

Yours most truly as ever –

C. Francis.

Cambridge Feb 22. 1843

Dear Parker,

All I know of your venerable friend. Leonardus de Utino (or, as the Germans have it, Leonhard von Utino) is what I gather from Lentz's account of the scholastic worthy, in his "Geschichte der christlichen Homiletik," and perhaps that is no more than your *Biographie* gives you. My authority states, that he belonged to the worshipful order of St. Dominic, sustained the ominous and ever to be suspected functions of Doctor and Professor of Theology at Bologna, was preacher at the

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Papal court of Eugene IV, and died in 1470. All which important matter, you are doubtless already possessed of. But further. Said Lentz, the witness whom I cite on the case, testifies to no small share of excellence on the part of this same Leonhard, asserting boldly that you can scarcely find one of the scholastic times, who surpasses him in thoroughness and arrangement of thought, or who, notwithstanding the heavy burden of multiplied distinctions and citations, which he manfully takes up and bears, strives more earnestly to impart right edifying instruction. If learning makes the preacher, says my witness, he must be held a model, *Master*. He first proves the truth on hand philosophically, and then makes the truth thus proven square with Scripture: wherein doth he not proceed very naughtily? He discusses such practical matters as debauchery, anger, lying, blasphemy, usury, restitution, the dignity and worth of the soul &c. All these matters he considers with conscientious diligence, and well weighed reasons, under the heads of I Lex *naturalis*, *divinalis*, *prophetalis*, *humanalis*. II. Lex, *apostolica*, *evangelica*, *canonica*, ecclesiastica, (Which mode I, as *professor*, recommend to you to adopt in your predigten, as the true way of preaching, or as we ought to say, to give it full dignity, the "modus optimus concionandi." Said Leonhard, however, is said to think more of weight of matter, than grace of manner, but then who would be so inhuman, as to find fault with him for this, since he is compelled to carry so much baggage in the form of quotations from heathen and Christian antiquity, from the biblical, and the profane world, that he can by no means move in that graceful march of style, which charms the beholder in the pulpit procedure of a modern Boston minister. The good old worthy seems, nevertheless, to have been somewhat dramatic in his preaching. Here is a specimen. He makes the soul (anima fidelis, simplex, et devota, saluti suae intenta) go to church: then she hears the portion of Scripture for the day, which sends her away full of serious thoughts: on her way home the arch-mischief-maker, Belial, falls in with her, and shakes her holy resolutions by insinuating, nay openly arguing, that all she had heard, was stark naught. But fortunately comes to her relief Moses the man of God, who seems wonderfully versed in classical literature, for the occassion, and by much learning and argument resettles her faith and hopes. So far goes the first scene. Then in the second, that mighty helper, the Angelical Doctor, steps up to aid the soul in her struggles: he appeals abundantly to the evangelical, apostolical, canonical, and ecclesiastical law, and by his rich and various learning (pinguedine scientiae) crowns and completes the good work which Moses had begun. The good lady, the soul, full of gratitude, gives many thanks to God for all she has learned from her teachers, and goes to her home in peace. Whereupon the preacher shuts up, and says Amen. (Here too I pray you to take another hint for preaching).

The writings of our Leonhard von Utino, as given by Lentz, are *Quadragesimales Sermones de Legibus* &c fol. 1479. with illuminated initials: *Sermones floridi de dominicis et quibusdam Sanctis* &c 1516. 2 Tom. *Sermones aurei de Sanctis* &c 1478, with illuminated initials again; and *Tractatus ad Locos communes Prædicatorum* 1478. Lentz gives none of so early a date as your portentous volume. So that you have, undoubtedly, a great book rarity, "liber rarissimus" a copy of a scholastic older than any a German critic knew of. Does it not make your heart leap? Think of Dr Homer having such a book, and try to appreciate your felicity. But (pardon the wicked scepticism) is there no mistake in your date? But good bye to Leonardus, who is doubtless now a saint in heaven. and you, who will be worthy to go thither, if not I, may one day see him, and learn more particulars.

I am exceedingly glad that you have made Mr King's acquaintance, and find him as I told you, such "a ripe and good scholar". He is all that, and I think, a thoroughly *good man* too. What a miraculum among us! I have spent some of the pleasantest hours of my life, with him, and his excellent family –

As to the questions and remarks you report from Hingham, I know not what to make of them. If they are intended, as seems, to convey sneers and sarcasms. I can only say they are of a piece with other kind things of that nature I have received since I came

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to Cambridge, even from those who advised me to come. Here is Hedge for instance, who, in a letter the other day, tells me I am no more to him, what I was at Watertown, that I have passed into an element which destroys me as a companion for him &c – What does this mean? If I have committed a sin not to be forgiven in coming to Cambridge, it would have been quite as kind to warn me of it beforehand, rather than cast it in my teeth now. Heaven knows it was with no small reluctance that I took this situation: and if Cambridge is such a pestilent and disgraceful place, that I am a doomed man for venturing to come here, and my former friends consider me as spoiled and lost, and no longer worthy of their respect or kindness, – why so be it, I must bear it as I can. I have lived long enough to know that he who trusts to others, instead of himself, and asks for the help of sympathy instead of the help of his conscience does not make half as wise a calculation as Yankees generally make. But (as Stuart would say) *manum de tabulâ*.

Yours most truly.

C. Francis.

Why I have not written before this? I suppose because I am lazy. I would only put in the plea that I have not had time to take a long breath more than once or twice since last September. If you deem me worthy to bestow any of your time upon, I can only repeat that I am always most happy to see you. C. F.

Francis C

Cambridge, April 17. 1843.

Dear Parker,

Many thanks for your excellent picture of "old Hornie" (isn't so that Burns calls him?) Are you so familiar with him as to take so good a likeness? This looks suspicious. Think how it would sound, if I were to tell the theological world just now, that Parker and the Devil are on such good terms, — so "hand and glove friends," so to say, that the former has actually sketched a most veritable and admirable portrait of his friend, the Majesty of the nether world, probably too at one sitting! Or, was it rather a Daguerreotype operation? If so, all the worse: for who but one, that had entered into "league and compact," could have power enough over that restless Prince of the power of the air, to reduce him to that immoveable stillness, which is understood to be necessary when the sun turns face painter? How I should have liked to have been behind the door, or in some invisible corner, when you summoned him to the study, and had him there all to yourself, to be limned! Probably it was the first time he ever sat, or stood for his picture, tail and all, and he would have done it, to none but a confidential friend. The other sketches we have had, were evidently from the hands of bunglers, who only guessed at the resemblance: but here is one, which does but too plainly show that it comes from an αὐτόπτης, an initiated disciple. The matter looks very bad for you,

R
Francis C

"fix it any way you will," as our Yankees say. Is it so then? I tremble to ask the question, but is it so? has the compact been consummated? have you sold yourself? If it be not too late, pause, I beseech you, and consider whither you are going: have you forgotten Dr Faust? Have you forgotten the witches and Cotton Mather? Before you take the irrecoverable step, get old Dr Dee's volume - and may it be sanctified even unto your escape from the fangs that seem already to be closing upon you. O, that portrait, how much it implies! That a dear friend of mine should ever have come to this! But after all, it may not be so bad: and I comfort myself with the thought that probably a certain wight, who signifies his name with three C's, and is known in these parts for tricks of that sort, did the deed, and got you to father it: and then we could only blame that easy kindness, which allowed you to be an accomplice in a transaction wearing so dark an appearance. Be that as it may, if you will promise to be more cautious for the future, as to matters which look so much like an intimacy with Sathanus, I, on my part will promise for this time not to tell the Boston Association of it, so that your account before that tribunal may not be swelled by this dark and fearful item. (But, if you really did take the picture from the original, just tell me, for my own private satisfaction, how did you manage in your small study, when,

" Backwards and forwards he swish'd his long tail.

Francis C

"As a gentleman swishes his cane".
Didn't It make wild work among the books and papers? However, some of those wicked German volumes of yours deserve no better fate, than to be belabored with such an instrument. If all accounts say true, *he* and *they* have long been intimate: but then that personage, it is well known, sometimes beats his best friends when his tail is in motion.)

I really did not mean this letter should have been so *diabolical*: especially as I had some literary questions to ask you. As it is, I can only inquire whether you can tell me where to find Weber's Translation of the old Nibelungen Lied? I believe it is in his work on the "Teutonic Romances". Is *that* a part of another work entitled "Illustrations of Northern Antiquities"?

Yours very truly,
C. Francis.

Francis C

Cambridge, Oct 30th 1843

Dear Parker,

It is rumored among us that the fact of your having touched the shores of "the isle of the blessed" is well substantiated: and this reminds me, (but I didn't need reminding) that I ought to lay the foundations of a letter to you. My spirit has gone forth after you with many longings to see the things you see, and hear the things you hear: but I shall never see or hear them. All the better then that your eyes and your ears shall do the function for me: for you are one of the few men that I should trust to tell a fair story civil, ecclesiastical, pictorial, poetical, literary, historical, and general, of the Old World. While I am sitting at the oar at home, it is as good as a recreation to think of you over there, after working like a giant here, breathing and roaming in (I trust) pure enjoyment. I sometimes think I have been long enough at work - little as I have done - to claim some respite: but I now see nothing before me for the whole of life, but monotonous labor without cessation or abatement. Yet saith old Dr Donne to me this day, - "Is the world a great and harmonious organ, where all parts are played, and all play parts: and must thou only sit idle and hear it?" - No, good Dr., I ought not! so henceforth let work be my pleasure, and let me see the good things and great things of the world, through the eyes of better men than myself.

How is it that I have got into this egotism? I cannot tell: but it is somehow a compliment to you; for you are the only man to whom I venture to be egotistic. — Let me now try to say something about our news, — only that there are so many thousand sluice-ways for news to flow to Europe, that before I can tell you, it will all be old. Imprimis, then — our good Dr. Ware Jr. has passed away to the Spirit world. This you know of course. We all feel that he was a man of true and sterling excellencies of character, of restless activity in doing good in his chosen ways, — an Israelite indeed, I suppose in whom there was no guile. But I must say that I am weary of the torrents of laudation, which the death of every man at all noted in the ministry among us sets in motion. It is partly a general American foible, and partly (is it not?) a peculiar Unitarian trick, thus to bepraise in unmeasured terms, till one feels disposed to cry out *Ohe jamsatis*, and to turn away almost in displeasure from the very excellence he before admired, now that it is so bedaubed with eulogy. This effect takes place even where there is really most to love and revere. I think few had a higher estimation of Dr Channing than I had: yet I must confess I got so weary of that inundation of measureless praise, exalting him among the gods, which flowed in upon us, that I am half tempted even to think less of him than I ought. I heard a minister say the other day, that some of those, who praised Channing the highest when dead, were those who cursed him by their gods when living. — On the whole, however, they have been for Americans and Unitarians,

Francis C

pretty moderate about Ware.

Next, we have just had three ordinations within our little circle from our last class: Peirpont at Lynn: Allen at Jamaica Plain, and Weiss at Watertown. In this last you may suppose I felt a strong interest. Weiss is a good scholar, a spiritual man, and carries a kind heart: but whether he has enough of the ready off-hand practical man to meet common minds, - whether he will be the man for such as uncle Peter, I doubt. - Again, there was lately a great gathering at Providence, a Unitarian Convention, which the lovers of such things aver to have been the most splendid and stirring affair that has taken place since the spheres began their harmony. Dewey, in the very flush of his renovated glory on returning from Europe, was the master-spirit of the occasion: and now they tell us that he more than supplies Channing's place in the great movements of the moral world. Speeches in abundance, and some very good I should think, were there: the great question seemed to be, whether there should be more of doctrine, and thought, and less of feeling and impulse, or more of feeling and impulse, and less of doctrine and thought, in our administration of religion? - a far-reaching inquiry if they will but carry it out, in all its bearings. - Once more: Puseyism is shaking the old solid (? stolid) Church of Episcopacy among us at a terrible rate. A volcanic action took place among the elements in a late N. York Convention of the Church. The Bishop set up the old standard of Laud's time, and declared that he and

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his Church had their power directly from God, and were wholly irresponsible to all human beings. Angry collisions took place: but the Bishop gained the day, and shortly afterwards, a procession of the clergy, headed by Wainwright, waited on him to congratulate him on his victory over the profane laity, and then took to their knees, and in that position received his Lordships' blessing. This is in republican America, and near the middle of the 19th century. But it is best perhaps that absurdity should flower out in full, that people may see what it is. Pray tell me how you find this matter abroad — and how the Oxford and the Berlin Theology stand as compared together. An English Reverend, I see, has lately written a work to show that Britain is probably included in the threatenings denounced against Papal Rome, "as one of the ten toes of the image ~~of~~ in Daniel's vision". — Good —

Your De Wette, notwithstanding the great deal I expected, has filled me with astonishment at your labors and learning. It must become I think a standard work: indeed there is no other in English on that subject, that is worth consulting. But Dr Noyes, (who tells me you have bestowed a copy upon him, on the principle I suppose, of *detur dignori*, most just, undoubtedly in this case,) when I inquired his opinion, very carelessly replied that he had long used the original, and that he did not perceive that you had added anything to its value by your manner of working it over, — in fact that he did not think it a work of much consequence. — And in good sooth the Dr.

Francis C

has long thought no works in the department of the Old Testament, worth much, except *certain translations*, which you have pronounced so "beautiful". I could tell you some instances of his vanity in this respect, that would amuse you much. (But all this is *inter nos*). – Yet I am sure that such a work as your De Wette, must make its way to the use and favor of all, who care any thing about such subjects, though it may not sell like a novel. – I am afraid however that the demand for that sort of learning is continually diminishing among our theological personages. There is I lament to say, not much taste for learning of any kind among our young ministers: the cry is all for *action*. – for doing something, not moping over books as they say. This tendency we feel in the School, and though I strive all I can against it, yet it is uphill work. Heaven knows we are in little danger of suffering by too much devotion to study here: yet J. F. Clark came out in the Christian World the other day, and attacked the School pretty rudely on this ground, – saying that we do not want men of Latin, Greek and Hebrew lore in the ministry, but men who will be willing to go into the wilderness, and live on brown bread and water, and work to save souls all over the land; and more of that sort. I wish I *could* see any symptoms of peril from learning: though I like and inculcate devotedness and self-sacrafice as much as he. – Old Dr Paulus, I see, is in the philosophical field. One account states that he has published a work of great value, – a Criticism of

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Schelling's Berlin Lectures in 1841 and 42. Another account tells us he announced such a work: but that in consequence of its containing the text of Schelling's lectures along with his own critical remarks, Schelling demanded protection against the pirating of his literary property in this way, and that the Government consequently interfered, and forbade the publishing of Paulus' work. Pray tell us, how this is.

I dare say you will see some of the ancient Greek Plays represented in Germany. I see they have had the Antigone of Sophocles, and the Medea of Euripides already.

Who is M Saintes, of Hamburgh, who has written in French a History of German Rationalism, and of Spinoza and his Works? —

A word about some more books – You recollect I have Henke's Magazin für Religion and philosophie" &c. After the 6 first vols, which I have, it was continued under the name of Neues Magazin &c. Of this Continuation the Neues Magazin the 3 first vols: more were published. I do not know how many more: if you can get me the rest of the Neues Magazin to complete my set, I shall be obliged to you: I suppose they will be cheap – the last vol. I have of it is dated 1799 – —— There is, I think, a very recent edition of Bretschneider's Dogmatik within a year or two back, at least one much later than any we have here: I wish you would send me that too – Neander is publishing I find, a new edition of his Church History: I should like to have all the vols.

Fran

Francis C

of this new edition, which may be published while you are abroad. So, you see, I am like to give you trouble enough: but if I tax your time too much, just let the matter alone — let me know how and where I am to pay the bills for all such books as you send me.

I see Baumgarten-Crusius died last May: that must be a somewhat heavy loss. What is the value of his Theolog. Auslegung der Johannischen Schriften? I see there is a 12 mo. edition of Spinoza's Works at Leipzig in progress, by Bruder: is it cheap, and a good edition? I want to hear all the news of men, things & books which you can give: my receptivity will be great, I assure you: but I can give you little in return. — Write me as much as you think my fair proportion: the more, the better. My wife joins me in desiring all friendly regards to Mrs Parker and yourself —

Yours most truly,
C. Francis.

I shall begin to supply at West Roxbury next Sunday I suppose. I have already stopped at your house, and *hooked* one or two books, of which I left an account. What a pity you are not here to see good old Homer's library arranged for sale on the tables of Brown's back room; the spirit of the old Dominie must hover about the place perturbed and sorrowful to see the little account made of his rich rarities. Brown tells me they will do well if they get $600 for the whole: the good Dr used to talk of 7 or 8000. Let us hear all about the philosophical battles in Berlin &c. C. F.

Francis C

Cambridge, Decr 30th 1843.

Dear Parker,

The last time I saw you, was when at my poor gate you was turning the head of your sober New-England pony homeward; and now I am thinking of you amidst the glories of London, Oxford and Paris. How those names sound when I connect them with you and imagine how much you find to laugh about and wonder at there! Thank you most heartily for your two excellent letters - one from England, the other from Paris. What you say in your last about our religious sects being worse than our political parties is right, I think, when you consider under what name they do their deviltry. Rob. Robinson, speaking of former degenerate days of the Church, affirms that "one of our old historians says, the devil was so pleased with the preachers of the 11th Century, that he sent them a letter of thanks from hell, for the advantages his kingdom derived from their pulpits". Have you heard of any such correspondence in that quarter in the 19th Century? When the private papers of his cloven-footed Majesty shall come to be examined, I fear something of that kind will be brought to light. Or, if he has written an autobiography (and I hope he has,) I doubt not he has noted therein, how his spirit was cheered and encouraged by the "hauling and pulling" of the ecclesiastics in this same age of ours. - But seriously, is there anything so utterly wearisome and vexatious as this whole business of sects? Every man

Francis C

carries the shield of his party, with some device upon it, and over the device some motto, to signify his allegiance: but the true disciple I apprehend, will be found like Amphiarus in the War of the Seven against Thebes whom Aeschylus describes as noted for having no device on his shield, and no impress or motto. Why cannot every one in the Church fight as the Yankee at Bunker Hill who was found firing alone behind the wall, "on his own hook"? — I am truly sorry, that you did not see the men of Oxford fame in theology, and I hope you will when you return to England. I agree with you that Puseyism is a token of life in the English Church; — a developement of such vitality as that Church can admit, a desire to have some reality, instead of fat slumbers over forms, that have hitherto been pillows and cushions for churchmen. But then what a life, what a vitality, it is! this making the spirit of Archbishop Laud live again, rather than not have something alive! Is it not like attempting to bring back into modern warfare the lances, and bucklers, and coats of mail of the middle ages? — Or, is this Puseyism after all an action of scepticism taking the form of the old Church garments instead of a modern dress, — as I have sometimes suspected? a disposition to retreat within the fastnesses of ancient and hallowed Church arrangements and prescriptions, because men have found from their own experience, nothing but doubt, and "terrible questions" out of those enclosures. — The self-denial of the Pusey men, of which you speak, is well; yet I cannot but suspect, it is forced upon

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them by their present polemic position, rather than a permanent principle of action: for their system seems to me if once triumphant, not likely to lead the priesthood to the devout practice of the virtues of self-mortification —

Your epistle from Paris made me yearn after the glories of Church architecture, and the gay sights of that centre of the world's gaiety.

If I were in Europe I should certainly go a Cathedral-hunting, wherever I should stop. I am guiltless of all knowledge of that form of art: but its effect on me, is always fascinating and seducing. They tell us that architecture has died out in the modern world. Is it not because faith has waned away under the sensual philosophy? When the true Church (better than all that have gone before,) comes, will it not have an architecture of its own? what will it be? will it not represent better aspirations, calmer trust, holier love, than has ever yet been carved in arches or turrets? — Your comparison of the Frenchman's Sunday and John Bull's amused me much: I am sure it must be true. —

I thank you for the rich list of new books among the Teutonic race of giant students, — a list before which my spirit folded its arms in patient despair. Old Paulus is a prodigy. I trust you will see the worthy veteran. Dr Beck told me the other day, that Paulus was one of the finest looking men (20 years ago) he ever saw: "he had (said he) the eye of an eagle." But now perhaps, time may have played one of his usual tricks,

Francis C

and dimmed its fire. His book on Schelling's Lectures I have seen noticed, and it was likewise said that Schelling had obtained from the government an order to suppress it, on the charge of literary piracy, as it republished his Lectures. But that order probably availed only in Prussia, and would not extend to Heidelberg. You speak of sending the work to me: if you have, already, very well: but if you have not, though I should like it, yet I think I should rather not be at the expense of it, there are other things I want so much more.

I think I have no *news* that will interest you particularly: yet will put down a few items. – Prescott has published his History of the Conquest of Mexico in 3 vols: the Harpers publish it, and give him $7500 (!) for the privilege of selling it *one year*. This I think beats all American literary success, that I ever heard of. I can hardly account for the immense run of Prescott's histories from their intrinsic merit; they are certainly very well: yet I think he is not to be compared with a man like Bancroft in historical ability.
Norton has just given us the two remaining volumes of his work on the Genuineness of the Gospels, about the Gnostics &c. I have not read it, neither as yet, heard a word about it: they are good princely looking books on the outside and inside. He promises a new translation of the Gospels with notes, and then another volume on the Internal Evidence. Andrew Peabody is publishing a vol. of Sermons on doctrinal points. The Examiner is to be edited by Lamson, and Gannett, (the Monthly Miscellany being merged in it.) We have a translation of a curious and beautiful little

Francis C

book by Miss Bremer (called "Morning Watches") suggested by the controversy in Sweden about Strauss' "Leben Jesu" – This about books: Then for other matters: music is all the rage in Boston and New York. In Boston they have a Frenchman Vieuxtemps (Old Times) by name, who John Dwight affirms must be superior to all Paganini could have been: and in New York they have a Norwegian (I believe) called Ole Bull, with whom my sister is in such extasies, that she regards his music as a revelation from the spiritual world. – Oh, what a grudge I owe dame Nature, for cheating me out of that musical sense: yet I can relish enough of it, to believe that it is the highest and holiest language, in which man can discourse to man. – Lectures, I think, rather flag, this winter. – Wm Ware has received and accepted a call to settle in West Cambridge. Muzzy has returned, and tells us his stories about Europe – among others, that D'Aubigne at Geneva, lectured him for his Unitarian heresy, and admonished him to study the Scriptures, that his eyes might be opened to see the error of his wicked heresy. J. Q. Adams (God bless him) has just gained a signal victory in Congress, having secured the appointment of a special committee to act on the petition of the Massachusetts Legislature, to amend the constitution, so as to shut out all sanction of slavery &c. – I heard a capital Lecture a few evenings ago from Edmund Quincy on Geo. Fox and the early Quakers –

Now after all this gossipping let me go with you to your own *cure* at W. Roxbury. I have preached there ever since the 1st of November, and probably shall some weeks longer. Exchanged last Sunday with Allen; and Dr Gray (clarum and venerabile nomen) told me — would you believe it — about the wicked transcendentalists. I asked — "do you know what the word means?" "Yes," was the reply — "Then you are lucky: what is it?" — A transcendentalist is an enemy to the institutions of Christianity" — Bravo — there is a definition for you: look no more into any Krugs *Encyclopädisch-philosophisches* Lexicon: — the matter is settled forever — I have *found* much pleasure in preaching to your good people, but can hardly promise myself that I have *given* any, after the strong and beautiful words they have been accustomed to. The winter audience has been small indeed, but attentive. I have put up at a Mr Chenery's: a plain, good, hospitable family, — and made some acquaintance with Mr Frank Shaw, Mr Atkinson &c. I visited and prayed with a Mrs Whittemore in her sickness; she is since dead: also a Mrs Newton, who is still living. — I am delighted to hear so many expressions of good will, and hearty kindness towards you from the people there. I believe they sincerely love you, and your good wife: and is it not a great and blessed thing to be loved in this world, which is so apt to be a cold region of selfishness? I would give more for the hearty love of one true, simple, and good spirit, than for all the admiration of scholars, which while it lasts, is merely intellectual, and soon turns into envy and sourness. — I cannot think of any more

Francis C

news. O yes, I ought to have told that James R. Lowell has just published a volume of ~~delightful~~ beautiful poetry, and Wm Story is publishing a *law book*.

I regretted very much to hear that you did not succeed in the attempt to publish your De Wette in London. Brown Stile says that it might and ought to be published there, and that the few copies which have found their way thither from the American market, would be no obstacle to the enterprise. Can it not yet be accomplished? It ought to be printed in London to let English theologians see that a young American scholar has furnished from a German source – what they have not in all their language – a good introduction to the Old Testament. I am told the work sells very well here, and rejoice to hear it. – I saw in an English Journal the other day, Gray's Key, and Graves on the Pentateuch, recommended as works of great merit on the O.T.!!

I heard through Miss Cabot of your visits to Carlyle, Dickens, Sterling &c. You say nothing of having called on Everett. By the way there is a friend of mine, Capt. Wormeley (formerly of Watertown, as you probably recollect) now living in London, to whom I would gladly send you a letter of introduction, if you would like it, when you return to England. I should have offered you one when you left home, had I known he was in London, as I have since learned he is. If you would like such a letter, let me know: he is a good hearty Englishman in the English navy, somewhat of a radical, loving America

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but boiling over with indignation about repudiation. I think you would like him.

Do you know anything of Dr K. R. Hagenbach's Encyklopädie und Methodologie der theologischen Wissenschaften, published at Leipzig 1833? I have been looking it over with a great deal of interest, and if I can find time, have some thoughts of putting it into English, with notes &c. It is a systematic survey, of the several departments of theological study, with their connections and relations, references to books &c. It is the best work of the kind I have yet seen, and our students want such a book: we have nothing decent of the kind in English, and are obliged to use such a thing as Campbell's Lectures on Systematic Theology. Hagenbach is I believe, a disciple of Schleiermacher.

I wish you would find out all you can about him, and whether there is any later edition of the book and let me know.

I wish you would (if it can be done altogether in your way, without any trouble, but not otherwise) get for me the following books in addition to those I have formerly mentioned:- Fuhrmann's Handwörterbuch der christ. Religions- und Kirchengeschichte. Halle. 1826 (if it can be had very cheap): Marheinecke's Christliche Symbolik &c. Heidelberg: (if it is finished, else I will wait till it is) - Schirmer's Biblische Dogmatik in ihrer Stellung &c Breslau 1820. - Schulze's Der schriftstellerische Charakter &c des Peters Jacobus, & Judas. Weissenf. 1802. and the same writer's Carakter und Werth des Johannes. Weissenf 1803.
R. König's Versuch einer kurzen Anleitung zum Studium

der Theologie. Berne 1830; — Rosenkranz Encyklopadie der theol. Wissenschaften. Halle. 1831. — J. T. L. Danz's Encyklopadie und Methodologie der theol. Wissenschaften Weimar 1832. — The three last mentioned I am particularly desirous of getting as soon as I can, if they come in your way, and can be forwarded. Cheapness however is with my means an indispensable requisite for them all: and what cheapness in each case *is*, I must leave to your judgement, as I presume you and I should apply the term about alike. — I am ashamed to ask you to encumber yourself with attending to these matters for me, only that your kindness has emboldened me, and I trust I can be sure that you will not allow yourself to be incommoded thereby: don't get them, I beg you, unless they come in your way, with your own business. Do you know what is the latest edition of Bretschneider's Handbuch der Dogmatik &c? The latest I have seen is the fourth at Leipzig, 1838. But I have an impression that there is one as late as 1840 or 1842. I shall be glad if you can get me a copy of the *last* ed. (whatever it is) cheap: I sometimes want to refer to it, and think it is the best I have seen.

I have received through Dr Beck the *catalogue* of Gesenius's Library, which you speak of, as about to be sold. It is a rich bill of fare for critical Students, but on the whole rather disappointed me as to very rare works. The Mss. I should think very curious and valuable. The College Corporation ought to improve the opportunity

Francis C

but it is very doubtful whether they can be prevailed upon to do it. They have their own way and agencies of doing business, which they generally adhere to: and besides I think they are averse to increasing the theological part of the Library, deeming they have enough of that already. I wish in my heart they would employ you to buy books for them, while you are abroad. I have no doubt you could save them a great deal of money in that way. Since I have been here, I have saved for them I suppose a hundred dollars by attending a few auctions in Boston, where they allowed me to make some purchases. I believe Mr Eliot has some friend in Holland, who is employed as agent for buying the German books which the College wants: but probably they cost a good deal more than they would, if you should be employed to pick them out. I shall have more talk with Walker on the subject. Can you tell me whether the edition of Zwingle's Works, which was begun by Schuler and Schultesz at Zurich in 1828 has ever been finished? We have not a scrap of that great man's writings in the College Library, and indeed nothing about him, but an English translation of Hess's small volume of his Life. There is I believe now in publication a Corpus Reformatorum, somewhere in ~~in~~ Germany, including the works of all the great Reformers. I wish you would inquire about it, and let me know how it can be had. Our Library is sadly wanting in such men as Melancthon, and Zwingle: - with Luther we are pretty well furnished. I have a good Life of Melancthon: is there a good thorough one of Zwingle in German? -

Francis C

Have you heard of J. Simon, the successor I believe of Cousin? Pray tell me is there any ground for the statement lately made in an English Journal, that Cousin did not make the Translation of Plato himself, but employed young needy scholars in Paris to do it, and then took the translations as his own, and made Introductions to the several pieces? It seems to be the fashion now to run down Cousin in every way. I never thought him a first rate original man: but I still maintain that he is a very clear and happy expounder of the great lines of philosophical thought. Brownson reproduced him once and made capital out of him: he is now trying to do the same with Leroux. B. is trying to ride with all his might the hobby of the Old Church and gives us a mawkish, mongrel mixture of Leroux and Romanism. He says that whatever the Catholic Church has decided must be true, and that that Church (meaning literally the Roman Church) never has contradicted itself. He turns up his nose at the masses, says they know and can know nothing about truth, and are wholly incapable of having any judgements. Whether this will atone with the Boston aristocracy for past sins of radicalism, I know not.

Can you follow the lectures in French, so as to understan them? But it is enough to be in the place where Abelard once lectured. Would I could be there. You talk very kindly of my having earned the privilege of such an enjoyment. You, though a younger man, have amply

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learned it. But, my dear Parker, it is my daily sadness that I have done nothing, - that I have lived to no purpose and done nobody any good. There are hours when I weep to think of it. But I will say nothing about myself or my own affairs, - the very last subject on which I wish ever to write. Silsbee is living here now, and sends his love to you. Remember me most kindly to your excellent wife, in which and in kindest remembrances to yourself my wife desires to unite - - - Whenever you can with perfect convenience to yourself put down a few lines for me, I shall always be most grateful for it; for your letters are among my chief enjoyments and refreshments. - God bless you, dear Parker.

Yours truly. C. Francis.

P.S. I had hard work to decypher some of your last excellent epistle: nevertheless I was more than willing to do it, for the sake of the contents - I don't know whether I have spoken to you of my Sister's Letters from N. York. If not, I must tell you, it is the most charming book we have had this many a day. I look up to her spirit with reverence, and only hope when I shall get farther? to rise as high myself. - - There is some talk of Stetson's going to Nantucket to settle.

Francis C.

Cambridge Jan. 31st 1844.

Dear Parker.

Disappointed though I am, that the last Steamer brought me no letter from you, yet I consider the press of engagements and pursuits now upon you, and am thankful for the kindness I have already experienced in this way. Before the next Steamer goes, I feel to say something (as the Methodists express it) and yet I have nothing special to say. As to news you get it all in better ways, – and to a man amidst the sight-seeings of Europe a twice-told tale must be tedious enough. But I will adventure a little.. Last week I attended the meetings of the Mass. Anti-Slavery Society in Boston, with much edification and much vexation, – edification from the noble heart-stirring eloquence which I heard on behalf of the eternal principles of right and justice, – and vexation from the angry, idle bickerings which these excellent advocates of a righteous cause have among themselves. How one grieves sometimes to see that no sooner is a good cause launched in the community than it becomes enthralled and entangled among poor passions and low partisanship. Yet it has always been so, and always will; only *jenseits* there beyond. – Shall we see truth as it is, and love it for its own sake, and live in it alone. But notwithstanding man's perversity, God finds a way for the good cause to triumph in spite of our passions, sometimes even by and through them. It must be so with Anti-Slavery; it must and will

Francis C

triumph. The old hero, J. Q. Adams (whom however I heard abused at the A. S. meetings because he did not go the whole with them) has gained in Congress a noble victory as to the right of petition; and Wise and his coadjutors have shrieked in consternation and dismay. No name after that of Washington, I think shall loom up in American History like that of J. Q. Adams. — Then the Social Reform people have had a great meeting in Boston, at which the great man was W. H. Channing: he spoke day after day, with a power of thought, flow of expression, and richness of illustration which astonished and delighted everybody: then he went out to Brook Farm on Sunday, and preached to the Community there, with as much success. I am amazed by the way, at the growth of this talent for public speaking in our country: it bursts out on every side, — and men, from whom you would never expect it, show a power of speaking extemporaneously with a self-possession, ease and fluency, that is perfectly astonishing. This talent is becoming more and more the instrument of influence in this country. living men must be moved with the living voice, and the mere writer will soon find himself comparatively a null and dead man beside the quick speaker. Every young man must learn to use the επεα πτεροεντα, if he means to be felt in our community; and those of us, whom the young are crowding off the stage, must be content to stand by and see triumphs which we cannot win. The spoken word is the great lever, by which our world is to be moved. — But to return to the Social

Reform: - Brownson was there with his Church notions, and Garrison with his no-property, no government doctrine: but their ineffectual lights paled before Channing's star. - A Fourier Society has been formed, with Geo. Ripley for its President. They have meetings every week in Boston for the discussion of the great questions which interest them. Still all these movements at present seem but as a fly on the great ox of conservatism: but these utterances are nevertheless from the heart of humanity, and must be heard. We complain that they know not what they would be at: but I suppose men always work more or less blindly, when they work for the law of progress: they have a confused apprehension of a mighty truth, which overmasters them, and finally through much struggle, it comes out a clear and definite deposit in the treasury of human improvement. The deadness of feeling as to high moral truths among us is very sad. It is amazing to see how many men of good standing and in high moral repute there are among us, who thinks that any question with regard to right and wrong is settled by a reference to the laws of the land or the Constitution of the United States.

I have read a part of Norton's new volumes, and so far am quite disappointed. I find nothing very striking or remarkable either in the learning or the thought. I do not believe that he has added anything to our knowledge of the Gnostics, or given us any better views of them. He speaks with great disdain of Baur's

Francis C

Christliche Gnosis. – a work with which his own can no more be compared for profound thought and searching investigation "than I to Hercules". With regard to Norton's style, if you take away a certain adroit and condensed bitterness of expression, I do not say you will leave him nothing, – for it is a pretty good style in other respects, – but you will take from him pretty nearly all that his admirers regard as the charm of his writings. There is a work by Hein. Aug. Schott. Prof. der Theol. zu Jena, entitled "Philosophische und Religiöse Begrundung der Rhetorik & Homiletik", zweite verbesserte Ausgabe. Leipzig. 1828. Of this general work, I have a portion in one volume entitled "Die Theorie der Beredsamkeit mit besonderer Anwendung auf die geistliche Beredsamkeit" &c Erster Theil. Whether the general work of which this volume constitutes a part (the two title pages facing each other) was carried any further, I know not. If it was, I should like very much to have all that is to be had of it. Will you be so good as to inquire about the matter, and if it is to be had send it to me? – There was an edition of Augustin De Doctrina Christianâ at Leipzig, 1767, cum variis Lectionibus Notisque – I wish you could get that for me, unless there be a more modern edition of that work of Augustin (separately) with more and better literary apparatus, which I should prefer. I should like also to have the three following works, which I suppose can be got quite cheap: – "Becher's Abhandlung von dem Sabbath der Juden und dem Sonntag der Christen". Halle. 1775 – Anton's "Philosophische

Prüfung der verschiedenen Meynungen über den Eid." Leipzig 1803. — Heydenreich's Originalideen über Gegenstände der Philosophie" 3 Theile. Leipzig. If they should be what you should think at all dear, do not get them.

I saw an advertisement of your De Wette in an English Catalogue the other day. I hope it sells well. There ought to have been an English edition of it.

Have you seen any of the Nos. of W. H. Channing's "Present"? It is full of fresh and earnest life.

It is vacation with us now, and I continue the supply of your pulpit: I find it very pleasant: you have some capital parishioners there: Mr Russell, Shaw, Atkinson, and Keith, have been very kind to me. Next Sunday I am to dine at Mr Billings'. I hear you are on your way to Italy (or are there). Tell us all about the Pope, his great toe and all. If you have a mind to go into the Mother Church, I have no doubt they would make you a Cardinal; perhaps in time his Holiness: think of it. A brother of Frank Shaw's has just returned, I hear, a full-blooded Catholic — — Simmons is in Berlin, whence he writes of Neander, Schelling &c, whom however he only hears and sees at a distance, without understanding their German. — — Tell us every thing you can gather up and down the Old World.

Yours truly as ever
C. Francis

Our great Dr Dewey: has lately come out in defence of Slavery. Would it not be well for the Dr (to grace his D.D.) to defend whoredom next? – A colored physician, highly respectable, and educated at Glasgow, and a man of culture and science, has asked him to discuss the subject with him in public either orally, or by writing. – But Derry has skulked from the challenge.

Cambridge April 14. 1844

Between this and the Steamer's sailing day, I shall, Dear Parker, jot down from time to time such things as occur at the moment. To day I have been to Pike's in Dorchester to preach on an exchange in the College Chapel; there I saw Cunningham, who has turned farmer, apparently in earnest and not in sport: his talk was, not of "bullocks," (as Johnson said of his friend Taylor), but of manure and fruit trees, and laying down to grass &c: he works hard every day: says he has read nothing but farming books all the last winter; and when visitors come in the summer he leaves word at the house, not to call him, but to send them into the fields to him. In short, the thing looks quite like a reality. There is at least something substantial and to the purpose in it, – better than dawdling in Boston. There seems to be in many minds among us now, what the Germans call a *homeache* for mother earth: is it because they are getting tired of shams, and crave realities, which they do not find elsewhere, by being men on nature's soil?

Francis C

April 20: Many thanks for your good, long excellent epistle from Florence, which I received the other day, and which set me down at once in your lodgings, and amidst your environments, where every step is amidst the spirit, and deeds of past greatness. The Church of Santa Croce I have heard and read of, till I faint to see it, as the parched traveller (so the hymn says) "longs for a cooling stream at hand". But never may it be; and so I am all the more obliged to you for your picture of all these things and mementoes, in the very name of which lies magic. You have snuffed the gales, which Goldsmith tells us "winnow fragrance round the smiling land", and which to breathe is, I suppose enough of physical enjoyment. The same poet however subtracts as much from the inhabitants, as he gives to the land: –

In florid beauty groves and fields appear,
Man seems the only growth that dwindles here.

But how is this? I have thought from intimations in the Journals that intellectual life, at least, was not extinct by any means in Italy: even Philosophy seems to breathe, despite of the hands of Popes and Cardinals ever ready to strangle her. Titles of books I have seen signifying as much as this, and if I could remember them, I should be half inclined to ask you to pick them up. By the way, is Dr *Wiseman* now at Rome? If so, I shall hope to hear a word from you about him. I see occasionally the Dublin Review, the Catholic Quarterly; and certainly on the whole its scholarship

Francis C

and strength of writing do honor to the Church, though after all, when they have done their best, a taint of narrowness — sometimes almost of silliness — adheres to the Catholic mind on religious subjects: the spirit of the man is cramped, and he becomes a *churchling*. — But how much better is it with seven eighths of Protestantism?

April 22nd — The project for annexing Texas to the U.S. or rather for annexing the U.S. to Texas (for that is the way in which it ought to be put) is the topic that now occupies and distresses those among us, who are not willing for the sake of dollars, or of some party, to be delivered over, bound hand and foot, to the Slave-Demon forever. The trick is, to do it by means of a treaty, to be acted on and confirmed by the Senate. We stand pale with amazement, and ask, will an American Senate dare to perpetrate this crime? and the answer is, (proh pudor) that the American government will plunge into any iniquity, from which, fear for their popularity does not drive them back. Whether this will hazard their popularity, we do not yet know: we are obliged with shame and sorrow to confess that we cannot tell whether the government of this *republic* may not enact the darkest crime heard of in the world's history for 5 centuries, and yet be sustained in it even by the people of the free States. There are signs of some indignation, and if the popular sentiment of Massachusetts, could be got at, I have no doubt it would rebuke the sin as it deserves: but the editor of the respectable Daily says, it is best to be quiet. —

perhaps Mr Clay's election will be indangered if we make a stir,-and so the controllers of public opinion in Boston conclude it is best to be quiet.—for Mr Hale certainly knows all about it,- does he not? Think of the power of this country to be used, at this time of the world's history, for the deliberately avowed purpose of perpetuating forever the institution of Slavery, and placing the whole country at the beck and nod of slave-holders. If this should be effected before you purpose to return to the U.S. I should think you would pause before you came back to such a land. However, some time or other, it will be effected doubtless: I look upon it as certain: and instead of sundering the cords of the Union like flax in the fire, as it ought to do, the North, after having let off a little steam of indignation, will quietly sit down under the heaven-daring iniquity, and say,-"it is done now, there's no use in making a fuss about it,- and so long as our trade does not suffer, what's the harm"? Is there not a dark, stern, sad truthfulness of meaning in those few words of Aristotle, brief and dry (no more) as they are,—ὡς γὰρ ἐπὶ το πολὺ ἀδικοῦσιν οἱ ἄνθρωποι, ὅταν δύνωνται.? When I think of such things, I almost lose my faith in humanity.- Yes, give man power, and he will do wrong the world over. How long is this to be so? Till he shall come, whose right it is to rule and reign. But how long, O Lord? the saints still cry- I begin to think Goethe was wise, when he determined to live in the intellectual world alone, and have nothing to do with the interests of humanity. Certainly it is wise, if to live means merely to live quietly and happily.

But to turn from such painful thoughts to matters more clerical and professional. How dare you sit down in Florence, and make such irreverent allusions to the great Thursday Lecture? Know you not, reprobate, that they have new made the interior of Dr F's church in Chauncey Place, taking away all the side windows, and letting in the light from above (qu. as to this?) alone, which light comes all through pretty colored glass, and looks as charming as a kaleidoscope, and that now it is the fashion to go to the Thursday homilies, and that Brothers E and L., and Drs P. and P. &c. &c. have as pretty audiences, as you would wish to see on a summers day — and that the Register with due solemnity announces after the event, that Br. so & so delivered last Thursday a sermon (not always adding Dr Gray's, *brilliant*) from such and such a text of holy writ! — Know you not all this? Then you shall go to your grave without knowing it: for, as Millett says of all the history he relates, I shall not stop to tell of this. — Now to come home to myself, the worst subject of all. Here I am bungling at the work which three men ought to do, and of course doing every thing badly. The more I think of it, the more absurd seems to me the condition of this Theological School, with only two men to do up all the work, which in other Schools is done by 5 or 6. -- In some respects

I think we are doing pretty well: the Spirit of the young men is good, and I believe they will go forth to work well for the great interests of humanity. But there is a want of a taste for hard, thorough, manly study: this defect comes chiefly from two causes. 1st the absorbing and agitating interest which is more and more felt in the great questions and projects of philanthropy, and which continually occupies the minds of some young men to the exclusion of the less attractive and less pressing pursuits of the Scholar. 2d the philosophy of intuition which some greatly fancy. – I mean the notion that the soul, by trusting to its own spontaneity, its own impulses, comes at all that is worth having, and that books are but fetters and incumbrances: a notion which ~~which~~ certain one-sided expressions of Emerson (who however meant the truth in what he said) have done a good deal to invest with a charm in the eyes of some young men. However on the whole, I am working away with a good deal of cheerfulness and hope, at least as much as the state of theology among us will allow, where so much that is twaddle must pass for wisdom. I preached a sermon the other day in the College Chapel (written this term) on Reform, at which Channing and Felton and others looked sometimes very red, and sometimes very black, and which I suppose, has marked me more than ever for a speckled bird. – This whole business of the Chapel preaching is rather irksome: it is so like an Academic exercise, and so little of a real flesh

Francis C

and blood audience. Walker is the only man they like to hear, — he preaches philosophically: my sermons are rustic and I have no time to make new ones.

April 26. Have just come in from the garden, where the Spring work contends with the Study for my time; and again, thanks to you, for so much more than I deserve; for here is your long excellent letter from Rome, which tells me of the wonders of the Eternal City; of all which you see and part of which you are. (Who, by the way, is the author of "Rome as it was under Paganism, and as it is under Christianity", a book which has excited a good deal of interest? you will probably see it in England.) I grieve to see what a deep impression those miracles of the Whore that sitteth on the Seven Hills have made upon your mind. Who knows but you will be trying your hand ~~upon~~ at some yourself, when you get home? I expect some day when I shall be at Spring St. you will take me aside behind the door, and looking with great solemnity over your spectacles, will produce a bottle of dried blood, which will straightway liquefy à la mode St Januarius, and then say to me, What think you now heretic? As for relics, I suppose your study will be filled with skulls of Apostles, with parings of the toe-nails of saints, and rags from the shirts that martyrs once wore. And you are hand and glove with Cardinals and Popes, are you? Well, I once had some hopes of you; but how are the mighty fallen! If they do give you a Cardinal's hat, don't, I beg you, vex our righteous souls here at home, by sporting it before our eyes.

It would be almost as bad in the eyes of the Boston Association as a transcendentalist, and Dr Gray would swear that it was one, that he had seen the creature with his own bodily eyes, and I think he would go home and die: and oh, what a loss was there my countryman. — But really I thank you most sincerely for all the Roman details, which interested me greatly, and of which I shall want to know more when you get home. Father Marchi's work about the catacombs, which you mention, we ought by all means to have for the College Library: but our Corporation have a way of their own about all such purchases, and seem to listen to nobody. I will however speak of it to Walker. — — I thought I had told you of "Brownson's Quarterly," (his name appears thus in the title). It is devoted to three objects, — his views of philosophy, his views of the Church, and the worship of Mr Calhoun, which last named person, the most lordly and aristocratic of all our southern masters, seems to be his god for today. The 2d No. is just out, and has a "History of Philosophy", "No Church, no Reform" &c — all written by himself in his usual style of "I am sir Oracle, and when I ope my mouth, let no dog bark". There is a good deal of ability in all his articles, at least that sort of ability which shows itself in breadth and strength of statement. In the 1st No. there was a very complimentary notice of your De Wette, of which he says "though the original stands high, it constitutes the least valuable portion of the work before us. Mr Parker's additions

Francis C

are often superior to De Wette's text", and adds - "we esteem him for his personal worth, we respect him for his scholarship, we honor him for his independence, but we believe his doctrine concerning Religion &c to be radically false &c" So you see, he speaks some truth. I have not had time to attend much to his writings; but he wearies me with his swagger of egotism, and with his very positive and definite assertions *about* something which in the first place he has taken care to leave so loose and undefined, that you feel as if you knew not what he was talking about. Thus nothing can be more strong and peremptory than the claims he sets up for the *Church*, - and yet to this day, nobody can tell what he *means* by the Church: on the whole, though he struggles to appear *Papal*, yet I am inclined to think that he means that invisible Church constituted by truth everywhere, and in all ages, which should be supreme over all things: Ellis says, he told him he meant that: and if so, most of his big and magisterial assertions are mere windy truisms. I like his praise of you far better than anything else in the two Nos.

Did I tell you that Mr Norton's long Appendix on the O.T. in his new volumes, has been much talked of: it has created more interest, I think, than all the rest of the two volumes. Its heresy startles some good people much: but as it comes from the Oracle, I suppose they will conclude to put up with it. If somebody else had said it, I reckon, Register, Christian World, and Examiner would have been out open-mouthed in the chase, and the

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barking would have rung through the vast extent of Unitarianism. By the way, did you see Martineau, and Thom in England? I admire their free and manly writings in the Liverpool Controversy, and think them, especially Thom, men of no ordinary minds. We have had meetings in Boston on the subject of an answer to the English Unitarian letter to us on Slavery: an answer has been prepared and accepted, and is to go round for signatures: — I like it well on the whole, but wish it had been more explicit. But Gannett was feverish in his opposition to the whole thing. Ellis softer and cooler, but equally opposed: generally, however, the feeling was very strong in favor of sending the letter.

April 2d. Thank you for your kind offers to attend to my requests about books. I have taken measures to have you provided with money to pay the bills you may incur on my account in that way. Through Mr Ward of Boston an order has been sent to Baring, Brothers, & Co to furnish you with money on my account to the amount of £25, or something over $100. I supposed that sum would be enough: if the bills should exceed that amount, let me know of the fact, and I will procure an order for more: if they should fall short of the sum, you can call for only as much as you want, which will accordingly be furnished. You ought, however, to charge at least 10 per cent commission, which I should willingly pay. I could not form any definite conjecture as to what the books you should get for me, might cost: but as some a-

Frances C

mount must be stated in the order, I gave that above-mentioned. -- I have Der Fall des Heidenthums by Tzschirner: the 1st vol (a thick 8vo) of this work was published and edited after the author's death in 1829 at Leipzig by Niedner: this is all I have of it: another volume or volumes, by the editor or from the author's papers, was promised: if this continuation of the work has been published, I should be glad to have you get it for me. I have also Martini's Versuch einer prag. Geschichte des Dogma von der Gottheit Christi -- -- Theil: Rostock and Leipzig. 1800: whether any more parts have ever been published, I don't know: if there were, I should like the rest of that work too. - I hope I shall not trouble you so, any more. You speak of Italian books: if I had not already exceeded my means, and could get a good copy of all Dante's works, poetry and prose, very cheap indeed, I should be tempted to ask you to get that, if it falls in your way: but I am afraid I have already ordered more than I can pay for: only if you fail of finding some of the others, you might get Dante in their place.

letter torn

I believe I have all along forgotten to tell you, that I attended to your request about Dr Homer's books. The Hebrew Bible, and Calvin were sold: and there was nothing left that I think you would care for. A great part of them remain still unsold, and I should think, will forever. They ought to have been buried with the Dr., that he and they, may rise together, and then he would want no other heaven, - rich, very rich - -

Francis C

April 28. This is the last Sunday of my engagement at the Chapel this term: have been out on an exchange: stopped at Kent's in Roxbury on my return to see a new *developement*, as they call it: Dr Buchanan, the neurologist, has certain *impressible people* so called, who have this power, viz, that if you put between their hands a letter, which they know nothing of, and are not allowed to see, they straightway can give you, as if by inspiration, an exact description, not only of the character of the letter, but in general of the writer of it, tell you precisely his or her whole character of mind and feeling, tastes, habits of thinking, judging &c. The theory is that an *aura* proceeds from the writer through his pen to his ink, remains there, and so passes to the nerves of the impressible patient, imparting all this wonderful knowledge! K. is one of this class; and I tried him with two letters, - but it all amounted to nothing. Don't you think our philosophy is well employed? If you don't come back pretty soon, you won't find us here: we shall have all adjourned to the moon -

Next Sunday, I shall begin again with your pulpit, and supply it for ten weeks. I enjoyed it much last winter, and expect to do so more now, when I shall see the beauties of a fine season in addition to your good people, who all love you, and talk of you as their best friend. Old Mr Whittemore was delighted at your calling to bid him good bye before you went away: "I did not expect he would remember me" said he.

Francis' C

"but he told me, he hoped I didn't think he would go away without calling to see me." — You ask about my exchanges: I had them with Ripley of Waltham, Rich, Austin, Allen of Jamaica Plain, Fred, Whitney, Weiss and Sargent: all the rest of the Sundays I was there myself, and made a few visits to the sick &c. I think that Frank Shaw and Mr Russell have found the true ideal of a rich man's life: how much better than the fashionable nonsense of the city: I have been charmed with them and their families: just so I would live, if I had property. I have called to see Aunt Lucy frequently, and have found her generally pretty well, sitting in your study; and there I have sat and conjectured where you might be at the moment. There are several things, of which I meant to speak: but no room or time now. I intend to keep a sort of journal to send you.

My wife and children, who are very well, send a great deal of love to Mrs P. & you, in which you know I join.

Yours most truly

C. Francis.

P.S. I have just heard that Brownson says, he is ready to swallow the Popes' infallibility now. This I believe is the last dose he has taken. They hooted him at a democratic meeting the other day.

When you see Neander, ask him what he means by his explanation of Paul's conversion? I defy anybody to make out: also other things in the Acts. Has Giessler gone on with his work?

May 4th. 1844. Went to see Allston's Belshazzar's Feast, — the long expected picture, about which we have wondered and conjectured so long. It is exhibited to get money enough to pay the proprietors of the painting, and then, I understand, is to be given to the Boston Athenæum. Not long before the artist's death, he conceived, it seems, that the effect of the several groups would be improved by a change in the perspective, and a consequent enlargement of the figures in the foreground. With this view the principal personages were to be repainted; and in proceeding to do this he covered Belshazzar, with an entire coat of dead color, which has now been removed, and the figure of the King reappears as it was, but in a very imperfect, faint, unsatisfactory condition. In every other respect, the picture is just as Allston left it, in all its unfinished condition. The Queen, the baffled soothsayers, and Daniel, are the great objects of interest. The back ground is made up of the tables and guests of the feast, and in a very distant part of the hall a statue of an idol under a strong, brilliant light from a lamp. In the foreground the light comes from the place where the handwriting was to have been. The effect of the picture is on the whole very grand: and a sense of the design, and of the artist's power grows upon you as you look at it. The idea of that which is divine bursting into the midst of revel and sin, and subduing all into consternation, is finely given. But the imperfect state of the picture, throws a mixture of melancholy into every view ~~of~~ you can take of it: Silent.

Francis C

calm, inexorable death signifies in every unfinished figure that he waits no more for hesitating, fastidious genius, delaying and retouching its work, than for the poorest and rudest boor whose life is all hand labor and sleep. I thought the stamp of Azrael was on the painting, wherever I turned. Daniel is noble, – the impersonation of the prophet-voice, as he looks with the fearless dignity of rebuke on the king, and points with one hand, to the awfully illuminated spot. He seems the symbol of religious principle, surmounting, with moral greatness, the civil power. Had such been the prophet-voice in this land, would our country have sunk into the sin and degradation, which it now humbles us to think of? The remembrance of the delightful evenings I have spent with Allston seemed to bring his own graceful refined, and elevated spirit over the whole scene.

May 5. Preached in West Roxbury to your good people, who love you, and think of you as all good people who know you, must do. I shall have the supply for ten Sundays. Dined at Mr Russell's with my wife, who went with me: my admiration of Mr and Mrs R. increases the more I know of them: I think I have never made a common acquaintance, that I valued so much. Mrs R. told me of her brother lately returned a Catholic: he has put her upon reading Wiseman's Lectures. – but she I perceive, stands at a higher point in religion than that, or any of the Christian sects. I admire her truthful and beautiful spirit on this subject: she owes a great deal to you. I left some of your books at the Study. – I shall try to disgorge all I have taken in that way, before your return. What good and kind people Cheney and his wife are, where I put up: Mrs C. tells me how much good you have done her in her afflictions &c—

May 8... The day of the great Dudleian Lecture, world-famous, world-moving. Preached by Dr Sears of Newton.—Subject, Evidences of Christianity: he gave us a pretty good manly, sensible discourse, as one might say,—but without going to the root of the matter. He began with elaborating the statement that philosophy, after all its maddest and wisest speculations, had been obliged to come back and acknowledge the divinity of Christianity. Now this is both untrue and vague: philosophy has not always acknowledged this, and when it has, what has it meant by the divinity of Christianity? what Leland for instance meant by it? I trow not. Then he dwelt upon the character of Christ and the adaptedness of Christianity to man universally and at all times, as evidences &c. He put some things very well, and had some good illustrations. But these instituted defences of Christianity by means of lectures &c, are to me mightily wearisome, and I doubt, profitless to all. Whence came and whither go all these Bampton, Boyle, Dudleian, Lowell, &c defences of Christianity? They come round in their orbits, like the horse in the mill,—but do they effect as much as the horse? do they grind anything? What religion but Christianity ever instituted these periodical and set defences of itself? The longer I live,

Francis C

the more I am persuaded, that men are seldom reasoned into their religion, or reasoned out of it.

May 9th.. Another ordination at South Boston, Mr Lippitt. — You have some remembrances of a similar ~~of a~~ occasion, I suppose. This time, Hall of Providence preached the sermon, within all the due limits of Unitarian propriety: it frightened nobody: I did not hear of a single old woman's fainting away: and Br. Lothrop will have no occasion to wash his hands of any guilt in the matter, in the Register. Capen made a remonstrance against the ordination on the ground of the Society's by-laws being a violation of the Hawes' fund; but the Council told him to go his ways, and settle it in the civil courts. L. was ordained.

May 10.. Here is another No. of Brownson, in which he gives us a *new* mode of writing the history of philosophy, dividing all into *Doctrines* of *Science*, and *Doctrines* of *Life* — *Ontology*, and Psy*chology*. — Bran new! The schoolmen of the middle ages are all the *go* with him now: they and the Fathers of the Church were the men, — there has been no philosophy since their time. Here too is a 4to German pamphlet by Neander (sent me by Simmons) on occasion of a great Bible Society meeting last Octr in Berlin: it is called "Züge aus dem Leben des heiligen Nilus &c. Who this St Nilus in the 10th Century was, I do not recollect; no such person floating among my ecclesiastical remembrances: are you acquainted with him?

May 12: — Preached again to your little flock, and had a pleasant day: spent the time at Cheney's: did not have time to call at your house: no parish news. The children are not likely to have any Sunday School this summer, I understand; for which, I dare say, they will be duly thankful: met an anecdote the other day of a little girl, who was overheard to pray thus, "I thank thee, O God for many good things, but above all that thou hast made six days to play in, and only one to pray in". Did ever an Archbishop make a truer and better prayer than that?

Dear Parker; Above you have a most meagre and beggarly journal of a few days. I meant to have extended and enriched it, but it must go as it is, or wait for another Steamer. I am consoled with remembering that to a man abroad any thing from the region of home is said to be like water to a thirsty man. There are half dozen things I meant to say, but have not and must say them another time. — I heard of your running down Mt Vesuvius like mad: O, that I had been with you. — By the way when you get to England again, do see Sidney Smith — Schelling's eyes glisten, when he lectures, like a cat's in the night, so they say: perhaps you are looking on them now. Tell us of all your doings and sayings and hearing as you can — — Yours as ever

C. Francis.

Francis C

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Cambridge. Nov. 26. 1845

Dear Parker,

You have made up your mind then, it seems, to cram (as the Oxford phrase is,) that you may stand a successful examination for the high office of Cardinal under Pope Orestes I. (that is to be.) This study of the Canon Law has an awful squinting that way. I shall caution your friends to look to you, before the matter gets any worse. What meaneth this affection for Papal ordinances, decrees, decretal epistles, and bulls? I like not the look. I shall either pray for you, or, if you be past praying for, shall counsel your medical man to say - naviget Anticyram. I have some difficulty in getting the consent of my conscience to give you aid, even if I could, in this papistical pursuit. But lest I should exasperate your disease by appearing not to humor it, I will say that a man, who already has Böhmer's tomes, and the Corpus Juris Canonici, at his fingers' ends, has got beyond his instructers; and who, short of Rome, shall teach him? I have seen these things at a distance, and so can only tell you, what I suppose you already know, that there are in the world, such books, as Spittler's "Geschichte des canonischen Rechts", - Pertsch's Historie des canonischen Rechts and Kirchenrechts". - Gallandius "De Vetustis Canonum Collectionibus". Beveridge "Συνοδικὸν, seu Pandectæ Canon Apostolorum et Conciliorum ab Ecclesiâ Græcâ recept Oxonii". "Yes", you will cry out, "you tantalizing sciolist, all that

I knew before: but where to find these same tomes of learning, and others similar?" Aye, there indeed is the rub. Not short of Berlin, or Göttingen, I suppose, shall your eye be brightened, and your heart refreshed by such a vision. What has Br. Jonathan to do with such things? Would they put more money into his pouch, or add more slave territory to the Union (qu. Disunion?)? And what wisdom is there in any acquisitions but these? However to mention something, which is accessible, I find in Schröckh's Kirchengeschichte such references, for matters of canon law as these. Th. V s. 59 &c, 89 &c 284. 295: Th. XVII. s. 386. Th. XXII. s. 8 &c: Th. XXVII. s. 5 &c —; and Schröckh, you know, is ever to be had in Harvard Library. I should add, that Beveridges' above-named work is to be had there too; and possibly by the help of learned Harris' Sibley you may mouse out yet more — though I strongly suspect that more "very rich" books of the kind desired are already to be found in the library of the heresiarch of West Roxbury, than any where else.

As to 1. Timothy, III, 15, 16, about which the commentators vex their righteous souls so much, I have never been able to put the matter into such a position as would quite satisfy me. On the whole I like Griesbach's division of the words better than Tischendorf's, which is that taken in our common version. It makes at least better sense (whether Paul's sense

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or not, - though I rather think it was his) to connect στυλος etc, with το της ευσεβειας μυστηριον, - and translate it, as *Flatt* (*Vorlesungen uber die Briefe Pauli an den Timotheus* &c) does, - "primarium dogma, quo nititur et fulcitur universa vera doctrina, i.e. evangelium". Schöttgen lets us know, that the Jewish writers were accustomed to call fundamental doctrines סודים? (fundamenta), and עמודים (columnas). If this arrangement be adopted, it would obviate the difficulty of the incongruous figure which you mention, though even if the other be adopted, it is as good rhetoric as we often meet in Paul's writings, - not to mention, that some render οικος by family (similar to Ephesians II. 19,) which would make the matter perhaps a little better. Still there is a harshness in the construction given by Griesbach, which I do not like: for the ὁμολογουμενως μεγα comes in rather awkwardly. Matthies (*Erklärung der Pastoralbriefe* &c) adopts the same division as you mention in Tischendorf; and he renders the το της ευσεβειας μυστηριον "das *Geheimniss* der *Frömmigkeit*, d.h. dasjenige Geheimniss, welches die christliche Religiositat oder Gottseligkeit in sich verschliesst". Is not this sense warranted by other uses of μυστηριον? Understood thus, it would be Christianity; and if Paul wrote this letter to Timothy (which seems quite doubtful) this perhaps accords well enough with his *usus* loquendi. - Of the three readings Θεος, ὃς, and ὃ, I suspect Griesbach's ὃς must be taken as the true one - Who the αγγελοι are? It is a forced and awkward interpretation to make them the *Messengers*, *Apostles* – though Flatt is for it, and maintains it to be the only congruous meaning. Was not the Jewish-Messiah-notion connected with their *angelology*, and was it not a part of the romance that he was somehow manifested, or shown up to the angels? I forget how this is, and have not time now to inquire: but if so, I suppose the writer of the Epistles might be willing enough to incorporate it into ~~the~~ his description of this personage. But as to this whole passage, it is long since I have attended to it, and have now no time to study it out.

My eyes and my pious faith, like your own, have been refreshed with the sight of the frog-*miracle* for music. He, who after this, can any longer doubt, must of course be damned: and I am glad to see that you are likely at last to be saved. And now that you are converted, would it not be well for you to strengthen the brethren by publishing an edition of the O. T. with *all* the wonders illustrated in this convincing way? Pictorial books are all the fashion: and if you could secure the labors of an ingenious artist, there is no telling what might be done, to bring back to the fold of the faithful, even such heretics as Norton.

By the way, I have not heard a word of what he says about Stuart's book. – The transcendentalist argument in the case of Balaam might be worked up into a separate treatise. The primitive Christians were

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sometimes called *Asinarii* by their neighbors: was this a prophecy waiting till now to be fulfilled?

Yours as ever.

C. Francis.

Taking you for an authority in matters of etiquette, I conclude that &c. &c. &c. is a new and appropriate style of address in the superscription of epistles. I have accordingly adopted it, as you will perceive, without however knowing what it means, but presuming it must mean something good.

Cambridge, Dec. 30. 1845

Dear Parker,

The who and the *what* among the young theologues? I hardly know what to say to you on this point. It is only with those who have gone from the *School*, that I am acquainted, — though there are, I believe, other candidates in abundance. Our last class are all taken up already in one way or another, except Richardson and White, and they too are engaged in preaching. It strikes me that Richardson might on the whole be the man for your purpose: he is a man of large and full soul, free, earnest, and untrammelled, — somewhat gusty and impulsive occasionally, but not so as to interfere with his usefulness probably. He writes with warmth and boldness, speaks well, looks well and is I think, a very true man. He is now at Southington,

Conn. where as in other places, he has been greatly liked: where he could be had at present I dont know.
Weiss would be an excellent man, if you can get him; at present he supplies the West Cambridge pulpit — I wish you could obtain him — —
How would your friend Silsbee answer? He writes well, but I suppose speaks heavily.
I am in great haste, and can only add that if I think of any body else, I will let you know.

Yours as ever.
C. Francis.

Cambridge, March 4th 1846

Dear Parker,

Mr Hadley, one of our Divinity Students, who I suppose will call upon you with this, tells me that he has a prospect through your kindness, of having a loan of some money procured for him. I write to say, that I am glad of it, and that "he is worthy for whom you should do this." He is, I think, a man of very good promise, with good abilities, a large soul, and a very practical turn, so that I hope good things of him in the ministry. He is much straitened in his pecuniary circumstances, and has shown a most commendable resolution in struggling along by keeping boarders, (having a family to support). We assist him all we can from our charity funds, and I have

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myself loaned him considerable money, which he has been able in due time to pay, as doubtless he would with regard to any other loan. I think you will do him a well-placed favor, if you can put him in the way of some assistance of this sort, and I shall be much obliged to you on his account--

I received yours of Feb.y 25 enclosing the preaching fee for the young men and myself. It is not according to the rules of the School for the young men to receive pay for preaching while in the School; but as they were not aware of it, and seemed to expect the money, I thought it best to let them have it.

Many thanks for the excellent epistle, which I found on my table, when we came home from Baltimore.

I have at present, only time to add, that we enjoyed our journey highly.

Yours most truly.

C. Francis.

Francis C

Cambridge, Jan. 10. 1845.

Dear Parker,

I take a little bit of paper to say, that, by the Grace of God, or at the instigation of the Devil, (as you shall interpret it) it is my determined purpose to invade your Study next Monday, A.M. and rob you of as much of your time as I can employ of the same article of my own for that object. I have long had this fell purpose, and in default of accomplishing it, have designed to inflict an epistle upon you. The kind providence, which watches over you, has as yet made me so busy or so lazy, as to save you from both these dispensations. But you may not expect to be shielded much longer: for unless the elements shall conspire against me, and for you, on the above named day, I am fiercely bent upon making a *raide* into your territories. If however you prefer to sustain the onset at another time, I will consent, on the score of old friendship, to put off the meditated inroad. Your silence I shall take for a token of resignation to the event.

Yours most truly.

C. Francis.

Francis C

Cambridge. Jan. 29. 1845.

Dear Parker,

I was heartily glad to receive your letter. But let me ask ~~you~~ in the first place, do you mean to poke fun at me, by calling me on the outside Prof. of Sacred Theology? This is what I am not, nor ever have been. It is bad enough to be Prof. of Pulpit Eloquence and the Pastoral Care, with three or four other departments, such as Ecclesiastical History, Natural Theology, and other such little matters, tacked on to it, —without having Sacred Theology to answer for. But let that pass: this merely by way of getting started.

The questions about Bibliolatry, and Revelation, and Natural Religion, you remember, are just those which I asked you two or three years ago, and I believe we both confessed ourselves at fault. I have never been able to answer them satisfactorily to myself. I dare say some thorough account of the history of Bibliolatry (as of every thing else) may be found in the all-embracing Teutonic books on the Science of Theology: but I know not where to look for it. Muenscher gives considerable on the sacred books among the early Christians, as well as on their notions of *inspiration*, which, I take it, connects itself a good deal with the subject: still he does not furnish what you want. Walch (I think) wrote a treatise on the use of the Scriptural books in the primitive Church, which I have not seen. There is a critique upon it in the 1st part of *Beyträge zur Beförderung des vernunft. Denkens* &c. Could not something be found in Meyer's *Geschichte der Schrifteklärung*? or is that merely about interpretation? The subject is a curious one, and if you succeed in finding it satisfactorily treated, I wish you would inform me. — Coleridge's little book – *Confessions* &c is of course familiar to you: but it is not the thing. I take it there can be no doubt, that the Reformation gave the great impulse to, if indeed it did not originate, this fond worship of the sacred letter. Protestantism felt, or imagined, that it must substitute something in place of the Church Authority it had discarded, and so it enthroned the written word in despotic power, and assigned to that alone the right to adjudicate all religious questions, till the false maxim of Chillingworth came to be received as an undisputed axiom: "the Bible, the Bible only, is the religion of Protestants". Still in spite of the error thus committed, I think it was an improvement upon Romanism; for I would rather have *Bibliolatry* than *Ecclesiolatry*, because the Book is after all a great deal better than the Church. I am equally at a loss as to the time when the distinction between Natural Religion and Revelation was distinctly and systematically made. I have looked for this in some of the German *Dogmatiks* but in vain: they analyse and philosophize about the distinction as it now exists, but do not tell when or how it took its place in the faith of the Church, as it stands at present. I rather think it is impossible to tell: for I suppose it came in gradually in company with other discussions, as a neces-

Francis 6

sary part or consequence of them, one distinction leading to another, one refinement to another, — one assumption being necessary to meet this cavil or objection, and another that. It was common among the early fathers, as you know, to admit the divinity of truth among the heathens, and inspiration or in-dwelling logos in their philosophers, and to claim *all this* as the same with Christianity, indeed to antedate Christianity, as it were, by carrying it back to preceding ages, and finding something of it in all truth. They seem to have thought that they had a better thing of the same kind, which had always been more or less. The great difficulty as the matter is treated now, is to fix the *notions* of Revelation, and of Natural Religion, — what they precisely mean. Is there not good ground for calling *all* religion, in a strict sense *revealed*? Does it not all come from an action of the Supreme Mind on the Human Mind? There are essays — Von dem Wesentlichen der Religion, and von dem *Unterscheidenden des Christenthums*: — *Warum giebt es jetzt keine Offenbarung mehr? Ueber den specifischen Unterschied des Christianismus von Naturalismus*, and others of a like kind in Henke's Magazin für Religionsphilosophie &c — which I should think you would like to see. It is long since I read any of them, and can hardly tell what they contain. I have the *Magazin*, much at your Service of course. — —

I have no history of *Apologetik*, much to my regret: nor do I know one that fully meets our wants. Tzschirner's work you know. It is in the College

Library, all that was ever published, which reaches I think, to about Origen's time: the work was intercepted, I suppose, by the death of the author: very good for *facts*, if I remember right, as far as it goes. In the 2d vol. of Pott and Ruperti's Sylloge Commentationum, which I have, there is a good dissertation by Eisenlohr *De argumentis ab apologetis seculi II ad confirmandum Relig. Christ. veritatem &c. usurpatis.* — Muenscher in his Dogmengeschichte, has some sections on the subject: as so likewise Flügge in his *Geschichte der theolog. Wissenschaften*, which is now in the College Library. Have you ever seen Examen des Apologistes du Christianisme, or some such title by *Freret*, a French writer of the last century? It is sometimes referred to, I observe, but have not read it: that too, is in College Library. The history of Apologetics is a capital subject: I wish somebody, the right man, would make a thorough systematic work upon it. Ziegler's book, you think, is out of date: I am not sure after all, that there is not a good deal of *gammon*, as they say, in the idea that none but the latest books contain thorough and sound investigations of these matters: even the freshest writers seem to rest upon and draw from the former books, and in many cases add nothing to them. Newman's work on the miracles of the primitive Church I have not seen, and have met with no one who has: I do not believe it can have much interest, for of course it is the old

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dish of Romanism hashed up again. Does it not weary one's spirit to think, that all that ground is to be gone over again, — that the Catholic controversy is soon to be once more the great controversy of the Christian world? However, it is not exactly going round in a circle, after all. — I rejoice to hear that you are called upon so much from all quarters: no man has such a *following* as you, and the "theological troubles" are the light dust of the balance, weighed against the warm sympathy that rises up around you. Bless your stars that there are those who care for you, and in whom you kindle an answering life, despite of the annoyance of the *clerical* body of Boston. If you once knew what it is to spend life, as I have done, without awakening interest in any human being, or doing good to any human being, without the excitement of sympathy or a smile of approbation from any quarter, you would be glad to take double of your troubles and maltreatment, if with them you might have, as you do, multitudes of hearts that warm to you, and minds that respond to you. I sometimes weep, when I ask what was I made for, and seem to hear echo answer — what — But this is a poor weakness, which I ought not to confess, and would not, but that sometimes it will out in spite of me. — What a pretty business that affair about Sargent is, among Unitarians, and in the 19th Century! And what an amusing tempest in a teapot Clarke's society have got up about your exchange! I am tempted to cry out, "O for a lodge in some past wilderness"! : but you will say I ought to push into the fight; and cry out — down with nonsense and littleness in high places —

Where do you want to place a young minister, if you can get one of the right stamp? If you wish me to ask Dr Noyes whether he can supply you with one, I will, and doubt not your wants will be met.

Yours most truly.
C. Francis.

I was thinking the other day that you are the only thorough scholar of the old fashioned sort among us: and just as I was thinking so, I met an anecdote of Dr Parr, — that he said with solemn scholarly dignity to Rev. W. Shepherd (author of the Life of Poggio) " 'Shepherd, the age of great scholars is past. I believe I am the only one now remaining of that race of men, who could sit down with pleasure to devour a folio". Sure I am that you are the only one among us, who can not only devour folios, but make them tell for something when devoured. C. F.

Pray come and see me. Excuse me that I did not write sooner. I was gone when your letter first came, and have not an hour till now.

Francis C

Cambridge, March 21. 1845.

Dear Parker,

Since you wrote me, I have had not a ten minutes, to look into the Parmenides of Plato, or to make any inquiry into the subject, which I mean to do as soon as I can. I am not predisposed to give much heed to any opinion of A. Norton on the subject, for I have no faith in his judgment on Platonic matters. His opinion whatever it may be worth, is only a repetition of Socher's in his Ueber Platons Schriften.

But I must snatch a moment to ask whether you have quite deserted us, and really mean never to let us see the light of your face again? Are you so engaged with your multifarious contests and labors, that you have cast me out of your account? I am working at the oar every hour, and cannot leave. – Else I should have been at W. Roxbury: but I am able to go nowhere. And if you will not take pity and come here, I am not likely to see you. When you do come, take my venerable cane for your companion, which escorted you home from Cambridge: for I sometimes crave its help in my walks, when I can get a chance to walk, which is not often. I shall look for you soon.

Yours most truly,

C. Francis

Cambridge, Jan 5. 1846.

Dear Parker,

I know nothing now to prevent my going over to West-Roxbury, and holding forth to your good people *next Sunday* i.e. the 11th and accordingly you may expect me. As to the *consideration*, if the parish are to pay, it is very well: but if it is to come from you, I shall certainly take nothing.

Yours very truly
C. Francis.

Cambridge. Jan. 13. 1846.

Dear Parker,

I cry aloud unto you to know whether you have yet escaped from "the Serbonian bog": because if you haven't, I have, and would presume to lend a helping hand to get you out. I floundered but a short time, before I found out where I was; and having reached solid land. I am going to put on a wise air, and tell you all about it, for which geographical lore of mine, you will doubtless never be able sufficiently to thank me to the end of your days. This same bog seems to be in a land, which has furnished other sorts of bogs to swamp the critics of antiquity. – i.e. Egypt. *Serbonis* (Σερβωνίδος λίμνη, saith Herodotus. b. III c. 5. – *quod vide*, which means. you need not look, but take my word for it,) was a lake, they tell us. "200

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furlongs in length, and 1000 in compass", between the ancient Mt. Casius (Κάσιος) and Damiata (as Milton has it in the place in question. Par. Lost. b. II 593) or Damietta (as we now spell it) on one of the eastern mouths of the Nile. It was surrounded on all sides by hills of loose sand, which being carried into the water by high winds, so thickened the lake, that it could not be distinguished from the neighboring parts of the continent; and this unhandsome diception on the part of said lake, assuming to itself, without notice previously given, such a bog-like character, is reported to have swallowed up whole armies, who perhaps went down as profitably for the world in that way, as they could in any other. Lucan (Pharsalia, VIII. 539) thus alludes to the treacherous region,

"Perfida qua tellus Casiis excurrit arenis,
"Et vada testantur junctas Aegypti Syrtes", etc.

So much for the facts of the Serbonian bog, which, for the most part, please to credit to Newton's notes on Milton. I find in the Geographies and Maps a lake now called Menzaleh (Andreossi has given a memoir and a Map of it in the great French work on Egypt,) which corresponds pretty well to the above-mentioned situation. It is said to be a vast salt marsh, 40 miles long, communicating with the sea, by several outlets. Is this the same with the ancient Serbonis?

And now, to compensate me, for the vast pains I have taken in this matter, you must make one of your parables on the Serbonian bogs - quagmires rath-

-er – of *theology*. Go up and down in ecclesiastical history, and see where the sands have been blown into the low, wet places, and covered them up into a similitude of firm land, so that "armies whole" of theologues have sunk out of sight, acquiring an admirable alacrity in sinking, from the folios and quartos which they tucked up under their large, old fashioned, strong arms. Take account of some of the bogs of the present day, and tell us how some are in up to their knees, others to the middle.—some neck-deep, and others with the top of the head just vanishing. Exhumate some of the poor victims, who may be supposed to have lived under the mud, as toads do in the heart of a tree or a stone, and let them tell how they thought they were treading on terra firma, till they slumped, and even then thought they were only going deeper into the good matter, but presently perceived that they were buried in one vast continent of mud. Yet perhaps chasing a *cloud* *land* would be a better symbol of a great part of so called theology.

Have you ever seen Zeller's "Stimmen der Deutschen Kirche über das Leben Jesu von Dr Strauss"? It was published in 1837, and gives a view of all that had then been written against Strauss in Germany. It is only valuable as furnishing the facts of what has been said on the subject. The author himself is confident that the German mind is going back fast to the old church-orthodoxy!—

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Resolve me now a question: viz., who is the *Quinet* that wrote *Ahasverus*, – the *Genie des Religions* &c. and who is now writing so zealously against the Jesuits? At least there is something very different in the former from what one would expect from the spirit and tone of the latter. Yet I have never heard of but one Quinet, as a French writer.

Carlyle's Cromwell (I am told, for I have not read it) is blood-thirsty and smashing. He thinks that cannons, swords, and hard knocks are the only reformers. His appetite has grown so morbid, that the coarsest and hottest violence suits it best. He reminds me of what Johnson said about drinking, "No, Sir, claret is the liquor for boys; port for men: but he who aspires to be a hero, must drink brandy. In the first place, the flavor of brandy is most grateful to the palate: and then brandy will do soonest for a man what drinking *can* do for him. There are, indeed, few who can drink brandy. That is a power rather to be wished for, than attained." But then Johnson said this rather as a magisterial dictum, than as matter of belief: – but Carlyle seems honestly to think (historically and morally, I mean) that your *brandy-heroes* are the only true ones. He hates a sham so, that he has come to think the only true man is he who lays about him lustily with a butcher's cleaver, and that cutting throats is really the best way of doing man's great work.

I wish such a man to have more faith in

truth and love.

Yours as ever.

C. Francis.

Can not a learned article on Canon Law (about which you was inquiring some time ago) be found in Hoffman's great Lexicon Universale? I do not know, — only have an impression, from some former use, that every thing is there. I forgot to ask you, what you think of Humboldt's Kosmos? My best regards to the excellent ladies of the household.

C. F.

Cambridge, May 17. 1847

Dear Parker,

I am truly obliged to you for advertising me of the meeting at your house. Whether I shall be able to attend it, is very doubtful: indeed I am afraid I shall not, for it falls on one of the busiest of my days. It would give me pleasure to be with you; but I cannot promise that my engagements will allow it. I should be sure of hearing much, that would edify, enlighten, and stimulate me. Yet I am so out of favor with all the cliques, parties and divisions of the thinking and religious world about me, that I sometimes feel as if I must pursue the rest of my journey alone. It is rather hard, as one passes on to the shady side of life (so called) to be left out or set aside by intellectual, literary, and

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even social friends: but I suppose it is the customary tax, which one must pay for having years added to his life. All this however is egotism, the less of which, always the better, except with those, who command an interest, which authorizes them to speak of self.

Now my pen is moving, let me ask you for a bit of book-information. I find in old *Dr Donne* the following statement.—

"About four hundred years since (i.e. about the close of the 12th or beginning of the 13th Cent.), came out that famous infamous book in the Roman Church, which they called *Evangelium Spiritus Sancti*, *The Gospel of the Holy Ghost*: in which was pretended that as God the Father, had had his time in the government of the church in the law, and God the Son his time in the Gospel, so the Holy Ghost was to have his time: and his time was to begin within fifty years after the publishing of that Gospel, and to last to the end of the world: and therefore it was called *Evangelium œternum*. The everlasting Gospel. By this Gospel, the Gospel of Christ was absolutely abrogated, and the power of governing the Church according to the Gospel of Christ utterly evacuated: for, it was therein taught, that only the literal sense of the Gospel had been committed to them, who had thus long governed in the name of the church, but the spiritual and mystical sense was reserved to the Holy Ghost, and that now the Holy Ghost would set that on foot" &c. (Donne's Works. Vol. 1. p. 545).

Now can you tell me anything about this book, the *Evangelium Spiritus Sancti*, — who wrote it, — where it appeared, — what it was aimed at, &c? Donne gives no further clew to it, than the above words, and I have been unable to find any trace of it. There is a pregnant meaning in the character of the work as stated by Donne, — and I have no small curiosity to ascertain and identify its whereabouts in the theological world. — I shall be right glad, if you can tell me anything or all about it.

I have been intending to bring you Glanvill's *Scepsis Scientifica*, which I think you said you wanted, and will do so the first opportunity.

Yours most truly
C. Francis.

Cambridge, July 3. 1849.

Dear Parker,

The book, which I tried to remember the other day, when I saw you, is by W. Schott, "Ueber den Buddhaismus in Hochasien und in China" Berlin 1846. It is on Garrigue's Catalogue of April, last year. I know nothing of its character, but marked it as a work I might one day get or borrow. I have Windischmann's "Philosophie in der Fortgange der Welt". — i.e. three volumes, which is by no means the whole. But the 2d & 3d vols. are upon

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the philosophy of India. These are much at your service. The 1st is upon Chinese philosophy; perhaps you might like that also. I have read none of it as yet; and probably shall not for a good while; and should be glad to have your all-devouring book energy turned upon it, and give me some account of it.

O how much I long sometimes to live in action for a few years at least, and have nothing to do with books, or with the anile questions and interests which occupy most, even of intellectual men. I read the other day of St. Christopher, the good giant Saint, that in his earlier days he left the devil and travelled far and wide seeking Christ: and coming to the cell of a holy hermit, the hermit told him, if he would serve Christ, he must fast often. But Christopher said — I will not fast: for surely if I were to fast, my strength would leave me — "And thou must pray", added the hermit. "Nay", said Christopher, "I know nothing of prayers, and I will not be bound to such a service" — Then said the hermit — "Knowest thou then a certain river, stony and wide and deep, and often swelled by the rains, and wherein many people perish who attempt to pass over"? He answered — "I know it". Then said the hermit. "Since thou wilt neither fast nor pray, go to that river and use thy strength (for he was mighty and strong) to aid, and to save those who struggle with the stream, and are about to perish. It may be Jesus Christ, whom thou seekest to serve, will accept this good work, and may manifest himself to thee". — Then replied the good Christopher joyfully, "This I can do, and it is a service which pleaseth me right well". So he went and dwelt by the river; and having rooted up a palm tree from the forest, he used it for a staff to support and guide his steps, when he waded in the water, and carried the weak and weary on his shoulders across the stream. And thus, day and night, he was always ready for his task, and multitudes did he on his broad shoulders, help over the deep and troubled waters. And at length, Christ came in the form of a little child, and with a plaintive voice asked to be carried over: and the good Christopher lifted him up, and as he proceeded, the waves roared, and the child grew so heavy that his steps tottered, and he almost sunk under the weight: but at last he laid him softly and gently on the other bank: and then the child made himself known, and told Christopher that his work of love, had won for him a blessing and a crown. —

Is n't it beautiful? I don't know what set me upon telling this long story, except that it was fresh in my mind, and I was charmed with it. It was new to me: but I dare say is a twice told tale to you. If so, excuse it. I wish we had more St. Christophers. I would *even* give up some of our pious Bible commentators, and Sunday saints for them.

Yours as ever

C. Francis

Francis C

Cambridge July 12th 1849.

Dear Parker,

You speak of not having seen my hand-writing for a long time: do you know how long it is since I have seen yours, till this welcome epistle came? I could hardly believe that you had cast me off, as nearly all the ministers and literary men of my acquaintance seem to have done, nor will I believe it till I have better evidence.

You ask of the Visitation Day. It is, as you will see by the papers, next Monday at 10 o'clock, — the day of the week being necessarily altered on account of the new arrangement about Commencement. I shall be most glad to see you. The exercises of course will not satisfy or interest you. The best mind in the class (Hurlbut) has just gone to Europe, and I regret his absence on the occasion very much. I cannot have my way as to the selection of subjects, — at least but partially, or they would be of a higher cast. Nor can I get even such subjects, as they have, treated with the breadth and depth, which belongs to scholars and thinkers. So you and others blame me, because they are not profound and scholarly; and another set blame me even more, because they are too liberal and free-thinking. Well so be it: since fault-finding seems to be the law of all literary and ecclesiastical men. I know very well how much the School is below what it ought to be, and I know the causes of

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that; — but I know too that I have done my duty faithfully: it is not for me to apply any other term, — but I can say faithfully: and I know moreover that I have done three or four times as much as my predecessor did in the way of instruction. Parker, I have suffered more than I can tell, in my present situation. All this is *inter nos*, and I wish I could sometime talk over the matter with you.

I should like mightily to have that "long summer's day of idleness and mirth" in the West Roxbury woods: and if I can accomplish it in the vacation I will. But at present, I cannot fix upon any time. I do not know whether Br. Lamson regards me as sufficiently within the regular pale of favor, to wish to see me there or not; but I should like to see him.

But I am tired and ashamed of alluding to myself. No one — οὔτε θεῶν μακάρων, οὔτε θνητῶν ἀνθρώπων — can or ought to bear a man who talks much about himself. — So I will relieve you, and ask a scholar's question. — Can you tell me, whether there is any edition of the *Poems* of Gregory of Nazianzum, separate from his other *Opera*? If so, what is it, and what is the best? Walchius (Bibl. Patrist.), after speaking of the "egregia carmina" of Gregory (about the *egregia*, by the way I have some heretical doubts), says they have been published with the other Opera, with the Scholia of

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Billius, and then adds "partim separatim variis in locis edita" – But what these separate editions of the Poems are, I do not find in any of his several notices of Gregory. If there is a good modern one, with good apparatus, I want to get it.

Resolve me this, "et eris mihi magnus Apollo."

Yours most truly,
C. Francis

Cambridge, Aug. 10. 1849.

Dear Parker.

Since I had your last letter (for which I sincerely give you many thanks, notwithstanding my foolish misconstruction of one expression – which pardon) I have been almost constantly absent. And now I take the first opportunity to look up something about the Latin proverb. Its true form I take to be, – "Ne è quovis ligno Mercurius fiat". As to its origin all I can find is, that Erasmus (whose notice of it in his De Adagiis you must have overlooked) gives the following from Theophrastus, as if it were the passage of which the Latin proverb is a translation:

ὀυχ παντος ξυλον ἐρμῆς άν γενοιτο.

This is all that Erasmus says of it, except briefly explaining its application. I have not been able to find the passage in Theophrastus, after some in-

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spection: but I suppose it must occur in the description of some one of his characters, and was probably quoted into familiar use, as a pointed and epigrammatic sentence is apt to be, till it found its way among the Latins in the version we now have. I take it, that many proverbs are simply pungent or witty sayings taken out of their connexion in some author's writings, and put into popular circulation by frequent repetition. With regard to the one in question, we have similar expressions to signify that an exquisite piece of workmanship cannot be made out of rough and ordinary materials. Thus we say, "you cannot make a silken purse of a sow's ear," — or you cannot make a horn of a pig's tail," or as the Spaniards say "de ruyn pãno nunca buen sayo" — a good coat of coarse or bad wool.

With regard to your other inquiry, I must say I cannot answer it, for the very good reason that I cannot make out what the inquiry is. That is to say, I positively cannot read the words. I can only see that there is something about Egypt in it: but what it is, may heaven forgive me, if I can divine. Did the association with Egypt carry you off into hieroglyphics, by a natural tendency? If so, I must ask to have the hieroglyphics explained: for I have not yet become so at home with these ancient emblematics as to read them like the vernacular. I do not know whether it is, that my sight fails me, as I grow older, or what is

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the matter: but the simple fact is, I cannot puzzle it out. Pray be so good as to expound.

I do not believe the race of theological students has degenerated *so much*, as you seem to suppose, - though I acknowledge the profession does not attract the best men as it once did, - and good reasons there are for this, as you say. But still among those who have gone from us the last 6 or 7 years, there is a fair proportion of such, as are likely to distinguish themselves by talent, earnest work, and pretty good scholarship. The sneers and stigmas, which have been thrown upon them from certain quarters among the clergy, are owing to other causes, - such as I could easily explain to you, if I had room, and such as would make you laugh or stare. - You say that you wish the Boston coterie would follow Gannett in some other matters, as well as in his denominational devotedness, I do not know how good a model he might be; let others judge, who know better than I. But I will tell you one anecdote, which may be between us.
Dr G. complained bitterly the other day, that the theology of the Divinity Students at Cambridge, was not such as to suit the *laymen* *of Boston* (meaning, I suppose, such beautiful specimens as Albert Fearing & Co.) I ventured to ask him, if the views of Boston laymen were the standard, by which the theological instruction, and the influence of a Divinity School were to be guided and estimated? He replied "that is a question, which I dont choose to answer: but if

the laymen are not pleased and satisfied, we can't get money from them"! Well, what think you of that? –

Have you seen Carlyle's (brother of Thomas) literal translation of Dante? It reads like a sort of Bible version? – Can you tell me what is the value of the translation of Plato, which Bohn is publishing in his Classical Library Series? – Have you Görres' *Christliches* Mystik? If so, I should like to borrow it one of these days. – What is the best work on Persian and other Oriental poetry, exclusive of the Hebrews? –

Yours most truly,
C. Francis

I expect to preach in Dedham next Sunday; and if so, mean to call and find you on my way home.

Cambridge, July 5. 1850

Dear Parker,

I suppose your inquiries about Mohammed, &c have placed within the all-embracing sweep of your bibliographical grasp the following works:

Abr. Geiger, Was hat Mohammed aus dem Judenthume entnommen? Bonn. 1833.
C. F. Gerock, Versuch einer Darstellung der Christologie des Korans. Hamburg. 1839.

If these books are on your shelves, I should like

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at some convenient time to be indulged with the use of them for a little while.

I wish we could see one another at least often enough not to forget how we look spiritually, as well as according to the flesh.

Yours as ever, very truly.
C. Francis.

Cambridge, Feb. 25. 1851.

Dear Parker,

When you was here the other day, I forgot to ply (or plague) you with two or three questions: and now to make the matter worse, I am going to interrupt you up there in your study-loft by asking them on paper. And so here they are.

Can you tell me anything about Fricke's *Lehrbuch der Kirchengeschichte*. 1850? What is its character and value, — and whether you have it?

I have the *First Part* of the *First Volume*, of *Etudes Philosophiques sur le Christianisme* par F. Bruch, published at Paris and Strasbourg 1839, and have been unable to find through Little & Brown's agency any more of it. Have you the means of knowing whether it has been continued? and if so, when, and how much more of it has appeared?

Again, — tell me, — for you know — what is the value of Morrison's English Translation of *Ritter's History* of

Ancient Philosophy? Is it reliable for accuracy in representing the original? I have lately had a present of it, and not having the German, I do not know how trustworthy it is.— By the way, I have been struck with observing how much more lucidly and neatly the French generally translate German works of this character, than the English.

Once more; do you know where the earlier volumes, or the volumes back (say) of 1845,— of the *Revue de Deux Mondes* are to be found? What the College has of it begins so late, that several valuable articles are not to be had there.

Once more again,— what German *Journals* or *Periodicals* do you receive? I sometimes find interesting references in that direction,— and want to know what ones you can supply in case of need?

There,— enough in all conscience. But you may take the most leisurely of your leisure hours (if you ever have such things) to reply: for I am in no haste, and send my queries now only because, if I put it off, I am afraid I shall forget it.

What do you think of Everett's assertion in the N. Y. Speech, that 99 out of 100 of Massachusetts people wish to see the Fugitive Slave Law put in execution? Is it not what the Greeks, I think, called a ψευδος, and what the English call by a Saxon word harder than *fit*? Didn't he know better? If it were true, I should pray to be saved from the grief of passing

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the rest of my days, in what we have called the land of the Pilgrims.

Yours as ever
C. Francis

Cambridge, March 3d 1852.

Dear Parker,

Since I saw you, I have had an opportunity of looking into Bishop Newton's edition of Milton; and though his annotation on the passage in question amounts to little, yet I thought you might like to see it, if you have not already. On the expression "dragon yoke" he remarks. "This office is attributed to dragons on account of their watchfulness"; – and then refers to similar phraseology in Shakspeare – "Swift, swift, you dragons of the night" (Cymbeline Act. 2. Scene 2.) and "The dragon wing of night o'erspreads the earth" (Troilus and Cressida, Act 5) – In one of his Latin poems, Milton has the same allusion:

—"sub pedibus deam
" Vidi triformem, dum coercebat suos
" Fraenis dracones aureis."

One of the commentators on Shakspeare, I observe, says that the whole tribe of serpents sleep with their eyes open, and therefore appear to exert a constant vigilance. It would seem from this, that Milton took the "dragon yoke", not from any mythological source, but used it simply as a figure expressive of watchfulness. As to the mytholog-

-ical representations of Cynthia, Spence in his Polymetis, after remarking that she is generally exhibited with a lunar crown or crescent on her forehead, and sometimes as drawn by stags, sometimes by does, but more commonly by white horses, goes on to remark that there is a gem in the Duke's collection at Florence, in which Cynthia is drawn by two heifers: a circumstance which does not appear I think, in any of the classic Latin poets. But nothing like *dragons* do I find in any mythological authority. Warton gives no attempt at an explanation of the passage in Milton, which is the more unpardonable, because in his edition of the smaller and occasional Poems he loads his pages elsewhere with critical and explanatory remarks, which, it must be confessed, are often quite valuable. If any thing more turns up about the "dragon yoke", I will let you have it.

You say, I observe, at the end of your note — "I never see you now-a-days". You must remember that I might send the sentence back in the same form to you: for so it is. But, to say truth, I do not think that any body wants to see me much now. I seem not to belong to any body's troop, — to be attached to no clique or clan, and without something of this sort, no person is much valued or cared for. I am living without sympathy, and without encouragement; and if I could only feel that some work of life had been done by me as it ought to be done, I should not be unwilling to pass away. But enough of this egotism —

What shall we say of Margaret Ossoli's Memoirs? I hope the three fellow laborers have not made the lady ridiculous. I confess there is, for my taste, too profuse a manufacture of halos, crowns, regal sceptres &c; too much jubilant glorification. I do not feel quite willing to admit that Margaret was in her own right a born queen, around whom others were to gather and worship, – nor am I quite willing, in order to save myself from merited contempt as an ordinary mortal, to say, "Margaret, be merciful to me a sinner." She was a most worthy and highly cultivated woman, full of a certain kind of energy (I say nothing of any faults;) but was she really divine – was she a goddess – except to her clique? –

Have you ever observed the similarity of Bushnell's notions about the inadequacy and inaptness of language for Spiritual subjects to St Augustine's view in his "Liber de Magistro"? –

Yours most truly as ever,
C. Francis.

Cambridge Oct. 10. 1853.

Dear Parker,

I am verily ashamed that yours of Sept. 30: has not been replied to before. The truth of the case is that, carelessly on my part, your letter somehow was laid aside, and in the hurry of employments forgotten, to my shame be it said. It has just now turned up; and though at this moment I have not time to put together the references about Servetus, I write to say that I will attend to it, as soon as I get leisure to take a long breath. Some of my memoranda are in a book which I have loaned, but hope to have it soon. Perhaps you are in no special hurry. Doubtless you already know all I could refer you to; but at your request, I shall be happy to furnish any notices that have come in my way.

Yours most truly,
C. Francis.

Cambridge Nov. 16: 1853

Dear Parker,

I shall try, according to promise, to get together some references about the man, whose fate has stamped a black mark on Calvin's name, which no special pleading of partisan theology (though, heaven knows, it must be a tough case when *that* cannot make the worse appear the better reason) can ever wipe

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out. But after all, what I can tell will be to you γλαῦχ' εἰς Ἀθήνας – coals to Newcastle: for when you have looked into a matter, who ever found you leaving any thing for any body else to know or to say? Don't your conscience, you omnivorous scholar, sometimes reproach you with the unfairness which Charles II charged upon Dr Isaac Barrow? unfair – said the king – because he so exhausts every subject that he leaves nothing for any body else to say. However you must take the consequences of asking me to repeat what you already know; and so I'll proceed to the matter in hand.

Well, then, besides Mosheim's excellent work, which we spoke of the other day, and which you have, the following have fallen under my notice, as having a good deal, or something, to tell us about the martyr Servetus.

Allwoerden, Historia Mich. Serveti. Helmstadii. 1727 Coll. Lib. – Sandius, Biblioth. Anti-Trinit. Freistadii, 1684. Coll. Lib. – Bock. Historia Anti-Trinit – Coll. Lib. An Impartial History of Michael Servetus &c London 1724. This is compiled (by whom I have not been able to learn,) chiefly from De la Roche's Memoirs of Literature &c. London. 1710. 11 & 12, which the author, with some abridgement and alteration, I believe, translated into French, with the title Bibliotheque Anglaise (penes me) Calvin, Fidelis Expositio Errorum Mich. Servetus. (Opera) Castalio (as supposed) Contra Libellum Calvini. M. A. Rilliet, of Geneva, Relation du Procès intenté a Genève en 1553 contre Michel Servet. This was translated, and other matter added, by Rev W. K. Tweedie with the title "Calvin and Servetus" &c at Edinburgh. I believe. (Lib. of Div. School).

Drummond's Life of Michael Servetus, — against Tweedie's book. (Lib. of Div. School).

Wrights Apology for Michael Servetus. (Lib. of Div. School, I believe)

Account of Calvin's Treatment of Servetus, by George Benson. D.D. and Defence of the Account. These are found in a Collection of Tracts by Benson, London. 1748 (penes me)

Saisset, Michel Servet, Revue des Deux Mondes, Tome XXI, (1848) (Coll. Lib.)

F. Treschel, Die Protestantischen Antitrinitarier vor Faustus Socin. Erstes Buch. Michael Servet and seine Vorgänger. Heidelberg. 1839. — (penes me)

Articles on Servetus in the Monthly Repository (an old English Unitarian Journal) Vol. V. (Lib. of Div. School)

General Repository and Review Vol IV. This article, I believe, I told you was probably written by Mr Norton. But I misremembered. On looking at it again I recollected that it was printed from a Ms. by Judge Van der Kemp, formerly of N. York, somewhere on the Hudson River, a layman of remarkable theological acquisitions and especially interested in Unitarian theology.

This Ms. is now deposited in the Library of Harvard College, where I have examined it.

Francis C

Paul Henry, Das Leben Johann Calvins. 3 Bände (penes me)
Waterman's Life of Calvin (College Lib.)
Dyer's Life of Calvin, recent and quite good. (penes me)
Chaufepie's Historical Dictionary, Article on Servetus. (Coll. Lib.)
Bayle's Dictionary, Article Calvin – (penes me)

With respect to the merit claimed for Servetus of having anticipated Harvey in the discovery of the circulation of the blood. I have a book not very common, I believe, – viz. "The Unnoticed Theories of Servetus" by George Sigmond. M.D. The 2d edition was printed, London, 1828. I think I have a few references somewhere on this part of the scientific claims of Servetus. In his Introduction, Dr. Sigmond makes the following statement. "The late Dr Sims, for many years President of the Medical Society of London, bequeathed to me his copy of Servetus, (the Christianismi Restitutio), to which he has prefixed the following note: "The fate of this book has been not a little singular; all the copies, except one, were burnt with the author by the implacable Calvin. This copy was secreted and saved by D. Colladon, one of the judges. After passing through the library of the Landgrave of Hesse Cassel, it came into the hands of Dr Mead, who endeavored to give a 4to. edition of it; but before it was nearly completed, it was seized by John Kent messenger of the press. and Wm Squire, messenger in ordinary, on the 2d of May, 1723, at the instance of Dr Gibson, Bishop of London, and burnt, a very few copies excepted." — This notice of the suppressed attempt to reprint the book was new to me: noble Gibson! well worthy to be a Bishop of London, — and go about scenting out the heresy about to be born of the press! How his wig must have shaken with delighted zeal in the Lord's work, when he saw those flames, — and how he must have envied Calvin the richer satisfaction of roasting the heretic's body!

The statement about that copy of Christian. Restit. being the only one saved, when Servetus was burnt, I suspect, is not correct. — You know the work has been reprinted, page for page, at Nurenberg 1790.

There, — I think ~~say~~ I have "bestowed my tediousness" upon you enough for this time.

Yours very truly.
C. Francis

Cambridge, Nov. 19th 1853

Dear Parker,

Here followeth a codicil to that epistle on the books about Servetus. Two there are of some importance, which I forgot, viz —

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Senebier. Histoire Litteraire de Geneve. 3 Tomes. (Coll. Lib.)
Ruchat. Histoire de la Reformation de la Suisse. (Lib. of Div. School).

This latter, I think, is not a common book in this country. What it has about Servetus is in the 6th volume. When I referred to Bayle's article on Calvin, I had the impression I had seen something there about Servetus: but on turning to it, I find he says nothing on the subject. He mentions what he considers a silly report, spread by some, that Calvin wished to have it believed that he had power to raise the dead, and quotes Father Labbe as saying, that "Calvin caused Servetus to be put to death, and pretending by his prayers to raise a poor fellow whom he had suborned to feign himself dead, he made the man play his part so long till he was dead indeed" – I believe that is all Bayle has about the burning of Servetus.

By the way, was Calvin so good a Biblical critic and interpreter as they report him? I have not looked at him much in those matters. Scaliger thought he was wise in not meddling with the Apocalypse: "sapit quod in Apocalypsin non scripsit".

I see that Ferd. Chr. Baur has lately published "Das Christenthum, and die christliche Kirche der drei ersten Jahrhunderte". Have you got it?

Yours very truly,
C. Francis

Cambridge Nov. 11. 1854.

Dear Parker,

"Quæ Hieronymus nescivit, nullus hominum unquam scivit", said the Bishop of Hippo in days of old. Now what Augustine thus said of Jerome, a poor, luckless professor here in Cambridge saith to his great, world-renowned friend Parker: for verily the thing, which Parker knoweth not, no one of the sons of men knoweth. When, therefore, even he is at a stand, and comes to asking questions for information, like common mortals, what can one like me do or expect? It is then without even a blush of shame, that I am obliged to tell thee I am a "know nothing" as to the questions thou dost propound: and should have told thee sooner, but that I entertained some hope that time for inquiry and recollection might help me to cover up my ignorance, and put a good face upon it. But all would not do: so there is no escape and I must answer, can't say. Sir. Those English lines,

"Count that day lost &c".

have been from time to time ringing in my memory from early life, and I think I must have learned them from some poetical extract in a reading book at school. I have never thought of asking after the author, and now that I am questioned about it, am utterly at fault. I cannot for the life of me, even guess where they came from. This is nothing wonderful in my case: but I was surprised —

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confounded I may say, - on applying to our poet Longfellow to be told by him not only that he did not know the author, but that the lines were entirely new to him. He thought Mr Fields of Boston (Ticknor & Fields) would know all about it - All this reminds me of similar perplexities about the authorship of familiar quotations. Somebody once asked me, where "the feast of reason and the flow of soul" came from: it was long before I could tell, but I did at last. - There are lines on cruelty to animals, beginning "Take not away the life you cannot give, - For all things have an equal right to live" - the origin of which to this day I have not been able to trace: - and some others, concerning which I and all I have consulted are still at fault. -

So much for the English lines. As for the Latin ones - what will you say? - I have to confess that as yet I have not been able to obtain the first condition of beating up for recollection or starting inquiry about them, inasmuch as I have been wholly unable to make out what the words composing the lines are - - Now this is not the fault of your *handwriting* - no, by no means, - but of my dulness in reading, I suppose. I am not what they call an *expert* in deciphering hieroglyphics - no, I mean *chirography* - and woe's me! I feel the misfortune of it in this case. How I peered and peered at those words and letters: and how obstinately they refused to put themselves into any known shapes, or lead to any known sounds! What shall I do? Do not punish me by letting me go to my grave without knowing what they are: but try again, and perhaps you can reach my obtuse organs.

I am really ashamed to send all this under the name of a reply to your queries: but the next best thing to knowing, is to understand one's ignorance —

You refer to our present politics. Dear me! what a hodge-podge of grimace, and blarney, and humbug we have. Yet I think good may come out of it all, by breaking up the old stereotyped organizations, from which nothing was to be hoped, but more and more truckling to the Slave Power.

I sometimes get very weary of all interest in these matters, — the actual world about one — and wish to steal away into the world of Spiritual abstractions.

There is a fine grandeur in the old Teutonic mystic's lines. —

Wem Zeit ist wie Ewigkeit
Und Ewigkeit wie Zeit,
Der ist befreit
Von allem Streit.

But it will not do: this thorny, empirical present, this fighting world around us, — will have us, and to a great extent ought to have us. —

I have met a most important Biblical and theological question, in a French writer, which I fear may have escaped even your pious diligence: I trust you will give it careful consideration, though the

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Frenchman allows himself to speak of it with levity, even with a kind of disdain,—impious that he is: it is this—
"La question de savoir qui avoit corroyé les peaux, dont Dieu couvrit Adam, est encore une pure chicane qui tombe d'ellemême".

So, though I have not answered your questions, yet you must allow that I have furnished you a most interesting, and perhaps new, enquiry in sacred learning. Who but you shall make the quarto treatise,—beginning with the _idea_, the Begriff of currying in general, and reaching at length the various theories (a. b. c. d.) as to who performed that operation for Adam's clothing—

But, alas! that the end of my paper obliges me to break off from this vitally interesting topic.

Yours most truly,
C. Francis.

P. S.—At present I know of no employment for Dr F—; if I hear of any, shall be most happy to serve him. If he could teach, instead of all languages, the art of making one dollar produce two, I would engage to find him all the work he would want.—

Francis C

Cambridge, May 23d 1855

Dear Parker,

What a bad correspondent I must be, to let your most pleasant and interesting note of some fortnight ago pass so long without a word of reply. "Omnia ruere in pejus," as the poet said of old, and as poets are very apt to say and think. Heaven help me, – I believe I am degenerating too – Yet I may plead that I delayed sometime, hoping to drag that *Wolf* out of his den, as "old Put" did at Pomfret. But among all the *Wolfish* tribe in Germany, (and they are not a few), I have not been able to identify this Johannes, the Jurisconsult, – author of the admirable "Lectiones" of 2½ centuries ago. I fear you must find some literary hound of keener scent than mine, to get upon his track – I hope to have a sight of the *Lectiones* one of these days, when I shall be able to rise to that "high lonely tower" of yours, where you,

—— " oft outwatch the Bear,
"With thrice-great Hermes, or unsphere
"The Spirit of Plato, to unfold &c &c –

– a pleasure, which, as well as that of seeing you here, I enjoy alas! how seldom. You have become so much a *vir illustrissimus*, and have such great works to do for the great public, and I am so confined to my humble routine of drudgery, or at least of monotonous and unnoticed work, that I sometimes fear we shall

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not see or know much of each other any more, till we get to the upper freedom.

As to the *immacolato concipimento*, it was very kind in you to read this Lambruschini for me, and tell me of his twaddle, for sure I am I could not do the task for myself. Protestant theology is bad enough: but I must say Catholic theology is some per cent worse: i.e. there is a stamp of *silliness* on it, rather peculiar, though I grant it does not appropriate all that attribute. I feel like saying of it, as Parkman did about Himes, when some one asked him what *sort* of a fool he was, "why, to speak as the profane, the Lord forgive me — he is a *damned* fool!" O, Stultus labor ineptiarum! — is not that the account of theology? mostly, at least. Lord Bacon regarded theologic truth "tanquam portus et sabbatum humanarum contemplationum omnium": this was the ideal of it in his own great mind; but what would he find it in fact among 9/10 of the theologians of Christendom?

Who is — who shall be — the man to write that History of Christianity of which you speak? We want Gibbon, and Niebuhr, and Fenelon, and Ferd. Christian Baur, and Jer. Taylor, amalgamated together to do that work; — and when will that prodigy come? What would that beautiful and blessed Spirit, who sat on the Mount, and opened his mouth to the multitudes, have said to the Christendom, men have made? One feels as Sixtus V did, when in his just wrath he forbade the Jesuits to call themselves the "*com*pany of Jesus". — "Company of Jesus"! he exclaimed, stroking his huge white beard.

— Of Sulpicius Severus, I only know what the historians say, and a few extracts. I am thankful for the fun and the instruction of your accounts and must certainly look into his Epistles. Those old fellows seem to have had a perfect mania for all sorts of questions about *women*: their very dreams, like Jerome's, were disturbed about them. I must find out, when I see you, who Pater Balbinus is, and more of him —

Will you tell me where the best account may be found of the famous *Satyre Menippee* de *la Vertu du Catholicon d'Espagne*, in old French literature? I have a copy of it which once belonged to Dean Swift. — Nisard's notice of it, in his *Histoire de la Litter. Francaise*, is very brief and unsatisfactory. —

Yours most truly,
C. Francis.

What a *Gardner* we have to superintend the cultivation of our hortus Massachusettensis! I trust the Old Bay State will send him away and get another, before the next planting time comes.

Francis C

Cambridge, May 29th 1855

Dear Parker,

It has just occurred to me, that in my reply to your note the other day, I omitted one of the points to which you called my attention. You asked me to read the last page of a late No. of the Religious Magazine, edited by the "Professor of the Heart"! Now I grieve to say (I grieve, however, solely because I am disabled from complying with your request), that the said Magazine is a thing, which I have not looked into for some years past, and I hope not to be left ever to look into again. I have sins enough to answer for, without adding to them that of spending any time on the pages of the above named "precious" Monthly. If you had been so kind as to report to me the contents of the passage referred to, as you did the sapient speculations of those redoubted pages, Lambruschini, Sulp. Severus, Johannes Wolf, and Balbinus, my lamentable darkness respecting the alluded to lucubrations might have been rolled away. But, as it is, I fear I shall go to my grave in the same deplorable ignorance, that now envelopes me. I am in pretty much the same pitiable condition respecting the wonders to be found in the Christian Examiner, and North American, albeit they may be the oracles of Cambridge and Boston. I hear from others that in a late No. of Examiner, Ellis has the exquisite taste to compare S. T. Coleridge to Barnum, as a brother imposter and quack. Ellis has not yet open-

-ed his eyes, it seems, to the fact that S. T. C. has done more to stir the depths of the English mind, and has set in motion more philosophical and religious thought of a high character, than all the other writers and scholars of England for the last 100 years. He had his faults, — and great ones, Heaven knows; but that such men as Ellis should be having their flings at him, and be applauded for it!

By the, why did they not give us for a "Prof. of the Heart," instead of the abovenamed famous editor, such a true and worthy man as J. F. Clarke?

I have just received Schuchardt's Leben & *Werke* of Lucas Cranach, the painter in Luther's day, and who was L's intimate friend and painted the best portraits of him. Have not yet read it.

Is there such a thing as a good History of the Greek Church? King's book, of a century or more ago, and Waddington's late small work, of course do not give what we want; — though King's is pretty good for its purpose. I think the Germans must have made such a book, though I have not happened to light upon it.

Can you tell me who wrote a curious little dialogue, entitled "Rencontre de Bayle et de Spinosa dans l'autre Monde. A Cologne M.D.CC.XIII" — I have not been able to ferret him out: but as I have the piece, I am on the lookout for him.

Yours as ever.

C. Francis

Francis C

Cambridge, Aug.st 15th 1855.

Dear Parker,

Many thanks for your Dublin epistle from the foot of Monadnock, whose top too I trust you have trod, and panting up its sides have breathed its keen air, and looked out over its broad and rich prospect. What would Leibnitz have said to such a *monad* as that, leaving out the *nock*? Now be not too merciless upon me for this execrable pun, seeing it is shut up in a letter, and a man may write what he would not have the hardihood to say face to face. I am somewhat amused with the new revelation you seem to have attained about good Br. Leonard. You can tell me nothing of his excellence, which has not been familiar to me these many long years. He was my early friend and classmate in College, and ever since has been one of my models of a good and true man. I think all our class cherished and loved him. He was our best mathematician, and had "the slate", which in our college days was a much sought distinction - He has been a most faithful, modest, hardworking, sensible, and straight-forward man in the ministry; doing the excellent work before him quietly and steadily, seeking no newspaper fame, which any fool or fop may get, and satisfied with having in simplicity and godly sincerity his conversation in the world. And so he has left an impression of himself, which only the servant of truth and good can leave.

"Of hopeful spirits, untouched,
" By worldly mindedness, or anxious care,
" Observant, studious, thoughtful, and refreshed
" By knowledge gathered up from day to day:—
' Thus had he lived a long and innocent life."

But you ask, why is it that we dont raise up such ministers now? I think we do a good many such. Why not give him his due praise, without running down others? I know and have known a good many who have done and are doing as good a work, and shown themselves as true men, in the ministry, as Dr L., good and true as he is.

The Epigrammata of More I have never seen. Your account of it makes me greedy of some acquaintance with it, and I hope one of these days, in your Attic stored with sweets and treasures, to take it in my hands, with all due reverence. His English poems, which I have, are rich indeed in the old Platonic wealth. I will attend to your request about More at the Library. You speak of *all* the Lives of More. How many are there?— I never saw any but Ward's, which I have, and it is much at your service. There are notices of him in the Biog. Dictionaries, as in Biographia Brittanica: but I know of no Life of him but Ward's.

The Campanella De Monarch. Hispan. is unknown to me. That too I must see— And one these days I shall borrow the Leben Lessing,— not with the

Francis C

hope, after what you say of it, of reading it _through_ (which Dr Johnson said he never did with any book) but to hunt up some things I may want to find. The Germans seem of late to be reviving their attention to Lessing: Schwarz has dargestellt him "als Theologe": Bohtz has made "Lessing's Protestantismus and Nathan der Weise":—Heinrich Ritter gives a pamphlet "Ueber Lessing's philos. & relig. Grundsätze"—and Guhrauer (the same I suppose who made the Life of Leibnitz) furnishes "Lessing's Erziehung des Menschengeschlechts krit. & philos. erörtert." The first three of these I have, and the other I have sent for. L. deserves his place as one of the very great Germans. Theology owes him much, very much, as it does many others who have not been professed theologians. No one of their writers had, I think, so much of the good _English_ qualities of mind combined with the higher German excellencies. His mind is clear and sharp as the ring of the best bell-metal.

The Germans seem to be reverting to former things in theology,—the old Lutheran, and Calvinistic questions, especially as connected with the _re_formation movement. Baur has lately, in Theol. Jahrb., given a very masterly article of this sort.

I have received two or three curious old books (German) about Luther, his Bible, his _Kate Bora_, &c which I have not room now to enlarge upon. A good copy of Morhof's Polyhistor, thick

4to. came to me for 40 cents.

Does our Kansas business look as dark and sad to you as it does to me? It is fearful,— the rampant wickedness,— the Devil's reign. My hopes are well nigh gone. It seems to me the waves of slavery are to roll over us; and I look to see the accursed foreign trade restored, and slavery legalized in every State of the Union. I know that God will beat Satan at last; but the time for it will not be perhaps, till our grand children, or great grand children shall be on the stage. And how many of our leading men, our community in general — are still harping upon the *faults* of the Abolitionists, as if those were worth a moments' consideration, while the Devil is riding rough-shod over us. Such persons remind me of what in literature one has called "the apes who chatter as they pick out the scurf of Shakespeare". I hope the righteous love of freedom is not quite extinct in the Northern States: but that remains to be seen.

I should have written you before this: but when your letter arrived, I was absent from home on an excursion for recreation.

Yours most truly.

C. Francis

P.S. Only think in looking over my letter, I find I have in the hurry of the moment, mistaken our old English Henry More, for the venerable Thomas of

Francis C

an earlier date!! What a blunderhead! Have pity and do not laugh too much.

Oct: 22d 1855.

Dear Parker,

Right sorry am I that I did not see you yesterday: and again, right sorry am I that I have neither Hase's Letter nor Baur's Answer. More than once have I purposed to send for them, "but was *let* hitherto",- for a poor man has his limits, and pretty narrow limits too, on this boundless ocean of book buying. Read good old Geo. Herbert's Letter "to Sir J.D." and see how piteously he makes his confession - "I protest and vow, I even study thrift, and yet I am scarce able with much ado to make one half year's allowance shake hands with the other. And yet if a book of four or five shillings come in my way, I buy it, though I fast for it: yea, sometimes of ten shillings. But alas! Sir, what is that to those infinite volumes of divinity, which yet every day swell and grow bigger?"

Yet, verily, I think I shall send for these matters of Hase and Baur, if you don't, for I have a curiosity to see them. The more I know of Baur, the more I think what a giant he is -

I am glad you found, among the books here, any thing that you wanted -

Won't you try again, and give me that tea and evening you promised?

I don't often write with such execrable ink and pen -

Yours as ever -
C. Francis -

Cambridge.
Oct 22. 1855

Cambridge Oct" 30" 1855.

My dear Sir,

I write this to introduce to you Mr Chamberlain, who has been, though he is not now, a member of our School. He wishes to borrow a volume of Zeller and Baur's Theologische Jarbücher, which is now loaned from my set to another person: the volume which contains a long review or article on the John question. I think it is the third vol. - If you can accommodate him, I shall be much obliged to you.

Yours most truly,
C. Francis.

Rev. T. Parker.

Francis C

Cambridge, Dec. 19th 1855

Dear Parker,

Walter's Life of Sir Thomas More, I have not seen; and if it takes the partisan, papal, stand-point, I should not care much to see it; — for Romanist one-sidedness is a little worse even than Protestant. Will you find any better — more scholarly and philosophic Life of this good English ancient, than Sir James Macintosh's in Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopoedia? That by "son Roper", I suppose you have.

I should think it would be difficult to revive any interest in those long-winded tracts in the papal controversy, against Tindal and Frith. The Utopia and the History of Richard 3d certainly have a permanent place in old English literature.

One likes to take refuge, for a while, from the rascality, the wickedness, and the degradation of this actual republic of ours, in the imaginary republics of the ~~great~~ philosophers: and of these I take it, the Utopia is about the best, from Plato downwards. There are noble and beautiful suggestions in it: in fact, one finds there the germs of some of the best, and most radical notions in the free, progressive social philosophy of these times. I have wondered at Sir Thomas's boldness in this respect, at such a time, and under a brute tyrant like the 8th Henry: we might expect that his reformatory theories, going so deep as they did into the foundations of society, would have cost him his head;

and if they had, we should have had the satisfaction of seeing him die in a great and good cause, instead of being a victim to the vile passions of that beastly king. How full of simple, pure, great truth the chapter on "Religion" in the Utopia is! Then what a genuine, genial humor More had. Erasmus tells More put him upon writing his "Praise of Folly", which he adds with self-disparagement undeserved, "is pretty much like making a camel dance". By the way, I don't know whether you have ever seen my much valued copy of "ΜΩΡΙΑΣ ΕΓΚΩΜΙΟΝ, sive Stultitiæ Laus," with the curious wood-cuts of Holbein, which etchings, the Edinburgh Review justly said, should always accompany the work to give it the true relish. There is a recent French translation by Nisard - "Eloge de la Folie", which I have, and which is introduced by an excellent and lively account of Erasmus, - his relation to Luther &c -

To return to the Utopia, - you have seen, I suppose, J. A. St. John's edition of it, in which the fine old philosophical Romance is preceded by a sensible and good Preliminary Discourse. They say, you know, that the Utopia being published at a time when new discoveries in foreign regions were not uncommon, "the learned Budaeus and others" took it for a true history, and in their Christian zeal thought it very desirable and important to send missionaries to convert so wise and well ordered a people to the Gospel faith! So Strauss and other sharp-sighted German critics are said to have accepted the "Amber Witch" for a piece of real old German history. Qu. which was the better thing — the Christianity of Budean divines, or the Religion More has given the Utopians? We might wish that the latter could send some of *their* ministers to bring Christians to some sense of justice and truth, — as Leibnitz with keen satire said that while Christian nations were sending men to China, and other Eastern parts to introduce the Gospel, it would be well if they would despatch missionaries to Europe to convert Christians to the first principles of natural religion.

I am much obliged to you for mentioning Hallam; but I have his Middle Ages, — Constitutional Hist. of England, and Hist. of Literature. The latter is very good by way of reference, though not always to be depended upon.

I have read with great pleasure your noble "Defence". It is keen and powerful, manly in argument, and rich in learning. You have, however, so many to praise it, whose praise is worth a thousand fold more than mine can be — coming as it does from one whom nobody knows or cares for, — that I will only add, I am yours as ever

most truly,

C. Francis.

Francis C

Cambridge, Feby 22d 1856

Dear Parker,

I thank you much and heartily for the gift of your "Discourse on Matters pertaining to Religion". I have owned the book, and placed it among the best in my library, since its first publication in 1842. This new edition, with its improvements, I am glad to have. If my opinion of the work were of any consequence to you, I could tell how much I have found in it, not only to like, but to admire, — how much of true philosophy, of ripe scholarship, and of earnest religion. The style is manly and rich, not, as it seems to me, chargeable as some have said, with what Quintilian calls the "dulcia vitia". The serious and conscientious love of truth, which runs through it, is worthy of all praise. Leibnitz, speaking of certain questions, says, "La vérité est qu'on aime à s'égarer, et que c'est une espèce de promenade de l'esprit". Nothing of this do I find in your work. But on all these things I need not dwell, for you have found a host of admirers, whose judgement makes mine of no account.

With regard to the dedication I remember that you said something about doing me that honor; and most heartily do I, and did I, thank you for it. If you intend to reproach me with having declined the proffer, I think you have a false view of the matter. I have no recollection

Francis C

of what I said at the time: but I think it likely that I felt then, as I do now, that I could not get up enough of the steam of self-estimation, to suppose myself worthy of any such compliment; and I certainly have never been encouraged to deem otherwise of my poor self. Besides, I never could see why a book should have *any* dedication: formerly, in English literature and theology, it was a vehicle of fulsome flattery and gross adulation, which the writer hoped would turn out a good investment for himself: but now every body of course despises that stuff. A book should be dedicated to truth, to right, to literature, science, or theology, to some good cause, or some good interest: but why to an individual man? I cannot see: not, of course that I blame any one for doing it, if he chooses. And after all, the loss of the dedication to me, could have been but of very small moment, if, as you seem to intimate, it made no difference but that of one leaf less in the book. I assure you I was, and am grateful for the intended kindness: and if I could not count myself worthy of it, "forgive me that wrong".

You ask me if I have seen a book, of which, with all my optics, eyes, spectacles, and all, I cannot decipher the author or the subject: so I am fain to rest without giving an answer. The "folio vols. of Monument. Hist. Germanicæ, I should like much to see, especially as being from Gieseler's library. I have

Francis C

several from Gesenius' and others, which of course are all the more readable on that account. — Ward's Life of H. More I own; and like all that I have, it is very much at your service. If you are not out this way soon, I will try to call and leave it for you.

What, and where to be found, is the "grand et savant Ouvrage intitulé Ἀποκατάστασις πάντων", of which Leibnitz speaks in the 17th Section of the Théodicée, Essais sur la Bonté &c? And who is the "homme d'esprit", whom he mentions in the next Section, as having made "une Théologie, presque Astronomique"? Again, do you know anything (what a question! of course you know all about it) of the "savant Médecin de Hollande, nommé Jean de Beverwyck", spoken of in the 56th Section, ibid. who wrote de Termino Vitae? —

While I am writing, the bells are ringing out their peals for Washington's birth-day. Would God our people could find some more appropriate way of doing honor to what there was good in the great man, — even by reverencing and acting upon his principles. Yet, what a pity that even he did not wholly and at once shake from his skirts, the sin of slavery. Our fathers made a terrible mistake at the outset, and we are now reaping the bitter fruits of it: they ate sour grapes, and the children's teeth are set on edge.

What a fearful interest gathers about the Kansas

Francis C.

question! and what admirable words were those of H. Ward Beecher about it in the Independent, the other day — I scarcely dare to look at what seems to be before us in the future. The good God is above. and we are here: but, as the saints of old said, "how long, O Lord"! —

By the way, while I think of it, can you tell me what is the best and most authentic edition of the Letters of Abelard and Heloise? I saw an old French copy at Burnham's the other day. —

Mrs Ripley has enriched my library with an ancient folio copy of the Philosophical Letters of "the thrice noble, Illustrious, and excellent Princess, the Lady Marchioness of Newcastle", a book of which Charles Lamb speaks with such affectionate reverence on occasion of some one's having taken it from his library, and never returned it. Was there not something else the wretch could have taken? "Was there not Zimmerman on Solitude?" exclaims Charles in his grief and indignation.

Yours truly as ever.
C. Francis.

Cambridge, April 24. 1856

Dear Parker.

Thank you sincerely for your note received last evening, - full as it is of pleasant learning. I am greatly obliged for Tyndale's Exposition &c - But, as I already have that, and all the other works of Tyndale, in connexion with those of Frith, I shall ask George to take it back to you - Hedge's coming to Brookline, is now an old Story, - I am glad to have him so near.

Yours as ever

C. Francis.

Cambridge, Feb. 20. 1858.

Dear Parker.

I remember with gratitude that you used to allow me, as an old friend, to apply to you for information, in case of need, being sure to have my wants supplied. Perhaps I have become so unworthy or insignificant as to have lost the privilege. But I would fain hope, not; and if not, let me trouble you with one or two inquiries about little matters, which happen to interest me just now.

Many years ago a German (Grotefend) published a Commentary on the Ethical Doctrine of Plato, as compared with that of Christianity. To this he affixed the motto - Θεῦος μεν ὁ Πλατων. Θεὸς δέ γ' ὁ Χριστός,-

Francis C

without any reference. Can you tell me who is the author of the sentence? I do not like the sentiment.—it is one of the Christian exaggerations:—but there is something neat and pointed in the antithesis—and I should like to know where it originated.

I have a copy of Thomas à Kempis's *Imitatio*, as modified into more elegant Latinity &c by Sebastian Castellio.—

It has a frontispiece of Christ on the Cross, with the inscription under it "Delirant homines, plectitur ipse Deus".

Can you tell me where this quaint application of Horace's Quidquid delirant reges, plectuntur Achivi" may be traced? I dare say, in the Latin ingenuity of some old monk: but I have never met it except in this place.

Once more:—be so good as to tell me whether there has been among the *Hindoos themselves* any developement of a rationalistic or philosophical way of treating their ancient Vedas, or Scriptures—and their Book of the Law of Manu, with its two accounts of Creation,—as there has been among Jews and Christians with respect to *their* Sacred Books. I do not remember to have found a notice of any such tendency in our best accounts of Hindoo theology: yet it would be strange, if there were none such. The traditional, the Spiritual, and the rationalistic are found every where else.

If this note finds you busy, let it be put aside as of no consequence: at any rate, let it not give you the slightest trouble.—

There still lives in Cambridge, at the entrance upon North Avenue, one who would consider you as taking pains to do him a favor, if you would make him a visit sometimes, when you can find no better use for your time: though he would be sorry to limit the request with that condition, for fear the occasion would never come.

Yours most truly
C. Francis

Rev. T. Parker.

Cambridge, April 19th 1858

Dear Parker,

Much do I wish that Fulke Greville's (or Lord Brooke's) Life of Sir P. Sidney, for which you ask, were among my books: but alas!, like many others I could desire, it is not. Neither is it to be found in our College Library. Possibly the Boston Athenæum may have it; but I think not. No private library occurs to me, where you would be likely to obtain it, except perhaps Ticknor's or E. Everett's. I doubt, however, whether the work is to be had in Massachusetts, and if not there, where in America? Perchance in the Astor Library, but doubtful. Here is one of the thousand instances of the poverty of our literary resources, rich as we sometimes think ourselves. Fisher Ames said, and I suppose correctly (in his time at-

Francis C

least) that all the libraries of our country could not furnish the books, which Gibbon made use of, as authorities in his Decline and Fall. — Fulke Greville's, Life of Sidney, was first published, I think, in 1652, which must have been after the death of the author. I know of no reprint of it since then, except that by Sir Egerton Brydges. Kent. 1816. with a Preface by the editor. Now you have brought the subject to my notice, I think I shall send for this last edition, which, I presume may be easily had.

I have Zouch's Memoirs of the Life and Writings of Sir P. Sidney. 4to York. 1808. which is of considerable value. I have also a copy of the Miscellaneous Works (not including the Arcadia) of Sir P. Sidney, edited by William Gray, Oxford. 1829. Gray furnishes a somewhat extended Life of Sidney as an introduction, and I think a very good one. This volume, of course has the Defence of Poesy: and what a gem of old English literature it is! It also contains the Poems, and a selection of Letters. If Mr May's friend would like either or both of these, they are very much at her service. Probably she already has them.

All I know of the Letters of Hubert Languet (from 1573 to 1580) to Sir P. Sidney, originally printed at Frankfort in 1632, and reprinted at Edinburgh, 1776, under the care of Sir David Dalrymple, is from the specimens of them in Zouch's Memoirs.

I am glad the Lady has undertaken this Life.

Francis C

It is a fine subject, and I hope she will do it well.

Many thanks for forwarding the letter from the worthy bishop of Brookline. I am glad the Dr. has not lost his laugh at least up there. Why he writes just as he used to talk when he was in these diggings, only a little better, enough to make one suspect that he had some assistance for which he might be thankful. Yet I shouldn't wonder if he had by anticipation, while hereabouts, given his kind benefactor a dig or two in those famous Memoranda which he left in those quarters. By the way, has he ever told you, in your communications with him, whether he continues the said Memoranda in the New Jerusalem? I hope he does, they would be so rich. Perhaps the Historical Society may hear from him again. Brother Gray's case, then, is hopeless, is it? I am afraid the discipline up there has n't been strict enough with him; however, I confess, it was a tough subject for them, and the best might despair.—

Do you want any better evidence of the power of the Revival now going on, than the waking up, galvanizing (or whatever it may be called) of that Thursday Lecture in your neighborhood? If that is'nt restoring the dead, what is? Why, it was deader than any Corpus Theologiæ in your, or any body else's library. I trust, now the means of grace are brought so near your door, you will not be so fool-hardy, so lost, as to neglect them. If you do,

Francis C

there remaineth no more sacrifice for sin, but a fearful looking for &c — Consider, dear Br. Parker, it is your last chance; let it not be in vain I beseech you. Tradition tells that a good lady, not knowing what that Thursday Lecture was (think of that ignorance in a Christian land,) and hearing the bell toll, asked Dr Pierce, your friend *Jesuits*, whether this was one of the *protracted meetings* then going on? "O, yes, madam", said he, "*very* protracted, — about 200 years." — After it had offered the day of grace so long, and now beyond all hope actually comes from the grave again! "remember, remember" (Rufus Choate) to flee to your refuge in season.

Thank you heartily for the Speech and the Sermons. If I had not so lost all consideration among those who once called me friend, and now have kind *reminiscences* of me, as to make my opinion of no value to you or any one, I might tell you how much I have found to admire in those pamphlets. Nevertheless, I will say, for my own sake, that those Sermons and that *Speech* (which I had read with great interest before you so kindly sent them) have in them many of the noblest and best things I have ever seen or heard in any preachings or speechmakings. I am sure they must make a deep impression on our community, in spite of all obstacles. There is a voice there, to which no one can be deaf. What an exhibition our religious community makes at this moment!

Revival! Would God we could hear of a Revival of righteousness, humanity, honesty, truth, and justice. But what have they to do with Religion? —
Do you remember the particulars in Jonathan Edwards' account of the Revival in his day? They are curious enough, if I recollect rightly, for it is long since I have looked at the account.

Starr King's sermon on the Revival was, I should think, a capital one. —

Yours most truly.
C. Francis.

P.S. On this 19th of April I have thought of that venerable old gun in your study. Will its fellows be found in Kansas, if wanted? —

Cambridge, Feb. 2d 1859.

Dear Parker,

I hear you are to leave your home and your friends this week for the West Indies: and I would not have you leave us without offering, in this way, my most affectionate good-bye and prayer for your health and happiness. It would have given me very great satisfaction to have taken you by the hand, and to have said the parting word: but I found, on calling at your house at different times, that you

Francis' C

could not and ought not to run the risque of seeing any company.

Your hearty kindness, so long and so abundantly experienced, is a deeply cherished remembrance with me: and I hope I am to enjoy it again, if you shall deem me worthy of it. I have learned much, very much, that is great and good, from you; and with all my heart I thank you for it. Your noble life and noble instructions have taught us all the full meaning of that great saying of Plato, ὅπῃ ἀν ὁ λόγος ὥσπερ πνεῦμα φέρῃ, ταύτῃ ἰτέον.; and how poor do differences of opinion seem in the presence of the Eternal Truth, of which they are but the flickering shadows. No man can have a more supporting sense, than yourself, of having performed a great and good labour with righteousness of purpose and with singleness of mind," as under the great Taskmaster's eye". The loving Father, I know, will sustain and lift you up, whatever may betide. To the arms of his love we all commit you with truest sympathies and with heart-uttered prayers. We remember what a page of old so finely said - "the memorial of virtue is immortal, because it is known with God and with men: when it is present, men take example at it: and when it is gone, they desire it: it weareth a crown and triumpheth forever, having gotten the victory, striving for undefiled rewards."

May every breeze, dear Parker, be the breath of health and strength to your frame: and may every

Francis C

day's sun shine upon you as a genial, cheering, life-giving power. The dear God, I trust, will return you to us, with a restoration of that strength, which you have so lavishly expended for others: and if I am then among the living, no one will welcome you back with a more sincere joy.

Farewell; — God bless you, and keep you in the arms of his love.

Yours most truly,
Convers Francis.

Rev. Theodore Parker.

Allen J. H

From Joseph H. Allen.

Washington. Aug. 30. 1847.

Dear Sir,

x x x x x x x x x x x x x x x x x If for nothing else, I am glad of a residence here (shorter or longer) as disabusing my mind of some incorrect impressions as to people and things, and Slavery in particular, as being head and front of our national offending. I was extremely glad among the rest, to get at an authentic statement, from his mother, of Mr Eliot's dealings in that matter. It seems a Mr B. to whom he was under obligation for much kindness, took up his residence in his, Mr E's family, bringing a servant-woman, a slave to whom the family had been, and continued to be strongly attached. Mr B. failed, and the woman was to be sold to the Southern market. Mr Eliot thereupon paid the price of her ransom, *never took out the title deed or was ever her legal owner*, and only made a verbal understanding with her that her wages should go towards the payment of what he had advanced.

She thence forth lived a free woman, though never yet having paid nearly the sum advanced for her – and when Mr E. went to Europe, he furnished her with a Cow and a small house, where she lives in entire comfort and independence. Among other things done for the place, Mr E. headed a subscription with $1000. for the purpose of paying off the debt of his society – and paid $350. out of his own Salary, towards the support of a teacher for a very efficient charity-school, which was established by his exertions. So that after all he seems to have deserved better of the city and the "Association" than I had supposed.

As one of the opportunities of living in this region, I find it is no very uncommon thing for persons (who would not be able to manumit very extensively by purchase otherwise,) to advance the sum necessary for a person's freedom, record them as free at a certain age, and meanwhile stipulate that their wages shall go towards refunding the sum. In this way, I understand, Mr Abbot's housekeeper (my host) is earning the freedom of her children, he having advanced the money to her — and has already nearly done it. In such cases, the negro is sometimes assisted by the raising of his nominal wages to a higher price — in one instance that I heard of, a negro's wife, who was free, was employed as extra "help" in the family, to help purchase his freedom. Mr Eliot's father and mother (who are in this Society you know) have gone to a good deal of inconvenience and expense, (he living only on a clerk's salary, and in a very quiet way,) in liberating several families of blacks whose circumstances made a strong appeal to their compassion — The suffering would have been very great, if they had withheld the aid they could have given in no other way — and the gratitude of those they rescued was strong to correspond. In consequence of this exercise of benevolence, they have labored among their northern connexions under the ignominy of being "slaveholders".

Allen J. H

I never was accustomed to think much of names in comparison with things: and so I say commend me to such slaveholding in comparison with many persons' rampant abolitionism that I could name. ×

I am yours truly

Joseph H. Allen.

Washington May 22^d 1848

Dear Sir,

× In a letter you wrote some time ago, I was very much pleased at the different way you spoke of Washington, from what one finds among a great many, to whom the hateful shape of slavery is the only embodiment of American Institutions. Some of my friends seemed to take it almost as a personal affront, my coming here, and I believe I wrote first to you in a half apologetic tone. I think however that as to Union and Disunion, and all that, you have been rather non-committal, than given over to the Phillips and Garrison way of talking. For myself I have always had a very positive loyalty to our national institutions, and to the idea of America as a whole. And not only think the existence of our Union at this moment is a providential fact, for which one cannot be too grateful, but I also know that if separation is brought about, it will be, not by the best moral feeling of the country, but by the worst—

not the work of principle or policy, but passion. In view of such a possible contingency, exhortations have already been made to the Southern States, to establish military schools in each state, and put their militia on a more effective footing — and Colquitt (I believe) said once that he expected yet to see the aisles of the Senate Chamber run blood. Now these threats may go for what they are worth — possibly very little — but they show a latent bad spirit, which is constantly being neutralized by the practical operations at the Seat of Government. Men who would have shot Hale with a rifle if they had met him at the South, part with him on good terms, inviting him cordially to make them a visit — and Foote's blustering passes at its true value probably almost every where — In one shape or another the crisis (of some sort) is coming on very likely, — and one should not be afraid to meet it. Yet in view of it, is it right or wise to goad, and stimulate men's sectional feeling and aggravate the antagonism that exists, and establish the habit of thinking of the various parts of the country as "natural enemies"? It would be vastly bloodier and worse than English and French wars, if it should come to that.

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Yrs very truly
J. H. Allen.

Allen J. H

Washington Jan.y 25. 1848

Dear Sir.

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x x x x x x x x I think it must be equal to the "State Trials" which you once recommended my reading to witness the slow elimination of error, and evolution of truth in the sifting process of the Senate debates. The Mexican war is gradually being reduced to its lowest terms. and I have some little hope even that John P. Hale's vote will not be absolutely needed, (though I trust he will be here and give it) to defeat the ten Regiment bill. Your article I read — (*the* feature and the redeeming one of the Review, you will allow me to call it) and lent to Mr Hale a few days before his speech. He received it with some contrition, saying he had not so much as replied to your request to prepare that very article. x x x

x x x x x Your letter on Slavery I see in the Era. In the last extract given, there was an expression, which may have been literally and statistically true, yet gives a false hue to our "life in Washington". You say "droves of slaves chained together may often be seen in the streets". There are "jails" or "pens", but where few people pass — and the trade, of which the statistics are a secret, (it being neither *taxed* nor *licensed*) is carried on by stealth I suppose. Persons have resided here thirty or forty years, without seeing any of these droves — (and in the principal streets daily) and one of our oldest inhabitants told me as a sort of curiosity, of a similar drove he saw once in Virginia. The only authentic instance I have heard of, was seen several years ago, (I have it 2d or 3d hand) somewhere on Capitol Hill, and in it two men were handcuffed – the rest mostly in carts. You know the traffic is one department of the Slave police, and held in terrorem over the vicious. I am told too that doubtless a majority of the citizens here would be in favor of forbidding the mart – and I am in hope of seeing before long some definite demonstration that way. Congress will wait for the city to move first – With this trifling comment, I thank you for my reading of your letter.

Yours very truly and respectfully
Joseph H. Allen.

Baltimore, Jan. 26 1849

Dear Sir

+ + + + + + + + + + If you care or happen to look into Huntington's Magazine, (where I do a little of my N. E. correspondence at wholesale) you must have perceived that we of the District have not been blind to what is going on elsewhere – and that in the opinion of many the city of Washington at least is ripe to throw off the foul relics of its curse – When I wrote to you, I was going on to say how much more we were confronted with the fact of Slavery, than a year ago. Partly that larger experience brings me to see things differently, and opens by degrees a new order of facts, and partly that accidents throw us more in the way. Thus the Free Soil Association in Washington made known a few persons, from whom I have heard what I did not think was here before — and your first statement, which I corrected, as to the trade, was a little nearer right than I supposed. Some three or four years ago, there was a place — ostensibly a Stable — near the Post Office, where Slaves were taken and examined previous to being put in the pen, and cruel scenes took place, to the scandal and annoyance of the neighbors, who would interfere — This has been removed to less frequented parts — Your altered expression that droves &c "have been seen" is just right and just enough. For another thing, the girl whom we found in our house on our return was a slave, as we learned afterwards — and as we were interested in her, we tried to make some arrangement to get her free. Failing in this, we transferred her to the lady that had obtained her for us — not wishing to turn her adrift, neither to hold a doubtful position ourselves in that regard.

But three months intercourse with a slave lets one into a good deal of incidental knowledge of the class and situation. So that in both these ways we have been made much more closely and personally aware of the thing, at the same time encouraged every way to hope its end is very near. + + + + + + +
+ + + + + + +

Yours truly and respectfully
J. H. Allen.

Washington. Nov. 19: 1849.

Dear Sir,

I thank you sincerely for your very kind letter of Oct. 29. + + + + + + + + + + + +

I am glad at your assurance of authenticity for my volume. The same day with your letter, one came from Mr Brownson (in answer to some few comments I sent him on one of his articles) really meant for kindness, to judge from some parts, but in which he says incidentally, "I do not recollect a single statement you have made, that would be true if applied to Catholic theology, and there is scarcely one which I should not suppose to be false, when applied even to Protestant Orthodoxy". I can take Mr B's comments in good part, spite of the grim and somewhat taunting way in which he speaks of the superficiality of the "liberal" position; of which he says, "I could as easily get my foot into a Chinese lady's shoe, as my mind into its narrow enclosure". Having attempted, merely incidentally and by the way, an exposition of the *refutation* of *Protestant Orthodoxy* by itself, I am very willing to abide the imputation of superficiality and insufficiency, as to the more ultimate discussions — for which I ought to be preparing myself. Mr Brownson's scorn of Protestantism is only equalled by that of Comte, who sides with him in thinking that the Catholic church is the only real exposition of Christianity, and has a most admiring respect for

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its great preliminary work in the Middle Age — though he thinks it is superannuated, and must go by the board, its magnificent organization meanwhile, being adopted by the new Positive Philosophy. × × × × × × × × ×

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Yours &c

J. H. Allen

Washington, March 14. 1850

My dear Sir,

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× × × × × × × A rather striking passage in Sismondi's Fall of the Roman Empire, speaks of the need of breaking up the Empire of Charlemagne, to put each province on the look out, and train the people in martial virtue, as the necessary basis of any national character worth having. If such a thing befell our country, I think one is disposed to quake a little beforehand at the fierce democratic of the North and N. W. States. I suppose it would be the most terrible nation on earth — spite of the complacent hopes of our peace friends. Seeing that in such a contingency, we should be the first to go down in the gap, it is no wonder that the first, second and third point in the mind of our population is to keep up union amity and good will at any rate. There is a literal sense in which they have property in the Union, and experience the "timidity of property" as Mr Butler calls it. Have you seen by the way any notice of a "Southern slave-colony" project started at Jackson Miss. to carry out 5000 men and 10.000 slaves to colonize the "richest mining and agricultural regions of California"? From a Cherokee paper which Dr Bailey saw the other day it appears that there are a few stray specimens of such in California now. But no one doubts that it will be admitted as a State before long; and it would be a dangerous experiment at this moment to take them in any numbers in defiance of the law. The Californians are proud of their constitution - with good reason; and nothing indicates that the Pacific republics are more bashful in the way of fighting than their fellows toward the East. I have not the least doubt that many Southern men mean what they say: and having got up a factitious point of honor, are willing, for the sake of "equal rights" to fall back desperately on the rights of belligerents, as I heard a man - not a slaveholder - express it yesterday in the Congress Library.

Yours truly.

J. H. Allen.

Allen J. H.

Bangor, April 26. 1851

Dear Sir,

Thank you for your hasty note, which I have just received. I wish you would tell me precisely what things have been said of me "in this connexion. Most of what I have said you have seen in the pamphlet I sent you. For personal conduct, I have never intimated by word or deed that I should do otherwise than disown and ignore the Law and take its penalty. I was one, with a single other person (or two) of this Society to sign a petition for the repeal of the Law. And while I have not preached about it in especial, I have preached with tolerable explicitness, about the "higher law", both in Washington and here, always by implication assuming anti-slavery ground. Per contra, I have always contended that Fillmore &c should have the benefit of the admission, that they believed they were averting a civil war which would otherwise have come in 1850. Moreover I have spoken of him with the personal regard which I feel in fact, and insisted that through not certainly of the heroic order of great men, he is an estimable person in his way; and while his conscience may be "official" it is undoubtedly sincere. Indeed, I have felt so strongly the stringency of his position, that I once said (to my father) that I believed that in precisely the same circumstances Mr Sumner would have signed that bill – throwing the responsibility upon Congress. I have also freely expressed the opinion that in case of open resistance to to the U.S. power, Massachusetts would suppress the insurrection all alone; and that there is not at this moment a single Northern State which with its eyes distinctly open to the alternative would make the Law a "good and sufficient cause" for secession. x x x x

x x x x x x x x x x Yours very truly

J. H. Allen

Bangor Dec. 5. 1852.

Dear Sir,

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x x x x x Your discourse on Mr Webster I have read, as all the world has — with unequivocal and almost unqualified admiration of its splendor and manly strength. From many — I was going to say most — of its judgements, on matters on which I feel entitled to an opinion of my own — I very greatly dissent. But that is neither here nor there. I have just preached a sermon on the subject myself; and if it ever gets into presentable shape, can exhibit if you care to see the nature and reason of the dissent. Yours I admir without stint or alloy, as an exhibition of your own position, if not of his. Aside from mere difference of opinion, there is only one thing that troubles me — and I ask your indulgence for the liberty with which I have pledged myself to say it, since it always stands

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in the way, when I would speak of you with others and strangers quite as I could wish. You have touched as deeply as gratified me sometimes, by the affectionate tones in which you have spoken. And besides that you have been to me of such service in some ways as no other living man: it's of no use to disguise as between you and me, that your position is one of strength, elevation, and intellectual command, perhaps equal to any man's now living, and quite out of sight of any other on this continent, — as I think, and as perhaps you know. Now I have a "godly jealousy" at anything that interferes to warp or distort, — and some things in your Boston history 10 years ago, not your fault certainly, — is it a wonder if I think they seem sometimes to have warped you more than a strong man should be?

And for a particular point — I think the allusion to Dr Dewey, made 5 or 6 times in the Sims address and twice in this discourse, is unfair, and unworthy of the splendid eminence of your position. That he "would send back his mother," is a hearsay report, which he has publicly and privately disclaimed in all sorts of ways. It isn't for me to say for him what he said in a lecture printed near a year ago. But the statement irritates me (who know and love him almost as well as you) deeply wounds and grieves him, and makes his friends mad, and the public take sides.

All this, I think is clear waste of moral force, and helps keep you out of your true position before the whole community. Granting he ever said the above (which he denies) it is more manly to meet a man on ground which he accepts. Or if you say (as some say) that the two are identical, why not take his statement of it? Certainly one would not choose a mere form of statement, gratuitously to irritate and wound a man, or gratuitously to keep up an odium against him in the community.

Your course you see I watch, admire and criticise. I know you are not the one to take offence at words which would never have been spoken, but that they have been a several years burden on me. A position of broad, growing, and unequalled power as I think, is right before you, and it is a personal grief to see anything of the sort I name standing between it and you. I have a reasonable amount of ambition perhaps, and shall doubtless give the world the benefit of my opinions from time to time: but how willingly I would hide my head and hold my tongue, if I could say through you, what would be so much better said, and go out to so vastly greater a multitude.

Yours very respectfully and truly,
J. H. Allen

Did you consider in your sermon how deeply Mr Webster is dishonored by any other motive of his course in 1850, than the one he alleged? If he lied then no decent word ought ever to have been said of him.

Allen J. H.

And dont you think it fair to take his own statement of the object of the Union Meetings made in Buffalo or Albany, rather than turn them into an epigram?

Bangor Dec. 17. 1852.

Dear Sir,

You will allow me to say that I was a little relieved, as well as sincerely grateful, at the very kind way in which you responded to the freedom of my hints. I should have acknowledged your letter before now: but I had written to Geo. Abbott for the sake of having private assurances as good as anybody's about Mr Webster. But Mr A. does not see fit to reply: and shielding myself under the Greek challenge of your title page to De Wette, I must beg you to put up with another page or two.

What you say of Dr Dewey, leaves the matter precisely as I stated it. — i.e. as a verbal or "hearsay report", contradicted by an explicit public declaration. I stated nothing on the authenticity of the statement. Even if I denied it outright — which I dont, for I shouldn't trust my own ears in such a case, much less another man's — it would be impossible for me to allude to it, in private or public, without the two following qualifications: 1. to state that the sentiment in question is utterly disclaimed by Dr. D.

(Suppose it is only a shabby way of recanting, why not give him the benefit of it?) and 2. to add further, that in a sermon in Washington, he did the manly and courageous thing (which none of his critics have done) to go over the whole ground of the human relations and human rights covered by the slavery question, as he views it, — in such a way too, as seriously to affect his position there. Your pamphlet edition enables you to make this qualification, and is the immediate occasion of my writing. Even if it were generous — which I dont think it would be — still I know of no one who could afford it better than yourself. The slightest act of generosity towards an opponent (especially now that "the days of chivalry are past", and it isn't the fashion to give him the advantage of sun and wind) is such a clear gain to one capable of exercising it, that I am as earnestly desirous for you, as fully confident of you, that you will not refuse this. I know how bitterly it is spoken of, by some who have earnestly vindicated all along the independence of your course. And there couldn't be a deeper grief to me, than that the high ethics of society and Statesmanship should be turned into a wretched guerilla war — a war of personal recriminations and spites, in which every man's hand is against every man: — unless it were, that you should do nothing to vindicate from your position, a calm and generous personal Justice, as the temper in which the

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great debates of Humanity should be waged.

You remember a charge you publicly made once upon Mr Eliot from false information, which I afterwards corrected, and which I presume you have as publicly retracted. The unhappiness is, that for an act of most generous humanity as it turned out to be, Mr E. fell under an odium with the A. S. community, from which I suppose he can never be quite clear.

And long after I had sent you a pamphlet containing two pages of as explicit vindication of the "higher law" as could be given in the English tongue, you listened without contradiction, and with more than half belief, to a charge upon me of directly the opposite conduct. I send the pamphlet again, marking the passage. I should like to have your notion of the whole pamphlet.

If you have "private information" which convicts Mr Webster of the deepest political profligacy and systematic falsehood, (for such his late course was, without the vindication of his honest years,) I knock under. It would be as absurd to argue in such a case, as to keep on wrestling when your adversary hints that he has a pistol on hand in case of being floored. All I should say, is, that the public ought at least to know the nature of the information, and the character of its source. But the case which the public have to judge at present, is not so easily dispatched. Whether Disunion was, or was not averted by the Compromise of 1850, is one of those historical theses that will always be open for discussion. I have no hypothesis to defend, and shouldn't have voted for the compromise. But the argument as affecting Mr W's veracity, is one on which I hope you will bestow particular pains. Dr Bailey who is pretty good authority on that side – told me there was no sort of doubt that Mr Webster and Mr Fillmore were both perfectly sincere in their alarm: and said it as if he were surprised that anybody should doubt it. And I don't see how it should seem so astonishing to you. Didn't you say in the first sentence of your remarks on Webster's Speech in 1850 that it was a question which in any other country would be settled by blood? is this nation so much more meek than any other? The same summer, Mr Mann spoke to me freely of the possible contingency of using armed force against Texas. Of course we should have beat, – as Mr Webster said: but what should we do with the South, or a single State, as a conquered province? conquest or defeat would be equally Disunion. To some persons the statement you made in Bedford St Conference, that you would sacrifice house and wife &c has seemed as strange as Dr Dewey's about "sending back his mother", and as atrocious. And the public will find it hard to believe that you and Mr Phillips (men of peace) backed as you told me by the up-country sentiment of Massachusetts, would be more ready to fight on one side, than the dare-

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devils of Texas and Arkansas, or the high-strung chivalry of S. C. on the other, — or that anyhow, 1000 men will not fight for passion, where 1 will for principle. The argument, judging by all the "private information" I possess, seems to me a very lame one: and is by no means settled by an appeal to Mr Webster's physiognomy, or a hint that only a very weak person could take the other side.

Thanking you most sincerely for your kind and hospitable assurances, I am yours truly and affectionately,

J. H. Allen.

Jamaica Plain. Jan.y 25th 1859.

My dear Sir,

I do not know how soon you may leave the country, or whether I may have the satisfaction of seeing you before you go. But I am unwilling that you should go, without the assurance of my very earnest sympathy — my sorrow at the shock that came so suddenly upon you and us — and my affectionate desire that you may be fully strengthened and restored. How much I have owed to your kindness, your patience with me, and your help in many ways, perhaps I cannot sufficiently reckon yet. It is what I have been more, and more constantly grateful for, than perhaps

I have seemed. In particular, I wish to acknowledge the generous kindness that has taken criticism, dissent and but half-way sympathy now and then — and from one at such a lowly distance as I have felt myself to be — without any lessening of the friendship, I have been always proud to claim; and the privilege I have felt it to be, through all your long battle (from November, 1842 to last Christmas day) to meet you in simple friendliness, under the pleasant hospitalities of your roof. That you leave Boston with a wider and kindlier regard than your friends, a few years ago, might have thought possible, you and they must be glad and grateful —. That you may return soon and strong, is the affectionate wish of,

Your friend
J. H. Allen.

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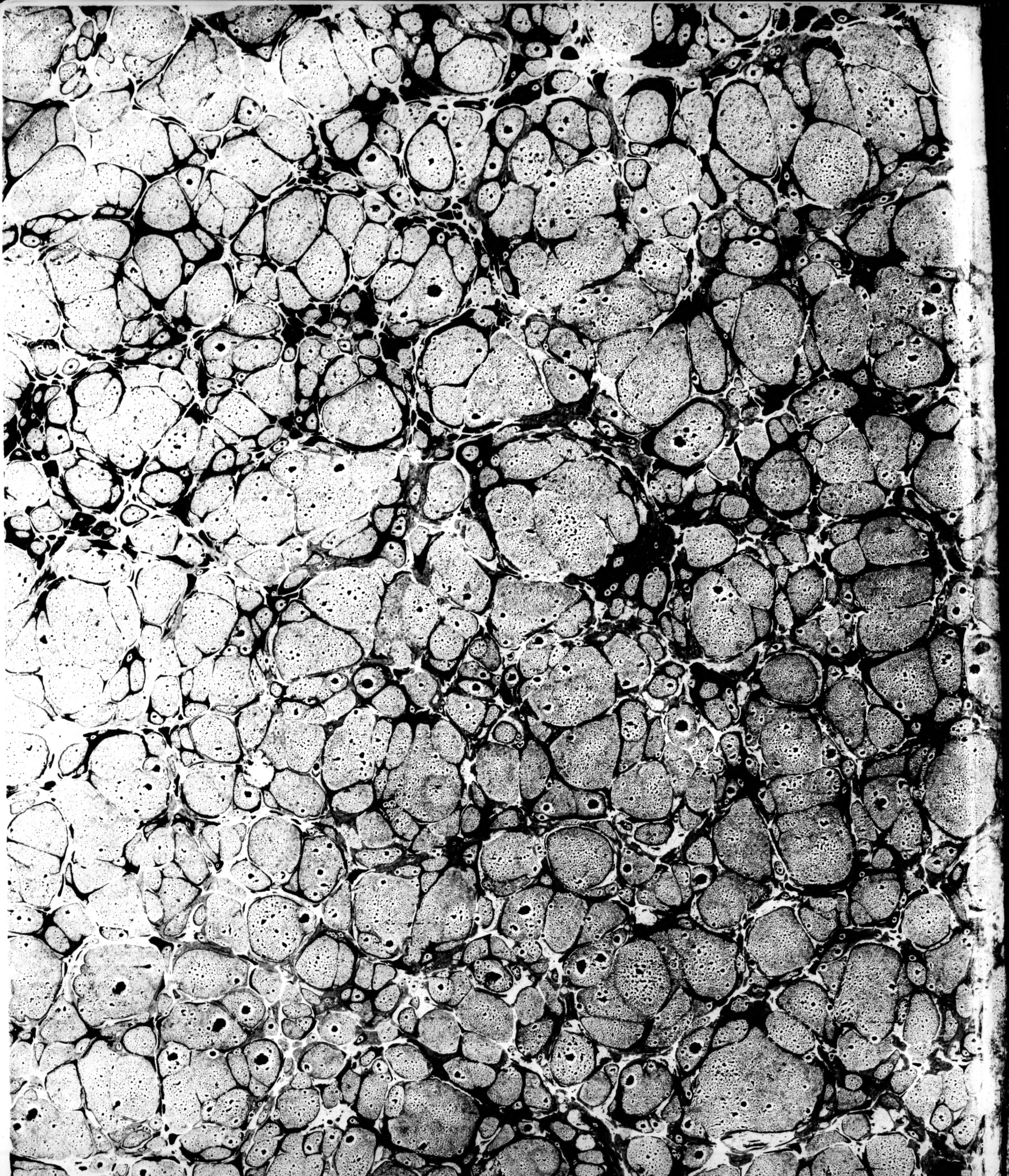

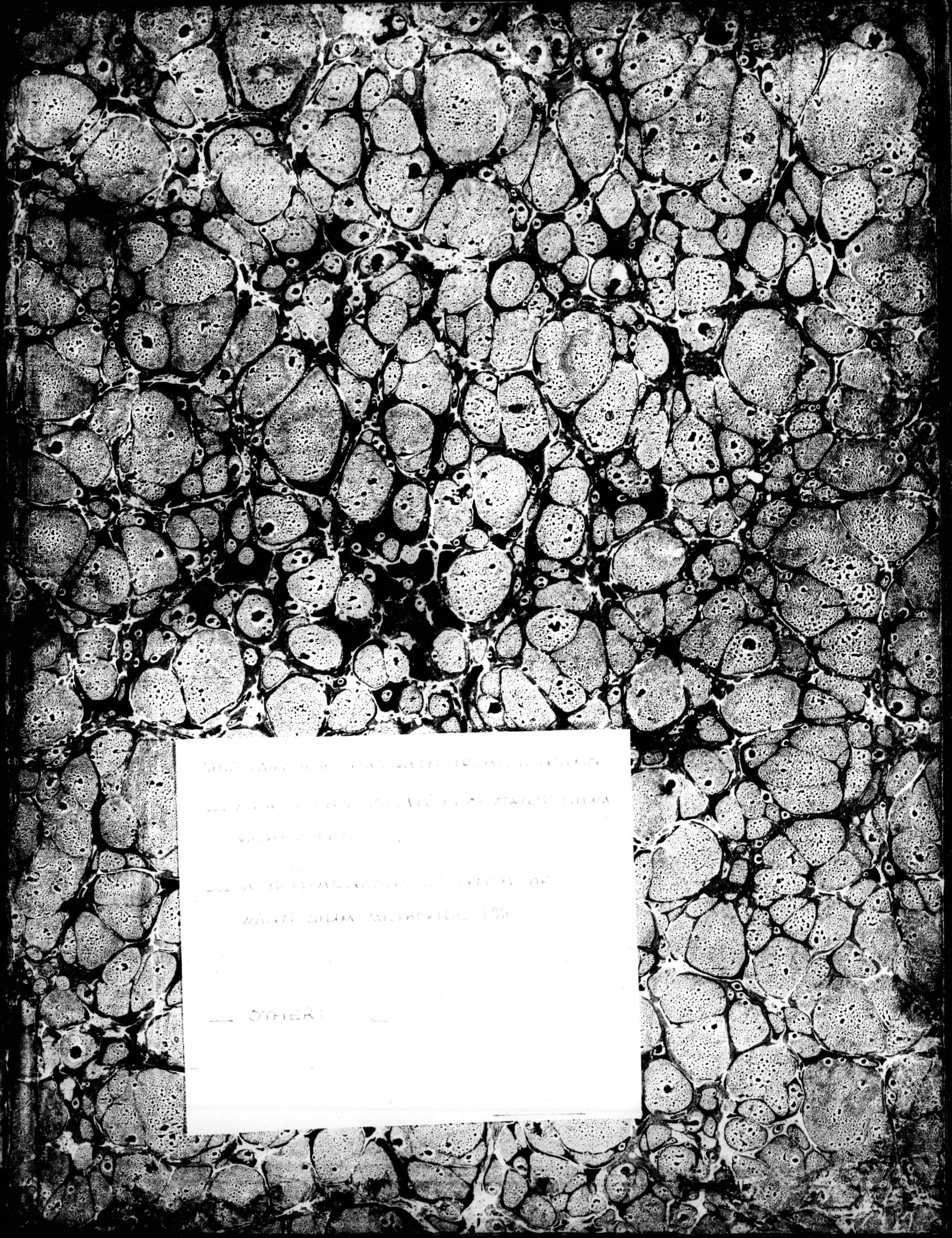

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